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Per. 1419 f. $\frac{1836}{1853-54}$



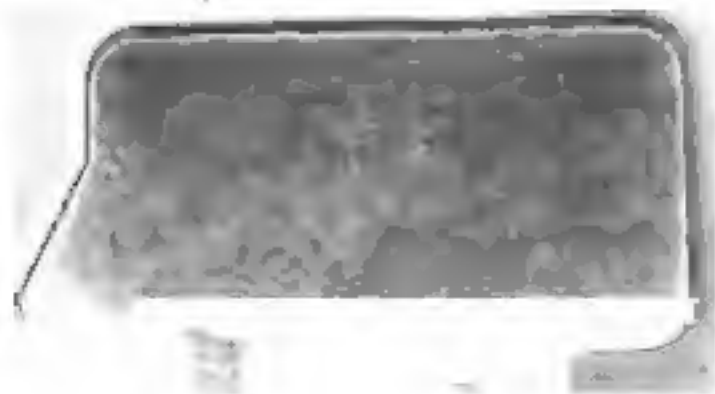




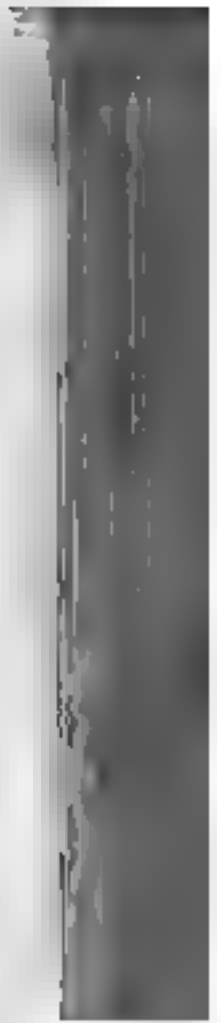




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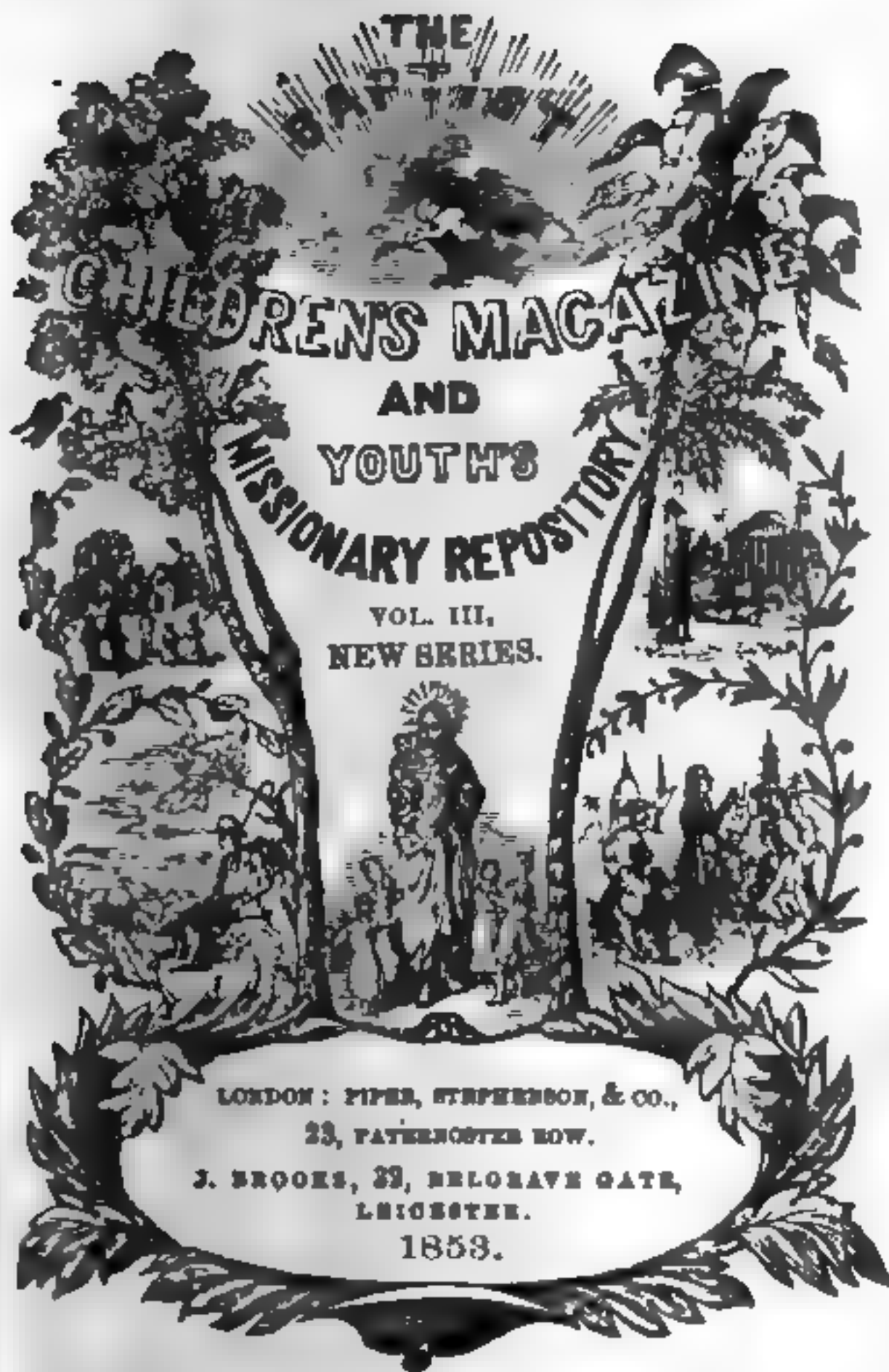




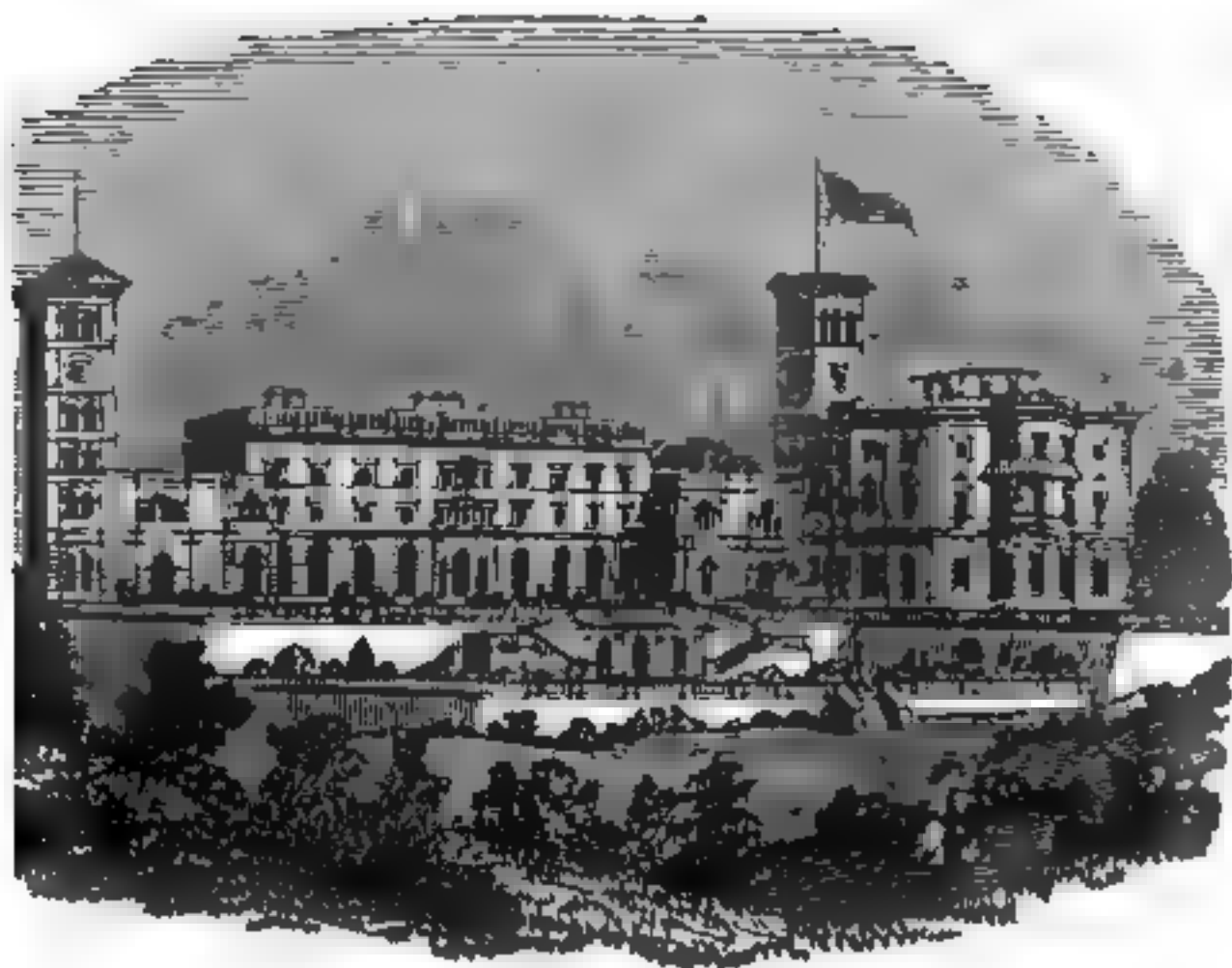




THE CRYSTAL PALACE SYDENHAM.







Osborne, the Marine Residence of her Majesty,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

"Oh! dearest Osborne! sweet, secluded spot!
How happy is the tranquil peaceful lot
Of those who 'neath thy roof-tree shelter find.

• • • • •

Thy verdant lawns of purest emerald green,
With flowers bedecked, a lovely scene
Of ever-smiling happiness disclose,
Where Royalty might taste a sweet repose!"

OSBORNE, THE MARINE RESIDENCE OF HER MAJESTY, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Victoria's home, Victoria's choice,
Within the sea-girt Isle,
No pomp nor pageantry is known
Within its spacious pile.
But there are found that peace and joy
Which ever *home* retains :
Sweet Osborne is a home indeed !
For there a *mother* reigns.

Most children like to know something about the place in which their King or their Queen resides. Such a place must be, in their estimation, the very height of perfection. Indeed every idea of magnificence, luxury and ease seems centered in the word "Palace."

And so it ever has been. From the palaces of the Pharaoh of Egypt, Nebuchadnezzars of Babylon, and the Cæsars of Rome, down almost to the present time. The accounts of their different palaces—regal and imperial—their structure, furniture, luxuries, and embellishments, are but an array of extravagant magnificence ; and our Lord seems to express this when He says, in contrast to the character and circumstances of John the Baptist, " Behold, they that wear so much clothing are in kings' palaces." Matt. xi. 8.

David, we read in 2 Sam. vii. had "an house of cedar, which Hiram, king of Tyre, sent carpenters and materials to build for him. Solomon had his palace, which took thirteen years to complete. (1 Kings, vii. 1.) No doubt but this was a gorgeous structure ; and, descending some hundreds of years in the scale of time, Nero, the emperor of Rome, and murderer

apostle Paul, had his "golden house," which he erected in the ruins of Rome, after he had reduced it to ashes, in order to satisfy his vanity in its rebuilding. The vastness of extent and the varied magnificence of this imperial residence, and its extensive grounds, almost surpass belief. It is described as having been tiled with gold (whence its name), with which gold leaf is also the marble sheathing of the walls was provided. But these palaces

"Where gorgeous majesty had thus amassed
All treasure, all delights that eye or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask,"

their builders, are again mingled with the dust, the command of all earthly perfection and splendour, these are among the things that were. 'Tis not so in splendid edifices, simply as such, that modern sovereigns find delight. Of course there are exceptions; but she who sits on the British throne and wields the British sceptre, is more disposed to enjoy the works of nature than the works of man, and consequently, Osborne House, originally, with all its inconveniences and its comparative obscurity, was preferred to the pompous building of historic fame. These inconveniences have been gradually removed by the old house being taken down and more commodious buildings erected, and now her Majesty's marine residence of Osborne is second to none either for elegance, convenience, or healthy situation. Osborne, or as it was anciently called "Austerborne" is situated on the east side of the high road, on the summit of the hill called East Cowes.

not its historical associations, as I have before hinted,

that give importance to Osborne, but it is its royal possessor, although there are several things in connection with Osborne and its neighbourhood which are of sufficient interest to justify narration.

Its most ancient possessor's name of whom we find any mention, was Bowerman, from whom it descended through various other possessors to one Eustace Man, in the fifth year of King Charles the First. Tradition reports that he buried some valuable property, consisting largely of money and plate, in a wood on the manor, during the turbulent reign of that king, and that on searching for it again it could not be found. The place where it was supposed to be hid still retains the name of "money coppice."

By marriage it descended to the family of Blachford, who built the mansion which has been removed for the present structure. From Lady Blachford it was purchased by her Majesty, with Barton Farm, and a great tract of land adjoining, so that her Majesty is a great Island landowner, Osborne park and wood alone containing about three hundred and forty-six acres.

Near the boundaries of Barton, and but a pleasant walk from Osborne, along the shore, is a place called "King's Quay," which took its name from the following historical fact:—

After King John had been compelled by his barons to sign what is called the great bulwark of English liberty, "*Magna Charta*," or the *great charter*, at Runnymede, of which he afterwards repented; and while he was corresponding with the Pope, who was then considered, even in England, as one who could relieve from the obligation of an oath—while, I say, he

was thus awaiting the Pope's permission to break his oath, he retreated for security to the Island, and is supposed to have resided in this neighbourhood, because the then lord of the Island was in league with the barons, so that he feared to venture far into the Island. As the country was open to the water on all sides, and on account of a good landing place here, it is probable that he could not then have chosen a more eligible situation. Most likely he had reasons to believe that his designs might be discovered, or at least suspected, so that during his three months' residence here, he had little conversation but with fishermen and sailors, as but few domestics attended him.

From King John let us now return to Queen Victoria, or to the place in which she resides for several months out of the twelve.

Osborne is beautifully situated in the neighbourhood of East Cowes, one of the best points of the Island. The buildings are placed in a fine park well stocked with noble timber, and adjoining the grounds of Norris Castle, the residence of her Majesty, when Princess Victoria, and her mother the Duchess of Kent, in their lengthened visit to the Island during the summer of 1831, which visit will be long remembered by those of us who were then children in the different schools in Newport, on account of the wine, cake, and holiday we all had, at the expense and desire of the Princess.

Very little of the mansion is seen from the high road, but in sailing along the coast it appears in all its proportions, seated at the head of an ample lawn which slopes gently to a valley open to the sea—(*see engraving, p. 9.*) The whole park, strictly private, extends down to the sea, with good landing

places. The views from it are as extensive as they can be from the northern part of the Island. Spithead, with its fleet of shipping, has a noble appearance from it, so has the Southampton Water, with its commercial restlessness; and now that a lofty tower peers its head above the other buildings of Osborne, the greater part of the island is added to its scenery.

On Monday, March, 18, 1844, Prince Albert left Clermont on an inspecting visit to Osborne estate, previous to the occupancy of it. It was a high day for Cowes, and many were the welcomes he received from the multitudes who were there to receive him. The result of this visit was favourable to a trial, and her Majesty became the lessee for a year, subject to her will and pleasure at its termination to become the purchaser; and in the month of October her Majesty and her Royal Family paid their first visit to Osborne.

Their visit was unaccompanied by the pomp and circumstance usually attendant on royal visits, but was still a scene of extreme interest. She landed at the public Quay at East Cowes, in the midst of her island subjects, without either soldier or guard, a high compliment to our loyalty and affection for her.

Her Majesty remained about a week, and in her rambles along the high road, frequently met and conversed with persons whom she recognised as having seen during her stay at Norris in 1831.

And here I must mention a little incident connected with her Majesty's first visit. As her Majesty and the Prince were taking their accustomed walk about nine o'clock one Saturday morning at Cowes, they were caught in a heavy shower

at a very unsheltered part of the hill commanding a view of the sea. Her Majesty and the Prince hastened their homeward, when the old postman of East Cowes and Wingham, who had just been performing his morning rounds, observing that a lady and gentleman were rather discommodiously exposed to the storm, and running after them as fast as he could, tendered his old gingam umbrella, which was graciously accepted, and he was invited to follow their foot-prints to Osborne House. Little did the poor postman imagine at the time that it was to his royal mistress he had thus the honour of affording such seasonable shelter; but on his arrival at the portico he was agreeably awakened to the fact, having given to him her Majesty's thanks, and a five-pound note together with his old umbrella.

On the 29th of March, 1845. Her Majesty paid another visit to Osborne, when, in view of becoming the purchaser, as she did in the following May, several alterations and improvements were decided upon, and Mr. Thomas Cubitt, the eminent builder, received her Majesty's commands to prepare necessary designs for a commodious mansion.

After several plans being approved by her Majesty, the month of the following June was signalized by the foundation-stone of the new building being laid by her Majesty, in the presence of most of her family, and several gentlemen of royal suit.

During the progress of these buildings, the old Osborne House was honoured with the presence of several of her Majesty's illustrious visitors. The Kings of Holland and Belgium domiciled under its roof; and at one period it was honoured with the presence of three Queens—Her Majesty—the

Queen Dowager—and the Queen of the Belgians ; and no doubt but the want of accommodation was then so severely felt that the intended improvements were urged on as fast as possible.

In the next year her Majesty took possession of that part of the building known as the “Pavilion,” from which ascends the massive tower, where the royal standard, during her Majesty’s stay, gaily floats in the breeze,

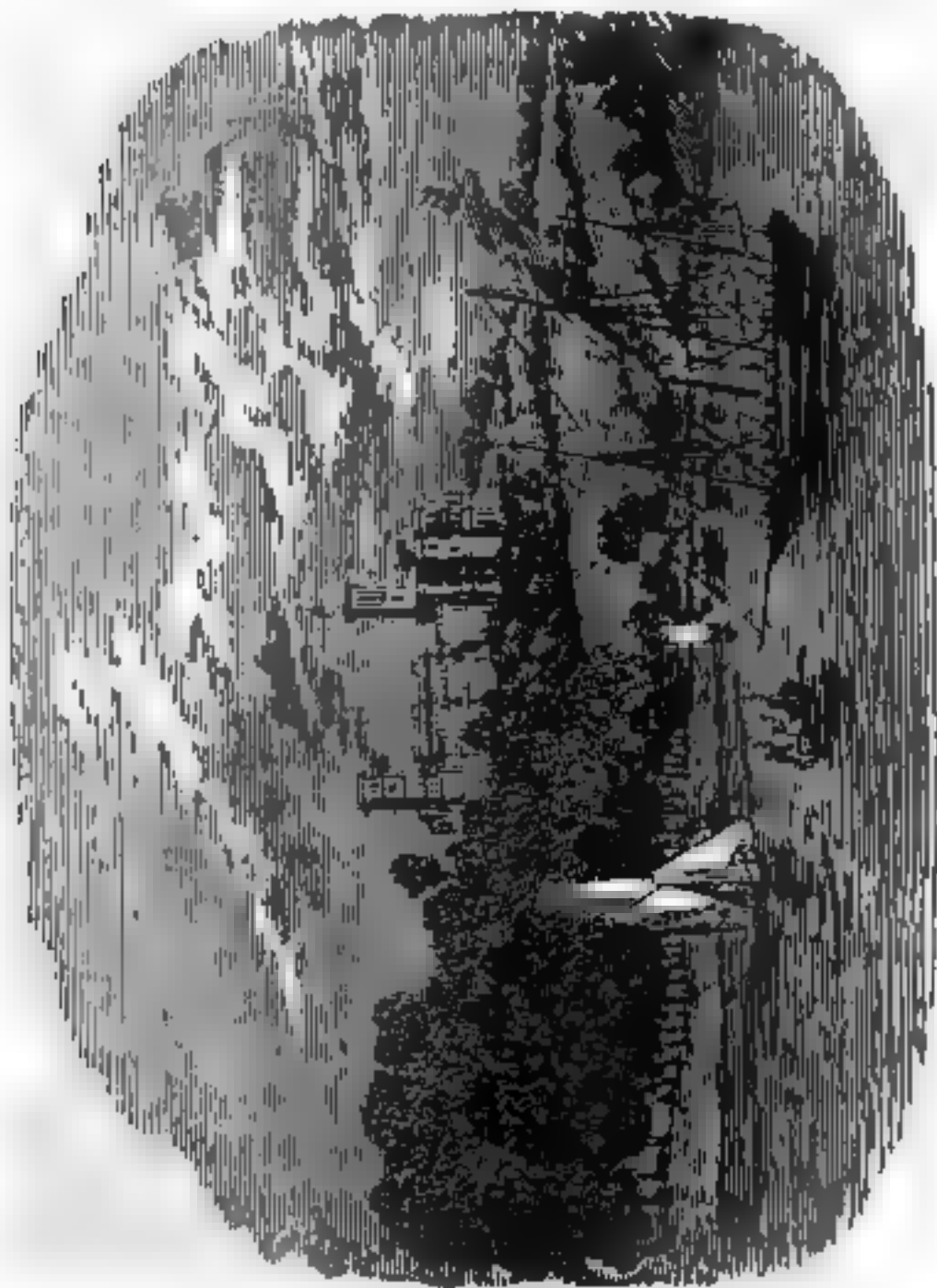
The old mansion was next removed, and hundreds of workmen were busily engaged in completing the design of Osborne Palace, which was done in unison with the Pavilion ; and now, when viewed as a whole, has a rich and beautiful as well as an exceedingly comfortable appearance. A new lodge has also been built at the present entrance from the high road, the grand entrance not being as yet commenced.

The Pavilion, which was built for the especial accommodation of her Majesty, forms nearly a square of eighty feet. At the south west corner rises the tower, to the height of one hundred and seven feet. The main building is about sixty feet high, built of brick and cement, and stuccoed so as to give it the appearance of a stone erection. Every room is fire-proof, and very little timber was employed in the construction. The grand entrance is at the west front under a handsome portico.

The Pavilion tower contains several apartments, the upper one having three windows on each face, forming a delightful observatory, where superb views of Hampshire and the Island are obtained. Corridors, covered and open, connect the Pavilion with the other building, thus affording easy access between them, and breaking with good effect their general

OSBORNE, THE MARINE RESIDENCE OF HER MAJESTY.

hitectural features. The other tower is called the clock
rer.



Osborne, as seen from the sea.

the front of the building facing the sea, there is, as seen in

the engraving, page 1, a handsome terrace running its whole length, the views from which are pleasing, the undulating and well-wooded grounds of the park being seen to great advantage. The Solent in the middle distance makes a beautiful object, the numerous vessels of all sizes, and forms, continually passing, and the steamers plying with their dusky wreaths of smoke, adding life and character to the scene; while the coast of Hampshire, bounding the whole, constitutes, in clear weather, a view of great beauty and animation.

The terrace is elegantly laid out as a flower-garden; the parterres being disposed in tasteful forms, and filled with choice flowers. Vases, and other elegancies, add to the beauty of the spot, and on the balustrade, at intervals, are well arranged vases, of beautiful design.

Underneath the terrace, the grounds are laid out with delightful effect, and her Majesty's taste for natural scenery is remarkably shown in the simple nature of its execution.

As I have before said, the park extends for a considerable length by the sea-side, and in many parts is clothed with trees down almost to the water's edge. The beach is strictly guarded to prevent inquisitive strangers from invading the retirement of her Majesty. Here also is a small jetty, carried out for some length for the especial use of her Majesty, so that on occasion of the frequent marine trips made by the Royal family, there is no necessity to land at the public Quay at East Cowes, and thus the crowds of idle gazers, who are ever on the alert to catch a glimpse of royalty, are avoided. This is also the cause of a handsome landing-place being constructed at East Cowes on the property of the Trinity Board.

CASTING OUR SHADOWS.

we now, dear readers, put you in possession of many connected with the Marine residence of her Majesty. eased from the cares, and the pageantry of state. I often seen her on the lawn, and in the walks, amusing children, with all the fondness of a mother, and the tenderness of a child. Ah! I have thought, much as many would give you the sceptre of an empire upon which, as is boastfully said, "the sun never sets," *you* would rather lose it all than those dear little ones.

In conclusion, when you read of the pavilions of the great powers of the earth, remember, that if a believer on the Lord Christ, you can afford to think lightly of them; for, as poor as it respects *this* world, *you* have, and, O who can know its value and blessedness,

"——— A pavilion, the world cannot see.
Of heavenly sunshine, appointed for thee,
Though a child of afflictions and tears:
Dismayed as thou art at the sight of thy sin,
'Tis thine an omnipotent Saviour to win,
Who soon shall abolish thy tears."

Report, I. W.

A. MIDLANE.

CASTING OUR SHADOWS.

If people's *tempers* should cast shadows, what would they be? said Augustine, as he lay on the grass, and looked at his shadow on the fence. "Joe Smith's would be a fist put up, and Sam Shearn's a bear, for he is always grumpy, and sister Esther's a streak of sunshine, and cousin Mary a sweet little dove, and mine"— here Augustine stop-

CASTING OUR SHADOWS.

According to Augustine, then, our *inner selves* are casting their shadows ; that is, I suppose, we are throwing off impressions of what we really are, all around us ; and, in fact, we can no more *help* doing so, than we can fold up our real shadows, and tuck them away in a drawer.

Suppose we follow out Augustine's idea, and ask, " And *mine*—what shadow would *my* temper cast?" It might surprise, and possibly frighten us, although it might in some measure help us to " see ourselves as others see us." The fact is, our associates know us better than we know ourselves ; they see our shadows, which, though they may sometimes be longer or shorter than we really are, the outlines are in the main correct ; for our shadow is, after all, the image of ourself.

We sometimes hear of people who are " afraid of their shadows," and it seems cowardly and foolish ; but if Augustine's idea should come to pass, a great many would have reason to be frightened by the image of their inner selves, so deformed and unsightly it might be, or so disagreeable, that nobody would wish to take a second look.

Now, it is this *shadowing out* of what we really are in spite of ourselves, which makes it such a sober and responsible business to be living, and which makes it so unmeasurably important to be living *right* ; for other people are constantly seeing and feeling our influence, whatever it may be. Every child at school is throwing off a good or bad impression upon her school-mate next to her. Every child at home is casting off kind and gentle influences in the little circle around him ; or it may be, he is like the image of a *fist doubled up*, or a *claw scratching*, or like a *vinegar cruet, pouring out only the sour*. How is this ? Let our readers look well to this matter.

THE VASE OF WATER.

Mary.—Look, Charles, this vase is covered with little drops of water. I wonder what causes it.

Charles.—O, it is because the vase has been dipped in the water, and the drops stand on it of course.

Emma.—That cannot be, for I poured the water in myself when I arranged the flowers, and it was perfectly dry then. But how curious it is; the little drops are just like perspiration. This is what old Mrs. Hall means by saying the tumbler sweats, and she says it is a sign of rain.

Mary.—I remember hearing her say so, and when Julia asked her the reason of it, she said it was the warm weather. Mr. Hall said the air pressing on the water causes it to come through the pores of the glass.

Emma.—I do not think that is the reason, for last Monday, when the wind blew so hard, and the rain beat against the windows, you know father was afraid they would be broken in, and he said he did not think glass would stand such a pressure, and yet the water did not come through.

Charles.—Let us go and ask mother the reason. She always tells us everything we ask her.

Mary.—No; not always, for yesterday, you know, we asked her to find the Dead Sea for us, and she told us we must find it; then we should remember where it is.

Charles.—Yes; and she said we must learn to examine for ourselves, and not depend too much on others. It is pleasant, to be sure, to find out things ourselves, but then it is so much trouble.

Emma.—Trouble! brother Charles, trouble! I hope you

THE VASE OF WATER.

do not call that a trouble. Come, let us try some experiments. Here are some tumblers ; now we will fill one with water, and while waiting for the little drops we will look at our drawings.

Charles.—There ; it has been ten minutes, and there is no water on the tumbler. Where did you get that water, Emma ?

Emma.—From the pail by the door ; but let us get some fresh from the pump, and try it again. Never give up, as mother says.

Mary.—Five minutes ! Look, there is the water on the one filled last, but there is none on the first tumbler. Now, what is the reason of this ?

Emma.—Oh ! I have observed a fact, as our teacher would say. When we put very cold water into the tumbler, we see the moisture, but when the water is warm, like that from the pail which stood in the sun, the drops did not appear on the tumbler.

Mary.—You are an observing little body, Emma, and now can you tell why it is so ?

Emma.—No, sister, I cannot. But here comes mother ; she will tell us, I am sure.

Mother.—My children, I have overheard your conversation, and am much pleased to hear you inquire into the reasons of things in this way. And now, as my little Emma has used her observing powers to such good advantage, let her employ her reflecting faculties, and think what becomes of all the water which falls in rain.

Charles.—It dries up, mother, does it not ?

Emma.—It evaporates, and forms clouds again, mother.

Mary.—Yes ; and the clouds fall again in rain, and it evaporates, or turns to vapour again ; and so on all the time.

Mother.—You have answered very well ; but Charles will please remember, “it dries up” is not a very expressive phrase. This vapour is constantly rising in particles so minute that we cannot perceive them, and it is this which settles on the tumbler when you pour cold water into it. The heat or temperature of the water being less than that of the air, the vapour is cooled, and made to assume the form of water. Similar to this steam, which is condensed by coming in contact with a cold vessel. I think you understand me ; and now for the warm water in the tumbler. The temperature of this was nearly the same as that of the air, so the vapour was not condensed, of course.

Emma.—I understand you, mother, for steam would always be steam if it was kept heated, but when the heat is taken away it becomes water.

Mother.—So the warm water keeping the vapour warm, prevents it from being condensed ; while the cold water by taking the heat from the vapour, causes it to form in drops on the vessel. So with the windows. When there is much moisture in the room, and the air on the outside is colder than that inside, you see the particles on the window in little drops, and in very cold weather they make the beautiful frostwork you so much admire.

Mary.—Now, mother, tell us why this is a sign of rain ?

Mother.—When this occurs, it is an evidence that there is much vapour in the air ; and this fact is sufficient of itself to show us that rain will soon follow. Learn from this to observe facts, as Emma says, and though you may not at the time, understand them, keep them for future explanation.

THE PLOUGHMAN.



THE PLOUGHMAN.

CLEAN the brown path, to meet the coulter's gleam?
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done ;
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod ;
Still, where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth fresh furrow opens deep and wide ;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy corn-field cleaves ;
Up the steep hill-side, where the labouring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain ;
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozy clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy wave appears,
And wearied, unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labour brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings :
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green ;
This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;
These are the lines, O, heaven-commanded toil,
That fill thy deed,—the charter of the soil !

O, gracious mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time !
We stain thy flowers—they blossom o'er the dead ;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn ;

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain ;
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet O, our mother, while uncounted charms
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond weakness waste our strength away.

No ! by these hills, whose banners now displayed,
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed—
By your twin crest, amid the sinking sphere
Last to dissolve, and first to re-appear ;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds in silence from its dark ravines ;
True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil
To crown with peace their own untainted soil ;
And true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now,
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land—
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till Graylock thunders to the parting sun,
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won !

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS—"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a 'happy home.' Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer ; it must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day ; while, over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

HAVING BEEN FOR SOME TIME MUCH ENGAGED IN VISITING THE SICK
dying, many affecting and sorrowful scenes pass under our
eye. It was while about this labour of love, that the fol-
lowing beautiful letter fell into our hands. It was written to
a poor girl about fourteen years of age. Alas! she was insen-
sible and dying, as we stood for the first time by her bed-side,
young blood drunk up by burning fever. While reading the
letter we could not help praising God, that the dear child had
a blessed while in health, with the love and prayers of so
valued a Teacher.

THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR JANE.

You must not think me unkind because I do not come
to visit by you, and talk to you. The Doctor says I must not
come just yet for fear I should be ill too. Do not think that
I do not love you, for indeed I do very much, and it grieves
me much to be obliged to keep away from you. But if it
please God to make you better, I will come and see you often
again. I am continually thinking about you, and I have asked
our gracious Saviour, if it be His will, to make you
well again. I miss you very much at the school. We have

LETTER FROM A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

What pains and agonies he bore, and all because he *loved you* dear Jane, to save *your soul* from hell.

I hope that when you were well you prayed to that blessed Saviour to give you a new heart, to wash away your sins, and fit you for heaven ; and if you did, I am sure that Jesus is with you now, and says to you, "Fear not, dear child, for I am with you." Shall I tell you what one of your schoolfellows said to me ? She asked me how you were, and she said, "Teacher, I hope Jane is prepared for heaven." I hope so too, I want to meet you there. There are many dear children in heaven, but they loved Jesus when they lived on earth, and then when they died He took them to dwell with Him for ever. Have *you* loved Jesus and given your heart to Him, and would you like to live with Him for ever ? If you are one of his little lambs, you shall never perish, but have eternal life. I dare say you cannot think much now you are so ill, but you can now and then lift up a short prayer and say, "Jesus save me ; Lord forgive my sins, make me thy child, and take me to heaven when I die ;" and Jesus will hear you, if it comes from your heart, and He will save you. He loves you much better than I do, and though I cannot be with you, I know he watches over you by night and by day. I love to think of this, and I try to leave you in His care, though I cannot help feeling very anxious about you. With kind love

I remain, dear Jane,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE TEACHER.

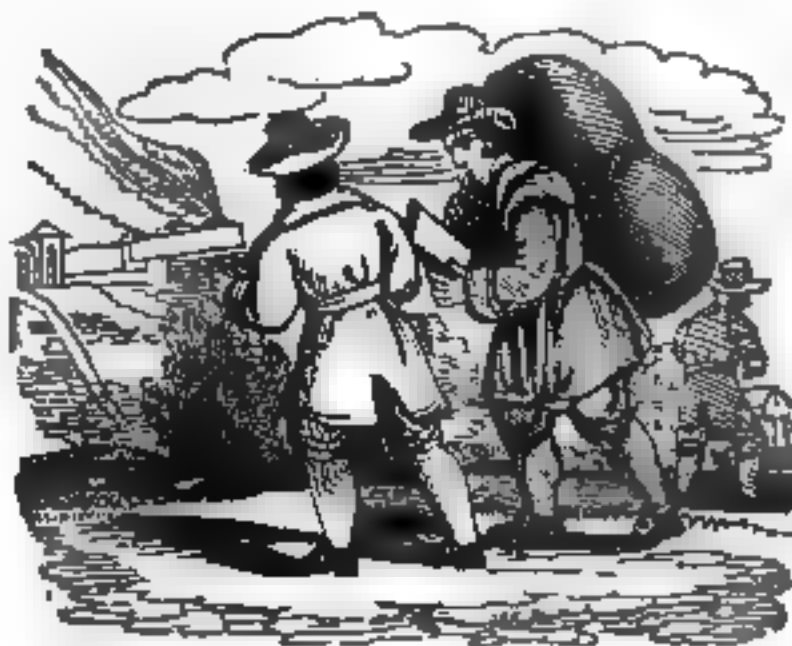
"Jesus said, suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Almighty God, I'm very ill,
But cure me if it be thy will ;

BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again;
Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say;
And grant that all I have to take,
May do me good for Jesus' sake.

Lord, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild.
Oh, put thy gracious hands on me,
And make me all I ought to be.
Make me a child—a child of God—
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;
And my whole heart from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee.



BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

LEAVING THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION.

THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION! Where is it? Who live in it?
What are they doing there? Why do they stop in it? Why

dont they leave it at once? Gentle Reader! Perhaps this City of Destruction is thy abode! Thou art one of its unhappy inhabitants. The world of sin is the city of destruction. Every doer of sin dwells in this city; belongs to it. And unless he leaves it must perish in its doom, for it is a doomed city. God has determined to destroy it, when its inhabitants by their wickedness have tried his forbearance, too long and too far.

Perhaps it is asked. But is it possible to get away from this city? Is escape possible? Oh yes, or we would not excite your alarm about the matter. We would let you sleep on, and never disturb you by look or word of ours. There is a way of escape. There are some things in this way of escape not very pleasant. But all put together they are not half so dreadful as this one evil from which escape is urged. Now and then with all its roughnesses and trials, there is a charm and an attraction about this new road to a place of safety. Many a man, many a young man and young woman, aye and many a sabbath scholar too, has wished, while looking towards this path which leads upwards, that they were set out in it. How many have been heard to say, I wish I were a Christian, I should then be safe, happen to me what would. What prompted that wish? Perhaps a text from the Bible has laid hold on the conscience. A fear of the wrath to come is felt, and sin is a burthen upon the soul. No wonder, something else is wanted. What is so tormenting as an apprehension that danger is near us? We cannot be at peace until we know that the danger is past and we are safe. Under such circumstances we ask, "What *shall* I do? I am in danger here; but which way shall I fly? There are two ways. One I see is broad and a

wide gate opening into it. Over it I see written, "Leadeth to Destruction." That cannot be the right way. The other is narrow. A strait gate opening into it; over it I read these words, "Leadeth to Life." This must be the safer path for me. The pilgrim fairly sets out in this narrow path. Some one calls him back. Others laugh at him; but a resolute purpose, like a fire in his conscience, urges him to go on. One of his neighbours now overtakes him. He meant to take the pilgrim back with him to the City of Destruction; but the pilgrim would not go back, and the neighbour says, "I will go a little way with you, and you can tell me where you are going, and what for, and what you expect when you get to the end of your journey." Pilgrim replies, I am going to heaven. There is an everlasting kingdom promised to me. Everlasting life is to be mine too; there a sure crown of glory, and garments that will make me shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven. There will be no sorrow where I am going, for the owner of the place will wipe away all tears from my eyes. And there will be a glorious company there—Cherubim and Seraphim—creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There I shall also meet with thousands and tens of thousands who have gone before me to that place; none of them enemies, but all loving and holy; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance for ever. In a word, there, I expect to see the elders with their golden crowns, and the holy virgins with their golden harps; and the men that by the world were cut to pieces—burnt in flames—eaten by beasts—drowned in the seas, for the love they bore to the Lord of the place; all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment. "This is fine

glorious news said his neighbour, I will go with you. Come I want to be there. Let us mend our pace. I am all impatience to see the place, and possess the glory."



FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—A boy once went to a Ragged School and had his face washed ; and when he went home his neighbours looked at him with astonishment. They said, "That looks like Tom Rogers ; and yet it can't be, for he's so clean." Presently his mother looked at him, finding his face so clean she fancied her face dirty, and forthwith washed it. The father soon came home, and seeing his wife so clean, thought his face dirty, and soon followed their example. Father, mother, and son all being clean. the mother began to think the room looked dirty, and down on her knees, she scrubbed that clean. There was a female lodger in the house, who, seeing such a change in her neighbours, thought her face and her room very dirty, and she speedily betook herself to the cleansing operation likewise. And very soon the whole house was, as it were, transformed, and made tidy and comfortable, simply by the cleaning of one Ragged School boy.

EXAMPLE.—One watch set right will do to set many by ; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighbourhood ; and the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

BOOKS.—In the best books great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead.

RUTH AND NAOMI.



RUTH AND NAOMI.

simple and touching interest of the story of Ruth and Naomi; the beautiful and engaging rural scenery which it depicts; the homely and honest manners which it describes; the impressive and heartfelt piety which pervades the whole, render it the most remarkable picture of ancient life ever here to be found. The young and the old read it with equally enrapt interest.

At a time of severe famine, a man of Bethlehem left his home place with his wife and two sons, and went into the land of Moab for a subsistence. The name of the father was

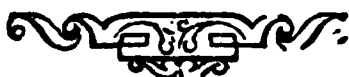
Elimelech (*my God is king*)—that of the mother Naomi (*pleasant, happy*)—the names of the sons, Mahlon, (*weakness, sickness,*)—and Chilion, (*consumption, decay*). At the end of ten years, of these four persons, one only remained alive, and that one was Naomi. First the father died, and then the two sons, leaving Naomi, not wholly alone, for the two sons had married two of the daughters of Moab, whose names were Orpah and Ruth. Thus there were three widows in one household. The death of her sons made Naomi anxious to return to the home of her youth. It was her intention to return alone. Her two daughters-in-law walked part of the way with her. The moment of parting came. They kissed each other, and wept together. The two daughters declared they could not separate from their husband and mother, but would go with her to the land of Israel. Of this Naomi would not hear, but entreated to be left to pursue her bereaved course alone. Once more they wept, and Orpah gave Naomi the farewell kiss. Ruth would not consent to return home, or to leave Naomi in her forlorn condition. To the last argument of Naomi to leave her and return to her own home, Ruth's reply was beautiful beyond expression, in the tenderness with which the firm purpose of a truly loving heart is expressed: "Intreat me not to leave thee; for whithersoever thou goest I will go; and whither thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

The simple eloquence of the tongue that speaks out of a full heart, never found more beautiful and touching expression than in these words of the young widow.

Naomi and her daughter reached Bethlehem about the commencement of the barley harvest, which would be about the middle of April. We leave the narrative of Ruth's gleaning in the field of her husband's kinsman, Boaz, of the means taken to bring about a marriage between this amiable old bachelor, and this charming young widow. They were married, and seldom had a man more reasons to be certain of happiness with his wife than Boaz had, who could say of Ruth, "It hath fully been showed me all that thou hast done to thy mother-in-law since the death of thy husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come to a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompence thy work; and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Time passes on, and we just look in upon a beautiful domestic scene. It is the home of Boaz and Ruth. An aged female is straining to her bosom a cooing little baby boy. It is Naomi with her grandson, Ruth's first born; and the placid smile on the countenance of Boaz, the father, tells of not a wish ungratified.

Upon a monument which has already outlived thrones and empires, and which shall endure until there be new heavens and a new earth, upon the front page of the New Testament is inscribed the name of Ruth. Of her came David—of her came a long line of illustrious and good men—of her came CHRIST.



ABIB ; OR ISRAEL'S DEPARTURE.

"This month shall be unto you the beginning of months : it shall be the first month of the year to you."—Exodus xii. 2.

Thick darkness had covered the strand—
A darkness unheard of before :
Deep silence, too, reigned over the land,
And the Nile's famed city at Moses' command,
For three days this deep mantle wore.

But a night far more dreadful was near,
When Egypt was destined to know,
A sorrow intense and severe ;
For their first-born, though cherished, beloved, and dear,
Were in death's cold embrace to lie low.

And fruitless the efforts of all,
To fly from the fatal decree :
Not science nor wealth could avail,
Each house only echoed the same piercing wail—
Unanswered their grief stricken plea !

But Israel, the chosen of God,
Was tranquil, was peaceful, secure ;
Not visited they with the rod,
For the Angel passed over their happy abode
When he witnessed the blood-sprinkled door.

Thus the night that the Lord did increase,
To Egypt, death, terror, and fear ;
Was the eve of His Israel's release :
They went out from Egypt in quiet and peace
In Abib, " First month in the year."

SIMPLE QUESTIONS SCIENTIFICALLY ANSWERED.

A bright new year's dawning indeed !
From Egypt's enthrallment secure ;
And pressing their footsteps with speed,
To the land to which God, their Jehovah would lead—
E'en to Canaan's sweet, plentiful shore.

Another " first month " now appears,
Does it find *you* in Egypt astray ?
Or following the pillar which rears
Its front to conduct you where sorrow and tears
Shall for ever be banished away !

Newport, I. W.

A. MIDLANE.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS SCIENTIFICALLY ANSWERED.

Why does a kettle sing ?—Because the air (entangled in the water) escapes by fits and starts through the spout of the kettle, which makes a noise like a wind instrument.

Why does not a kettle sing, when the water boils ?—Because all the water is boiling hot ; so the steam escapes in a continuous stream, and not by fits and starts.

When does a kettle sing most ?—When it is set on the hob to boil.

Why does a kettle sing more, when it is set on the side of a fire, than when it is set in the midst of the fire ?—Because the heat is applied so unequally, that one side is made hotter than the other ; in consequence of which, the steam is more entangled.

Why does a kettle sing, when the boiling water begins to cool again ?—Because the upper surface cools first ; and the steam (which arises from the lower part of the kettle) is again entangled, and escapes by fits and starts.

THE BETTER LAND.

2ND TREBLE.

REV. H. SMITH.

PIANOFORTE.



I hear thee speak of the bet-ter land, Thou call'st its chil-dren a

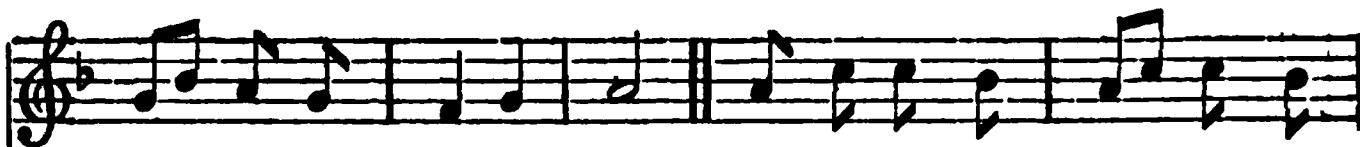
1ST TREBLE.



BASSO.



hap-py band. Mother, O where is that ra-diant shore? Shall we not



seek it and weep no more? Is it where the flower of the



THE BETTER LAND.

Or - ange blows? Or the fire-flies dance thro' the myr-tle

ghs? Not there, not there, my child; Not there, not there, my child.

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the third line. The third system contains the fourth line. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody.

Is it far away in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights upon the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand;
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?

"Not there, not there, my child."

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
 Sorrow and Death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child!"

MY MOTHER'S GENTLE WORD.

My precious mother died when I was six years of age, though long and weary years have gone by, and I have seen many changes sad and many, yet a little incident of my childhood, some two years previous to her death, will never be forgotten from my memory. I had, one Sabbath morning, been taken to church by an elderly lady who resided with us—my mother being too ill to go out. I remember that it was the Sabbath before Christmas, and the little church of D—— was gaily decorated with wreaths of evergreen. To my childish eye it was very beautiful. I began playing with the spruce and myrtle which were hung near the pew, and, despite the angry looks and warning reprimand of my friend, I kept on plucking the leaves and throwing them all about, until at last, madcap as I was, I took some of the dried pieces in the foot-stove to make a fire. Service being ended, my attendant pulled me along to the door and observed, when we reached the door, “Now, you naughty child, I shall take you to your mamma, and she will punish you.” I made no reply. We reached home, and I went to my mother’s chamber. She was seated in her easy chair supported by pillows. The sweet smile, with which she greeted my entrance, faded from her lips as she heard the recitation of my misdeeds. After a moment’s pause, being left alone, she sweetly said, “You have grieved your poor sick mother, and I felt her tears upon my cheek; there was no need for more. I clung to her arms, and sobbed as though my heart would break. Her gentle word had done what punishment in my case, could not have effected.



ANCIENT WAR CHARIOT.

ISLAND BATTLES.

"Too oft has this fair Island been the scene
Of fierce contention, massacre, and blood.
The sword!—great orphan-maker of the world!
Borne by the Saxon and the rugged Dane;
Laid waste for centuries the peasant's cot,
Filling each field and plain with heaps of dead,
And making every verdant valley blush
A crimson hue!"

"—— And as he raised the bleeding corpse of his beloved brother in his arms, he said, O war! war! whose tender mercies are cruel, what *enmity* is so fearful to the soul, as *friendships*, with thee?"

SUCH are the touching words which closed the affecting history of "Frank Ludlow," which myself as well as you, dear reader, had the delight of reading in our last year's volume: and such are the sentiments with which I begin to narrate, simply as matters of History, the various battles in which the inhabitants of my lovely Island have been at different periods engaged. Battles which from time to time have so altered the appearance of things, changing the condition of the people, and leaving associations thereof in the peculiar names given to the localities near which they raged, and in the customs to which they have given rise.

But in reading this long list of battles you must remember that although the aim and end of war—i. e. death—have been the same in all ages, the method and art of war have differed in nearly every age. The sling and the stone were once used for that purpose, also armour, swords, and spears. Chariots also with those who shot with the bow, (as represented in the engraving,) were very commonly employed;

for you must remember that gunpowder was not discovered till a few hundred years ago, so that fire-arms and cannon were not known when many of the battles, here narrated, were fought.

In pushing our researches back into the past, we find the first mention of the Isle of Wight made, in connection with the subjugation of the southern provinces of Britain, among which it is enumerated, to the sway of the Roman arms. But what the result of their victory was, or whether their stay upon the Island was of long or short duration, we cannot now determine. It is most probable that the islanders submitted at once, without any effort to oppose the landing of the Roman force, their fame having gone before them, and thus a fearful sacrifice of life was prevented.

For a space of four hundred years, no mention is made either of conquest or victory as connected with the Island, at this time called "Vectis." Peace was the portion of its inhabitants, and under its smiles they were, doubtless, as happy as any people can be without the gladdening rays of gospel light. But, alas! The rapacious propensities of Cerdic, the Saxon founder of the kingdom of Wessex, put an end to their happiness.

This chieftain, in the year 495, made a second conquest of the Island; but not without first experiencing a valourous and desperate opposition, and suffering great losses. Most of the sturdy inhabitants being slain in the several encounters, he replaced them by a number of Saxons and others whom he solicited to come over. It is worthy of remark here, that from this same Cerdic, historians tell us, that in the male line, the kings of England, as far as Edward the Confessor, are descended, and in the female line to the *present time*.

ISLAND BATTLES.

To him and his descendants the Island was subjected for about one hundred and seventy years, when Wulphure, king of Mercia, again conquered and took possession of it; but not wishing to keep it in his possession, he gave it to Adelwach, king of Sussex, whom, just before, he had vanquished and taken captive. Such are the freaks of one of those who would wish to be considered great, noble and generous. Having enough of his own, he cruelly vanquishes an unoffending king, then, savage-like, pounces upon a distant isle, and after all the horrors of barbarous warfare, succeeds in vanquishing it also, and then quietly hands it over to his conquered vassal. Truly has it been written, that man

“ Drest with a little brief authority,
Plays such frantic tricks before high heaven
That make the angels weep !”

But it cannot be imagined that the descendants of the Saxon Cerdic would quietly see this beautiful Island in the possession of those whose might, not right, had torn it from them; so, in 678, Cædwalla, one of his descendants, took possession of it as his rightful inheritance, in effecting which it was greatly ravaged and despoiled. Thus in the short space of fifteen years, the Island underwent the horrors of two invasions. Well has the historian remarked :—
“ During the Saxon Heptarchy, when England was torn by contending factions, and the country divided into small and barbarous kingdoms and communities, jealous of, and almost incessantly at war with each other—the hills and valleys of the Isle of Wight were often the scene of fierce contests, and were continually deluged with blood !”

And this brings us to another character of warfare; not that caused by ambition and a desire for territory; but that *which is far worse in its object, and infinitely more cruel*

in its execution, namely, religious zeal. Palestine is not the only spot in this wide world of ours, that has been cursed by the frightful enormities of a crusade; where the unfurling of the banners of the red cross has caused such deep stained crimes, at which even heathens would shudder.

“Worse than the love of conquest is the zealot’s rage
That seeks by force of arms to set the conscience right.”

This Cædwalla had embraced the Christian religion, and soon afterwards formed the sanguinary resolution of exterminating the pagan inhabitants of the isle unless they immediately consented to do the same. But he was prevailed upon by Wilfred, bishop of Chichester, to spare their lives upon condition of their being only baptized. About three hundred families who were thus forcibly compelled to do that which was contrary to their consciences, escaped, and all the rest were put to the sword!

Having so far succeeded in his enterprise, he gave one fourth part of the Island to the church, (so called) and then made an expiatory pilgrimage to Rome, where he died about ten years afterwards. What epitaph, think you, dear reader, could set forth the deeds of such a man?

About one hundred years afterwards, toward the close of the eighth century, the Isle was frequently surprised by Danish pirates, who about this time greatly infested the seas. On one occasion, however, as they were sailing off with a large booty, they were overtaken by a fleet fitted out by the great King Alfred, and only one vessel escaped. The Danes taken were carried to the king, then at Winchester, and were there hanged as public robbers.

But Alfred being no *more*, the Danes readily embraced the *opportunities* afforded by the tardy and inactive disposi-

tion of his successor, and several towns of the Island fell a ready prey to those ruthless freebooters, who spent about three years in these plundering excursions.

We now come to the time of Edward the Confessor, under whose reign new miseries befell this devoted Island. The Earl Godwin being then an exile and an outlaw, obtained a fleet from the Earl of Flanders, and plundered it: and soon after, being joined by his son Harold, with some ships from Ireland, they succeeded in stripping the miserable inhabitants of everything which remained to them after the former depredations.

Upon the overthrow of Harold, slain, you know, at the battle of Hastings, which battle obtained for William the sovereignty of England, the Conqueror (who first ordered the "Curfew" or *cover fire* bell to be rung throughout his dominions,) gave the Island to William Fitz-Osborne, one of his marshals and kinsman, to subdue "for his own use and profit." William Fitz-Osborne thus became first "Lord of the Isle of Wight." And after he had given lands to most of his followers, whose remorseless zeal had seconded his lawless efforts, he founded a stately priory at Carisbrooke, part of which remained until a year or two ago, when this venerable remnant of past grandeur was ruthlessly removed, in order that the proprietor of the grounds might have a few more feet of land upon which to graze his cattle. So insensible are some persons to the charms of antiquity, and the varied associations connected with the ruins of the past.

Tranquility and peace seem to have succeeded the conquest of William for more than two hundred years. During this period it was governed by its own lords, separate from, and independent of, the English crown. But in 1293, *Edward the First* purchased it for "six thousand marks,"

and the kings of England have ever since claimed not only the rule over it, but also the title of "Lord of the Island."

To proceed:—In the thirteenth year of the reign of Edward the Third, an invasion was meditated by France. In consequence of this, twenty-nine beacons and watchtowers were erected at different points, in order simultaneously to spread the alarm over the whole of the Island when an enemy was seen approaching the shores. The landowners were also bound by their tenures to defend the Castle of Carisbrooke for forty days at their own charges. The county of Devon also sent for its defence seventy-six men-at-arms, and the city of London three hundred slingers and bowmen.

As had been conjectured, several attacks were made. At one time the French landed at St. Helens, and plundered the inhabitants. Carisbrooke Castle was also often attacked by them, but never taken. The Islanders on every occasion making a most gallant defence. So severe were the skirmishes between the marauders and the invaded, that in 1340, Sir Theobald Russell, one of the wardens of the Castle, was killed. The French, however, were thoroughly beaten, and driven back to their ships with great loss. What folly thus to kill and be killed in return.

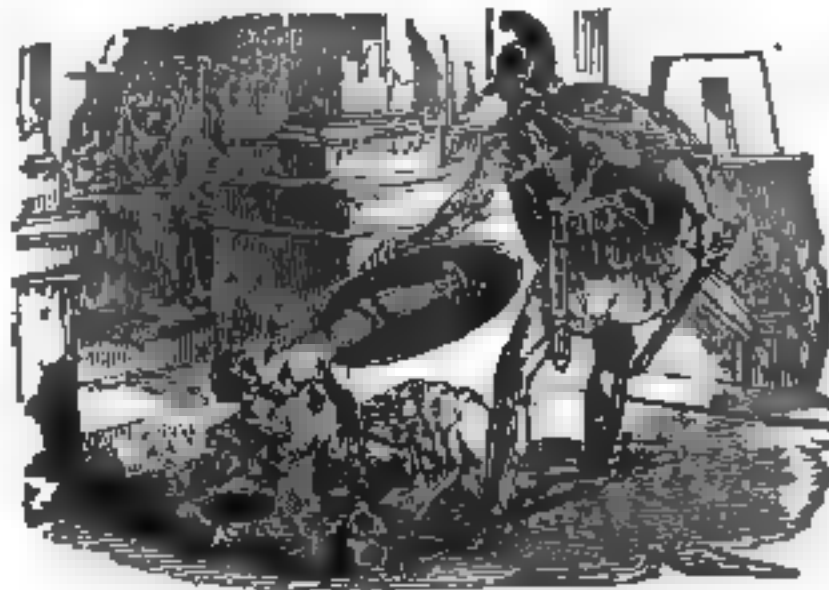
Although invasions were frequently threatened, the Island continued unmolested till the year 1377, when it was again invaded by the French; there being no forts to obstruct their landing, and Carisbrooke Castle standing in the centre of the Island, could only serve for a retreat. This defenceless condition and continued harrassing warfare caused many of the inhabitants to quit the Island of their own will, which they had defended so well, and which they never would *surrender to others*. But orders were immediately

ISLAND BATTLES.

issued to the wardens to seize the land of all such as refused to return.

This circumstance made those in authority look more to the security of the Island than they as yet had done ; and from this time (1403) may be dated the introduction of the militia system into the Island, the re-imposition of which system upon her Majesty's subjects has caused such loud murmur and complaints in our own day. This force then consisted of nine hundred men, (now it consists of eighty,) which was augmented by reinforcements from Southampton and London.

Again their constant enemy, the French, effected a landing, and from their overwhelming numbers, after destroying several towns, caused the inhabitants to fly for refuge to the Castle of Carisbrooke, at that time defended by Sir Hugh Tyrrel. Thither they pursued them and besieged the castle. Great numbers of the French were slain in this



siege, and a large part of them in attempting to force their way to the castle, with more courage than discretion, were

cut off by an ambuscade, formed purposely to intercept them. The lane by which they attempted to pass still bears the name of *Deadman's Lane*, and the present Node-hill, which forms the southern avenue of Newport, and now built upon, is a corruption of *Noddie's Hill*, as the tumulus where the slain were buried was then exultingly called.

I well remember the tales of blood with which, as children do, we interested each other, when years long since we were passing the lane above mentioned; but now it is more like a street than a lane, and all that is doleful about it are its name and its origin. Truly it may very properly be called the Island's "*golgotha*."

The French, unable to subdue the castle, at length withdrew. But prior to their doing so obliged the natives to redeem their houses from being burned, by a contribution of one thousand marks, and also bound them by oath not to resist, should they revisit the Island within a year. Surely the tender mercies of war are cruel.

In 1420 the French were twice repulsed. In the first place while driving away the inhabitants' cattle for plunder to their ships; and secondly, when making a threatening demand of a subsidy, they were treated with derision, which proves that the Islanders began to feel their own importance, to which probably their late successes against marauders, had not a little contributed. This conduct had its desired effect, for the French immediately retired without giving them an opportunity of demonstrating their valour, although they were to be permitted not only to land, but to be also allowed six hours to refresh themselves.

At this period, while the rest of the kingdom was ravaged by the partizans of the houses of York and Lancaster, the remote situation of the Island procured for it an exemption

from the calamities of civil wars; nor was its tranquility again disturbed by the French, till the year 1545, when above two thousand of them made a descent upon it, but being disappointed in their object of keeping possession of the Island, they proceeded to burn and pillage the villages, until they were attacked by the natives, who soon drove them back to their ships with great loss.

To secure the coast from the like insults, several forts were constructed in different places by Henry VIII. These, though at present of little use, were at that time deemed of great importance. But the Island was afterwards more effectually guarded by the naval strength of England, which was augmented by Queen Elizabeth to a degree before unknown; and thenceforth the Island was secured from the calamities of foreign invasion. Since then not a gun has been fired from it in actual engagement. So that these castles possess, as has been humorously remarked,—

“ Gunners which never mount the wall,
And guns which never fire at all.”

Unhappily, the several forts are now being put in thorough order, and at the west of the Island a new fort is being erected at the cost of many thousands of pounds. May it all be useless!

But now came the civil wars between Charles I, and the Parliament, when England was again torn by contending factions. Among the first places which sent in their adhesion to the Parliament was the Isle of Wight. Previously to this the royalist governor, the Earl of Portland, had been removed, and the Earl of Pembroke appointed captain in his place. But still the Countess of Portland remained in *the castle with one Colonel Brett*, who was also in favour of

the king, having had the custody of the castle given him by the king, in opposition to the Parliamentary appointment of the Earl of Pembroke.

Accordingly, it was represented that the town of Newport could not be considered safe, and that the mayor, whose name was Moses Read, could not answer for its fidelity if these persons were suffered to remain in the castle.

This representation the Parliament readily received, and, glad to secure the services of a man who might be so extremely useful to support their views, immediately commissioned him to take his own measures for the security of the Island in their interest; at the same time directing the captains of the ships in the river to assist him. Four hundred men were also immediately landed to join the militia of Newport, who, with Read at their head, immediately summoned the castle to surrender.

The heroism displayed by the Countess of Portland on this occasion, is perhaps one of the noblest instances of female fortitude on record. The castle had not at this time three days' provisions for its slender garrison of twenty men, yet she undauntedly advanced to the platform with a lighted match in her hand, declaring she would herself fire the first cannon against the assailants, and defend the castle to the utmost extremity, unless honourable terms were granted.

This gallant conduct had its effect. After some negotiations, articles of capitulation were agreed to, highly honourable to the besieged, and the castle was given up without the calamity of a battle.

From that time no war's commotion has been known in the Island, although reports of the French landing were rife during the late war; happily without foundation.

I have now but to say a word or two in conclusion. Dea

THE FIRST STEP IN KNOWLEDGE.

christian reader, let us be thankful for the peace we enjoy. We now only hear of war from the distance : we feel not its accumulated sum of miseries. God grant we never may ! Cultivate the spirit of peace. Remember that this is a cursed world. Satan is now its god. It is the theatre of the actings of man's depraved heart. But happy thought ! we who love Jesus are *not* of this world. (John xv. 19.) And beside this, how refreshing it is to peruse the records of Holy Writ about the future of this, at present, sin blighted world, when all its groanings shall be hushed and its miseries alleviated. (Rom. viii. 22, 23.) Well may we say with the poet :—

“ O what a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from its throne the tempter hurled
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee !

Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from Thy throne above,
Bid heaven and earth Thy glory know,
And all creation feel Thy love.”

Newport, I. W.

A. MIDLANE.

THE FIRST STEP IN KNOWLEDGE.—An infant only learns because it feels the need of learning. It has, for example, an interest in knowing its nurse, and consequently soon learns to know her. It distinguishes her amongst a number of persons, and never confounds her with another ; and this, so far, is knowledge. In fact, we only acquire a variety of knowledge in proportion to our discrimination of a great number of things, and our diligent observation of the qualities by which they are distinguished from each other. Our intelligence commences from the moment that we have been able to distinguish one single object from the others by *which it is surrounded*.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF JAMES CAMPBELL.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF JAMES CAMPBELL,

OCTOBER 11TH, 1852. AGED 7 YEARS.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow for thou knowest not what a day may bring
"—PROV. XXIX. 1.

'Twas Autumn in the present year,
I recollect the day,
When little James, but seven years old,
From earth was called away.

That morn the child repaired to school,
And did in health appear;
No one had reason then to think
His end so very near.

When school was closed, as oft before,
Away he quickly ran,
Accompanied by some little boys,
To overtake a van.

The child had not proceeded far,
Ere he was seized with pain;
Death stopped him short, for down he fell,
And never spoke again!

At *twelve* o'clock, this little boy
In health appeared to be;
Ere *one* had struck! though sad 'tis true,
A lifeless corpse was he!

On Tuesday morn, James left the school
In health and spirits gay;
On Friday next, his body dead,
Within the cold grave lay!

Children! if careless still you live,
And suddenly should die;
How awful then your state will be
Throughout eternity.

Then give at once your heart to Christ,
And cast your sins away;
Then *when you die* He'll take you home
To realms of endless day.

JOHN DORA.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES.

WHEN I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers term the "bracing air of poverty." My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once inclosed her sweet and gentle spirit!—was what was called an ambitious woman; for that quality which overturns thrones, and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances, and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, we are told, some would smile, and some—to whom they would teach their own experience—would sigh. But let me not disturb the veil of oblivion which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbour in better circumstances than ourselves; and, therefore, it was advisable that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savour and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were inclosed in the unfamiliar casings of a pair of gloves, which belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered *a much older and bigger boy*, who evidently belonged to a

family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze ; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones in which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a “dare-devil” swagger in his gait, and an “I’m as good as you” leer in his eye ; the very whelp to throw dirt at a well-dressed horseman because he was well dressed—to tear a boy’s ruffles because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, he exclaimed with a scornful laugh of derision, “*A patch on both knees, and gloves on !*”

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan, “That day I wore my gloves no more.” But the lesson so rudely enforced sank deep into my mind ; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the ridiculous inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life can come—never teaching them habits of self-reliance and self-discipline and control, but rather, by example, instructing them in *evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in false-*

hood,—I think with a sigh of *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

When I see a family in cold selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with a glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think of *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, luxurious carpets, but without books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

When I see public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honourably the posts to which they aspire, I recall *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, putting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their nature, and so perverting their humanity that that which was sought as a means insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, "*A patch on both knees, and gloves on.*"

And lastly, when I see thousands spent for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity; when I see fine ladies besatined and bejewelled, cheapening the toils of dressmakers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of the table would be to them a feast, I think of *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

THE LONDON STREET MARKETS ON A SATURDAY NIGHT.



**THE LONDON STREET MARKETS ON A
SATURDAY NIGHT.**

The street-sellers are to be seen in the greatest numbers at the London street markets on a Saturday night. Here, and in the shops immediately adjoining, the working-classes generally purchase their Sunday's dinner; and after pay-time on *Saturday night*, or early on Sunday morning, the crowd

in the New Cut, and the Brill in particular, is almost impassable. Indeed, the scene in these parts has more of the character of a fair than a market. There are hundreds of stalls, and every stall has its one or two lights; either it is illuminated by the intense white light of the new self generating gas lamp, or else it is brightened up by the red smoky flame of the old-fashioned grease lamp. One man shows off his yellow haddock with his candle stuck in a bundle of firewood; his neighbour makes a candlestick of a huge turnip, and the tallow gutters over its side, whilst a boy shouting "Eight a penny, stunning pears!" has rolled his dip in a thick coat of brown paper, that flares away with the candle. Some stalls are crimson with the fire shining through the holes beneath the baked chestnut stove; others have handsome octohedral lamps, while a few have a candle shining through a sieve: these, with the sparkling ground-glass globes of the tea-dealers' shops, and the butchers' gaslights streaming and fluttering in the wind, like flags of flame, pour forth such a flood of light, that at a distance the atmosphere immediately above the spot is as lurid as if the street were on fire. The pavement and the road are crowded with purchasers and street-sellers. The housewife in her thick shawl, with the market basket on her arm, walks slowly on, stopping now to cheapen a bunch of greens. Little boys, holding three or four onions in their hand, creep between the people, wriggling their way through every interstice, and asking for custom in whining tones, as if seeking charity. Then the tumult of the thousand different cries of the eager dealers, all shouting at the top of their voices, at one and the same time, is almost bewildering. "So-ld again," roars one. "Chestnuts all 'ot, a penny a score," bawls another. "*An 'aypenny a skin, blacking,*" squeaks a boy. "Buy,

buy, buy, buy—bu-u-y!" cries the butcher. "Half-quire of paper for a penny," bellows the street stationer. "An 'aypenny a lot, ing-uns." "Twopence a pound grapes," "Three a penny Yarmouth bloaters." "Who'll buy a bonnet for fourpence?" "Pick'em out cheap here! three pair for a halfpenny, bootlaces." "Now's your time, beautiful welks, a 'penny a lot." "Here's ha'porths," shouts the perambulating confectioner. "Come and look at 'em! here's toasters!" bellows one with a Yarmouth bloater stuck on a toasting-fork. "Penny a lot, fine russets," calls the apple-woman: and so the Babel goes on. One man stands with his red-edged mats hanging over his back and chest, like a herald's; and the girl with her basket of walnuts, lifts her brown-stained fingers to her mouth, as she screams, "Fine warnuts! sixteen a penny, fine war-r-nuts!" A boot-maker, to "insure custom," has illuminated his shop front with a line of gas, and in its full glare stands a blind beggar, his eyes turned up so as to show only "the whites," and mumbling some begging rhymes, that are drowned in the shrill notes of the bamboo-flute-player next to him. The boy's sharp cry, the woman's cracked voice, the gruff, hoarse shout of the man, are all mingled together. Sometimes an Irishman is heard with his "fine ating apples;" or else the jingling music of an unseen organ breaks out, as the trio of street singers rest between the verses. Then the sights, as you elbow your way through the crowd, are equally multifarious. Here is a stall glittering with new tin saucepans; there another bright with its blue and yellow crockery, and white glass. Now you come to a row of old shoes arranged along the pavement; now to a stand of gaudy tea-trays; then to a shop with *red handkerchiefs* and *blue checked shirts fluttering backwards and forwards*, and a counter built

up outside on the kerb, behind which are boys beseeching custom. At the door of a tea shop, with its hundred white globes of light, stands a man delivering bills, thanking the public for past favours, and "defying competition." Here, alongside the road, are some half-dozen headless tailors' dummies, dressed in Chesterfields and fustian jackets, each labelled, "Look at the prices," or "Observe the quality." After this is a butcher's shop, crimson and white with meat piled up to the first floor, in front of which the butcher himself in his blue coat, walks up and down, sharpening his knife on the steel that hangs to his waist. A little further on stands the clean family, begging, the father with his head down, as if in shame, and a box of lucifers held forth in his hand—the boys in newly-washed pinafores, and the tidy got-up mother with a child at her breast. This stall is green and white with bunches of turnips—that red with apples, the next yellow with onions, and another purple with pickling cabbages. One minute you pass a man with an umbrella turned upside down, and full of prints; the next hear one with a peepshow of Mazeppa, and Paul Jones the Pirate, describing the pictures to the boys looking in at the little round windows. Then is heard the sharp snap of the percussion cap from the crowds of lads firing at the target for nuts; and the moment afterwards you see either a black man clad in white, and shivering in the cold, with tracts in his hand, or else you hear the sounds of music from "Frazier's Circus" on the other side of the road, and the man outside the door of the penny concert, beseeching you to "Be in time—be in time!" as Mr. Somebody is just about to sing his favourite song of the "Knife Grinder." Such, indeed, are the riot, the struggle, and the scramble for a living, that the confusion and uproar of the New Cut on Satur-

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

day night have a bewildering and saddening effect upon the thoughtful mind. Each salesman tries his utmost to sell his wares, tempting the passers-by with his bargains. The boy with his stock of herbs offers "a double 'andful of fine parsley for a penny;" the man with the donkey-cart filled with turnips has three lads to shout for him to their utmost, with their "Ho! ho! hi-i-i! what do you think of this here? a penny a bunch—hurrah for free-trade! *Here's* your turnips!" Until it is seen and heard, we have no sense of the scramble that is going on throughout London for a living.—*Mayhew's London Labour and the London Poor.*

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Father look upon a child,
Make me gentle, meek and mild;
Let my every action be
Fraught with sweet humility.

When my thoughts from Thee would stray,
Of my soul be drawn away,
Wilt thou help and guide me then;
Bring me to thy "fold" again.

If my path through life be drear,
Let me feel that Thou art near,
Near when darkest storms arise,
To bedew life's morning skies.

Let me feel, though passing fair,
That all things must perish here;
Flowers that bear the richest bloom,
Wither ere the hour of noon.

When my spirit droopeth low,
And is pining hence to go;
Father let me reign with Thee,
Ever through Eternity.

METAPHORICAL DEFINITIONS OF THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

I.—PRUDENCE.

1. A chip from the block of wisdom.
2. The shortest way to the "Gold Diggings."
3. The ticket available for the poorest man to travel from the cot of poverty to the city of wealth.
4. The anchor cast out in the storm of adversity to prevent a wreck on the rock of poverty.
5. The foundation stone of the temple of Prosperity.
6. The bow which, if rightly used, never suffers the arrow to miss its mark.

II.—TEMPERANCE.

1. The lighthouse by means of which sailors may be enabled to double the reefs of *inebriety*.
2. The Hill up which the army of Resolution must ascend, in order to storm the castle of Health.
3. The staff on which any one can lean with impunity.
4. Davy's Safety lamp to prevent the fire-damp of vice and excess being ignited.
5. A Reservoir from which there are many pipes, but the main pipe is *Teetotalism*.
6. The thimble that preserves our fingers from the needle of disease and want.

III.—JUSTICE.

1. The umbrella that should keep us from the rain of injury and injustice.
2. Stilts, by means of which we may walk over the mud of *annoyance and mischief*.

FASHION A TYRANT.

3. A windmill which grinds the wrongs of the poor into rights.
4. The channel which separates the land of fraud and hypocrisy from the land of candour and uprightness,
5. A policeman ever ready to collar him who does not act in the way of integrity.
6. A shield worn by all those who have strength to carry it.

IV.—FORTITUDE.

1. Scissors whereby we may cut through the cloth of danger.
2. The archway under which all must pass in order to enter the palace of victory.
3. The firelock which we shoulder in order to perforate the perecranium of cowardice.
4. The crab against which no sands of peril are an impediment.
5. A greased pole, up which all must climb who desire to obtain the panegyric of celebrity on its summit.
6. The necessary companion of perseverance.

E. A., T—N VICARAGE.

FASHION A TYRANT.—She makes people sit up at night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes her votaries visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades their pleasures, and interrupts their business; she compels them to dress gaily either upon their own property or that of others; she makes them through life seek rest on a couch of anxiety, and leaves them in *the hour of desolation* on a bed of thorns.

CARE FOR THE SICK.



CARE FOR THE SICK.

A TROOP of merry little boys were just halting beneath my window, and arranging themselves in pairs or "spans," as they said, being for the time, very spirited little horses. While their driver was adjusting the tackling, and lengthening his reins, there was considerable stamping, and impatience to be gone. "Billy and Charley" being "very fast horses;" and the "who-a, who-a," of the young "teamster," could scarcely prevent a premature trial of their speed.

THE DISCONTENTED VIOLETS.

st as they were ready to start, one of the horses opened mouth and spoke words, which showed that he had a and considerate heart, whatever the character or part assumed in play. "When we get to that white house," he, "we must not make any noise, for there is a girl there." "Is there?" "Yes, there's *a sick girl* there, *we must be quiet.*"

ie whole company felt the influence of that caution and ff, not less happy, but far less noisy; nor did they raise voices again until they had passed up beyond the k girl's house," and down again below my window. a few pattering drops led the driver to advise his horses to the stable, because it was going to rain. His being sensible little animals, they concluded to do so.

ie "sick girl" was not annoyed by the boisterous play ose little boys; and I feel very confident that each of had a "trap" that caught a "Sunbeam," by the peace-eaming light of their countenances.

; this season of the year, there are many persons, espe- among the little ones, on beds of sickness. Much ring may be spared them—*perhaps*, in some cases, even -if the little ones who are well, remember that "we be quiet" where the sick lie.

THE DISCONTENTED VIOLETS.

AN ALLEGORY.

violets, beautiful, modest flowrets, once on a time, long, ago, became foolish and discontented. "They sent up a ion to their mistress and mother, the Fairy Queen. w long," said they, petulantly, "are we doomed to cower

THE DISCONTENTED VIOLETS.

under our leaves, and bend beneath the very moss that clings to the roots of the trees. Are we not as worthy to show our faces and assert our presence as yon gaudy tulip, or that upright auricula?"

The Fairy Queen sent her foreign ambassador to appease her discontented subjects. He flew to the earth in a drop of rain, and cried to the offended violets, "Be assured you are more lovely and interesting in your humble unassuming sphere than you can possibly be in one more exalted. Your constitution will not admit of any change in your condition. Who ever heard of a tall aspiring violet?"

"And for that very reason," they all exclaimed, "it is high time we assumed a more important and conspicuous position in the flower world. We have been secluded long enough. We feel as competent to hold up our heads as others. It is unjust bondage to conceal any longer our purple, scented blossoms. Give us freedom; let us see around us and be seen."

The Fairy Queen frowned and sighed, and rode down on a sunbeam to punish her disaffected subjects. "Oh, my children," she exclaimed, "beware, ere it is too late. You are altogether unfitted for the position you seek. Be happy—be contented. Thousands of happy violets have lived among the moss and leaves, playing merry bo-peep with the gentle summer zephyr and glancing sunbeams. What sweeter life could you desire? It is far better you should attract the passer-by to search for your sweet blossoms by the soft perfume you shed around, than if you stared him in the face at every corner, your unprotected odours rudely dispersed by every wind that sweeps by. I will grant your request, my daughters; but, alas! it will be a fatal one for *you*. No longer shall the village children, as they come

THE DISCONTENTED VIOLETS.

from school, loiter in the lanes to smell the scent of spring violets, and laugh for joy when they spy the blue flowrets lurking behind the broad sheltering leaves. No longer shall the weary denizen of the hot and dusty city inhale gratefully your perfumed breath on a spring Sabbath, as he strays through the hedgerows. No more shall the eager lover search for you in your green hiding places, to lay you on his mistress' bosom, and call her modest and exquisite as yourselves. Never again shall the duteous child with anxious eyes look diligently for the odorous buds that will call a grateful smile from the lips of a dying mother, as she wanders back in memory to the hours passed away, when she, light-hearted, young and strong, ran to the well-known bank where the fairest violets were found. No more; but it is enough, you will prove for yourselves the truth." She folded her wings, and drooped her head, as she slowly returned in her bright chariot to Fairy-land.

The prayer was granted. The violets suddenly started up, tall and aspiring, upon straight high stalks, and braved the full heat of the sun. They were glorified for a brief space, but soon the bright beams that danced in their eyes dazzled and confused them. They longed for one leaf to soften the intensity of the rays, but low at their feet were these sweet veils. A few repentant flowers strove to stoop to the old and pleasant couch where they had oft reclined in shady ease; their slender stems snapped in the effort, and they lay broken and lifeless on the earth. Nor were their proud companions more fortunate. One hour scorched with heat, the next shivering in the rough approaches of the varying wind, their delicate colour faded, their fresh liquid beauty fled; pale, *scentless blossoms* only remained, the *jest of the flower world*. Rosy tulips flushed deeper with

scorn, and the full sweet rose looked anxious and displeased. Even the bees, as they wandered by, called no more to the sweet flattery in their ears, but passed on without recognition, to other fair blossoms, and their small voices seemed to chant a solemn reproof. The sweet primroses and tulip-cups mourned for their old friends, and sighed for olden days of happy companionship. And the poor violet, the flower of modesty, became a by-word and laughing-stock. Quickly this foolish generation became few in number, and faded in beauty; one by one drooped, broken-hearted, and all their high ambitious aspirings were quenched in death. At last but two remained, poor broken monuments upon the graves of their companions. The pitying wind heard their despairing sighs, and bore them tenderly and faithfully to Fairy-land.

"Go, tell them," said the Fairy Queen, "their punishment is severe but merited. Yet, before those survivors die, bear a message of forgiveness and hope. Their doom is sealed; their unhappy days are numbered, but from their ashes shall arise a happier race. Bright, blue, and sweet, shall be their children's faces. No traces shall they inherit of their progenitors' weakness and misfortunes. Love shall make them beautiful and blest."

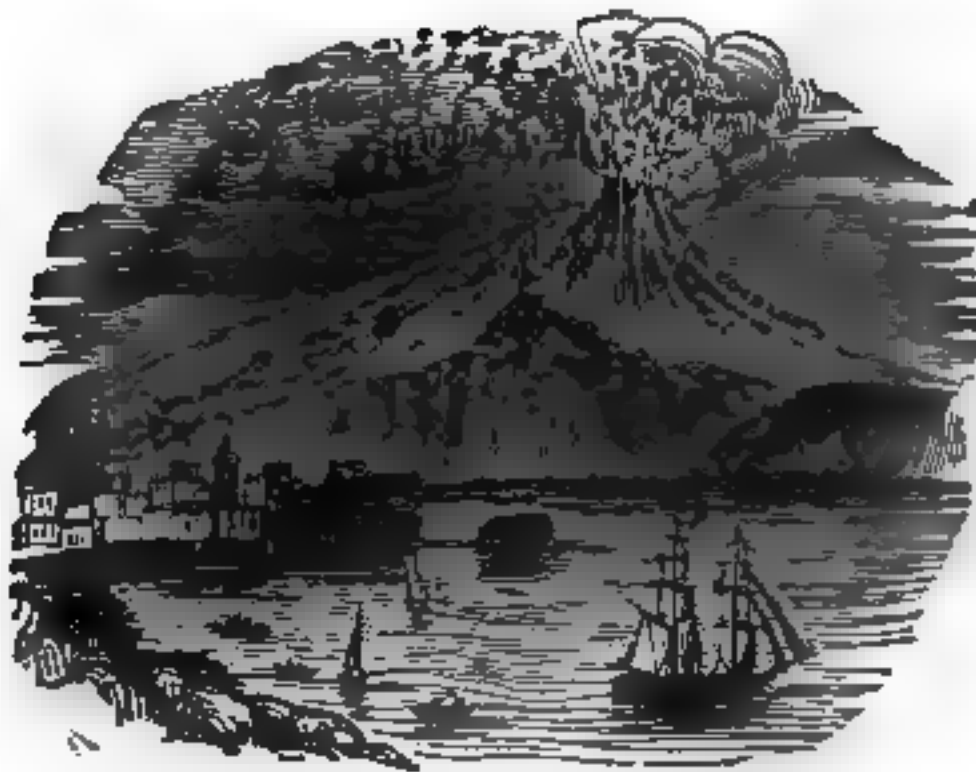
The soft wind whispered these sweet words in the ears of the unhappy violets.

"We die content," they murmured, "but hear, sweet zephyr, our last request and legacy. When our sweet representatives shall bloom in the future spring-times, to you, breeze, we intrust this solemn charge:—Tell them our mournful story. Let them have the benefit of our bitter experience, that they may learn their chief happiness and only security are in *Humility*. If ever they confide to you

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

sh, a fancy that reminds you of our fatal mistake, bear it away, oh breeze, upon your wings, and instil instead the sweet spirit of content and lowliness. Thus, in your voice, though silent, shall ever speak, and our old friendship all be a pledge for your faithful guardianship."

"It shall," sighed the breeze, sadly; "Farewell!" and he hid his face. When he looked up he chanted a wild dirge of sorrow over the graves of the dead violets.



ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

THE *Morning Chronicle* publishes the following letter from Catania, dated August 30:—"Yesterday afternoon we arrived at Zaffarana. The stream of lava is to be seen from the last houses of this village, within gunshot. Even from that distance it spreads a terrific heat. The manner in which this fearful torrent advances is really singular, and it

cannot well be understood, unless seen. It moves on without interruption. The most advanced wave, if so call it, shoots up at the slightest obstacle it meets in its path, dispersing rivulets to all sides ; the mass circles them, grows smooth again, and proceeds. A constant crashing and bursting is to be heard, as of glass in breaking—no other sound—and, in the meanwhile immense work is done. Every now and then a stoppage denotes that the stream has encountered a large obstacle, or water. The whole of this great mass has a reddish-grey aspect, with a surface thing glassy and polished. It is impossible to describe its appearance by night. That stream of living fire, with its clouds of cinders and sulphureous vapours, cannot be portrayed in words. It is horribly sublime. The river becomes a species of coating above the surrounding country, and, as it grows cold, fresh sheets of fire spread over it. The misery and loss occasioned to this unhappy region can hardly be driven from the mind, in truth nothing could be more picturesque. It is to be remembered that the southern slope through which streams of lava are now pouring, is the most fertile and best-cultivated portion of the whole island. Vineyards, every species of fruit, houses—imagine the damage, and the subsequent wretchedness entailed on the peasantry and proprietors ! It is more than 500 years since lava flowed from Mount Etna in that direction. Much damage is also occasioned by the cinders and burning stones poured forth from the crater beneath Monti di Cassaro to the Valle del Rue. The volcano continues to throw out fire with loud detonations ; and last night it sent forth flames of fire as to illuminate the whole country down as far as Catania, distant fourteen miles, like a *light-house*."

A SINGULAR LOCALITY CHOSEN FOR A
BIRD'S NEST.

At the late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Barry read the following paper:—At the railway station in Giessen, Hesse Darmstadt, in May, 1852, it was found that a bird had built its nest on the collision spring of a third class carriage which had remained for some time out of use. The bird was the black redstart (*sylvia tithys*), and the nest contained five eggs. The discovery was made by the superintendent of luggage vans, Jacob Stephani, who humanely desired his men to avoid as long as possible the running of that carriage. At length, when it could no longer be dispensed with, the carriage was attached to a train, and sent to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, distant between thirty and forty English miles. At Frankfort it remained six and thirty hours, and was then brought back to Giessen; from whence it went to Lollar, distant four or five English miles, and subsequently came back again to Giessen, having been kept a while at Lollar; so that four days and three nights elapsed between the bringing of the carriage into use, and its last return to Giessen. Stephani now finding the nest not to have been abandoned by the parent birds, and to contain young ones, which he described as feathered, he removed it from the carriage to a secure place of rest which he had prepared, saw the parent bird visit it, and visited it from time to time himself, until at first three and then the other two young birds had flown; none remaining at the end of four or five days. Now, while the carriage was travelling, where were the parent birds? It will hardly be said they remained at

Giessen awaiting its return, having to examine by night as well as by day, hundreds of passing carriages, in order to recognize it; the young birds in their nests quietly awaiting food (!) There seems little doubt that, adhering to the nest one at least, of the parent birds *travelled with the train*. Nor, when it is remembered how gently and how slowly an enormous railway carriage is pushed in connection with a train—how gradually a train is brought into full speed, and how equable the movements are upon a railway—will it appear incredible that at such a time a parent bird should continue with its nest, that nest being quite concealed, and containing young. Not until the above was written did the author of this communication become acquainted with the important fact, that while the carriage in question was at Frankfort, as well as during its short stay at Friedeberg, on the way to Frankfort, the conductor of the train saw a red-tailed bird constantly flying from and to the part where the nest was situated in that particular carriage. Is further evidence required that a parent bird did indeed travel with the train?

CONSUMPTION OF PAPER IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—In the Bank of England no fewer than sixty folio volumes, or ledgers, are daily filled with writing in keeping the accounts. To produce these sixty volumes, the paper having been previously manufactured elsewhere, eight men, three steam presses, and two hand-presses, are continually kept going within the bank! In the copperplate-printing department twenty-eight thousand bank notes are thrown off daily; and so accurately is the number indicated by machinery, that to *purloin a single note*, without detection, is an impossibility.



JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA AT JACOB'S WELL.

A beautiful story of events (as recorded in the thirty-ninth chapter of the book of Genesis), that occurred in the fields of Shechem more than three thousand years ago, is a great favourite with all classes of readers; but it has special claims on our youthful friends. Here are brought before us some of the strange doings of young people; of brothers.

First, there is the boy that had, and then told, such wonderful dreams. Then the envy of his brothers at the prefer-

ence shown by Jacob for Joseph. Their cruelty in casting Joseph into a pit, and then taking him out of the pit to sell him to a company of Ishmaelites, who chanced to come up just as the relenting Reuben and Judah had prevailed upon their more cruel brothers not to kill him. The lies they acted before their father to lead him to believe that some wild beast had devoured his darling son, and the inconsolable grief of Jacob when, by Joseph's absence and the bloody garment, the cruel truth was forced upon him, that he should see his son no more. All these circumstances are narrated with matchless beauty and simplicity.

Our object in referring to these events now, is to connect together times and persons widely separated from each other.

It was near where Jacob used to live, and where Joseph and his brethren had often watered their father's flocks that Jesus, fatigued and thirsty with a long walk on a hot day, stopped to rest on the side of a well. A woman of Samaria came up to the well, just then, to draw water; and Jesus asked her to give him a little to drink. The woman expressed surprise that a Jew should make such a request of a Samaritan, as they never had any dealings with each other. The reason why the Jews and Samaritans disliked each other in the days of Christ, was much the same as that which leads people in our day not to love one another. They went to different places of worship. The Samaritans had a temple on Mount Gerizim, at the foot of which Shechem was built. The Jews had their temple at Jerusalem, and regarded it as by far the holier place of the two. Hence there were religious differences, which led these two parties to quarrel, and then to separate; each believing the other was in the wrong. The Saviour, however, gave the woman to understand that

religion meant something more than going to a temple. It had to do with the heart. And that service was not pleasing to God, which did not come with truth and fervour from the heart.

The Saviour showed such an acquaintance with the life of this woman, though she had never seen him before, as led her to conclude he was a prophet. She left her water-pot at the well, perhaps somewhat hurt at the question put by the disciples to Christ, on their return from the town—"Why talkest thou with her?" but still more excited by the knowledge which the Saviour had shown of her heart and life; and anxious that others should see and converse with this great stranger. Many of the people of the town came to see and hear for themselves, and after having listened to his discourse they kindly invited him, notwithstanding he was a Jew, to stay awhile with them. To this invitation the Saviour consented, and remained two days with them. And the result of this stay was, that many of the Samaritans believed because of his own word, and publicly avowed their love to him as the Christ, the Saviour of the world. What a different spirit did the Saviour manifest from that of his disciples! They rudely ask their Lord, "Why do you talk with her?" Perhaps some of them knew her not to be a very good character; but they might have known that a conversation such as Christ would hold with her, might do her good, and could not possibly injure him. What a blessing to the woman herself, and to the town in which she lived, did that interview prove! Never be afraid or ashamed to say something good to the wicked.

Let none of our young readers ever suppose that any persons are too wicked to be spoken to about their souls' welfare. And for their encouragement we would say, that there is a

charm, a power in what a loving, sincere young Christian says about religion, that the heart of the most careless can scarcely resist.

A SCOTCH PROVERB.

“A BLITHE heart makes a blooming visage,” is a Scotch proverb. *Blithe* means joyful, or gay; and a *blooming visage*, as all know, means a countenance full of health, beauty and vigour. Now then, if our young friends would have such a countenance—all blooming with health and beauty—they must seek constantly to have a blitheful, or joyful heart. To have such a heart, it is essential that we have a *peaceful conscience*—“a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.” With a *self-accusing* conscience, how can there be a *blithe* heart? “Great *peace* have they that love thy law,” says the Psalmist, “and nothing shall offend them.” No child or youth can have a more *blitheful* heart than the one that has *peace* with God; and no one ought ever to show a more blooming visage. There is, indeed, one exception to this. A true Christian, when wasting away with disease, may have a heart full of joy and bliss. Then the countenance will not, of course, be blooming with the ruddiness of health; but it will, even then, be blooming with the sweetest loveliness and beauty.

THE LITTLE LAMB.—To an afflicted mother at the grave of her dead child, it was said, “There was once a shepherd, whose tender care was over his flock day and night. One sheep would neither hear his voice nor follow him; so he took up her little lamb in his arms, and then the sheep came after him.”

WHERE DID MOSES GET THAT LAW?



HERE DID MOSES GET THAT LAW?

in one of the Northern States of America lived a
eminence and talents. He was notoriously pro-
le had a coloured boy at whom his neighbours used
him swear with all violence. One day this gentle-
a professor of religion, who was also a lawyer, and
im—

sh, sir, to examine into the truth of the Christian

What books would you advise me to read on the
s of Christianity?"

hristian, surprised at the inquiry, replied—

t is a question, sir, which you ought to have settled

l. You ought not to have put off a subject so
t to this late period of life."

t too late?" said the inquirer. "I never knew
out it, but I always supposed that Christianity was
by the great majority of learned men. I intend,

now to examine the subject thoroughly myself.
upon me, as my physicians say, a mortal disease,
rich I may live a year and a half or two years, but

not probably longer. What books, sir, would you advise me to read?"

"The Bible," said his friend.

"I believe you don't understand me," resumed the unbeliever, surprised in his turn; "I wish to investigate the truth of the Bible."

"I would advise you, sir," repeated the Christian, "read the Bible. And," he continued, "I will give you reasons. Most infidels are very ignorant of the Scriptures. Now, to reason on any subject correctly, we must understand what it is we reason about. In the next place, consider the internal evidence of the truth of the Scriptures stronger than the external."

"And where shall I begin?" inquired the unbeliever. "With the New Testament?"

"No," replied the other; "at the beginning—Genesis."

This infidel bought a Bible, went home, and sat down to the serious study of its contents, to try rigidly, but impartially, its truth.

As he went on in its perusal, he received occasional aid from his Christian friend. The infidel freely remarked upon what he had read, and stated his objections. He liked this passage; he thought such a text touching and beautiful, but he could not credit a third.

One evening the friend called, and found the unbeliever at his house, walking the room with a dejected look, his mind apparently absorbed in thought, not noticing that another one had come in. He continued to walk the room. His friend at length spoke:

"You seem, sir, to be in a brown study. Of what are you thinking?"

have been reading," replied the infidel, "the moral

law, what do you think of it?" asked the elder.

"I will tell you what I used to think," answered the

"I supposed that Moses was the leader of a horde of savages; that, having a strong mind, he acquired a great influence over a superstitious people; and that on Mount Sinai he played off some sort of fireworks to the amazement of his ignorant followers, who imagined, in their mingled ignorance and superstition, that the exhibition was supernatural."

"What do you think now?" interposed his friend.

"I have been looking," said the infidel, "into the nature

of the moral law. I have been trying to see whether I can add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it

"Sir, I cannot. It is *perfect*—a perfect law. The first commandment," continued he, "directs us to make God the object of our supreme love and reverence.

That is right. If he be our Creator, Preserver, and Sustainer, Benefactor, we ought to treat him, and none other,

The second forbids idolatry. That certainly is

The third forbids profaneness. The fourth fixes a

rule for religious worship. If there be a God, he ought

to be worshipped. It is suitable that there should

be an outward homage significant of our inward regard.

When he is worshipped, it is proper that some time should

be set apart for that purpose, when all may worship him

solemnly and without interruption. One day in seven

is not too much, and I do not know that it is too

The fifth defines the peculiar duties arising from

family relations. *Injuries to our neighbours are then*

forbidden by the moral law. They are divided into offences

WHERE DID MOSES GET THAT LAW?

against life, chastity, property, and character. And," he, applying a legal idea with legal acuteness, "I no that the greatest offence in each class is expressly forbid. Thus the greatest injury to life is murder; to chastity, adultery; to property, theft; to character, perjury; and a greater offence must include the less of the same kind. Murder must include every injury to person; adultery, to chastity, and so of the rest. And the moral code is clear and perfected by a command forbidding every improper *desire* in regard to our neighbours. I have been thinking he proceeded, "where Moses could have found that law? I have read history. The Egyptians and the adjacent nations were idolaters; so were the Greeks and Romans, and the wisest and best Greeks and Romans never gave a code of morals like this. Where, then, did Moses get his law? I again ask myself—a law which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages. He lived at a period comparatively barbarous; but he has given us a code of laws in which the learning and sagacity of subsequent times can detect no flaw. Where did he get it? He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It came down from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible."

The infidel—infidel no longer—remained to his death a firm believer in the truth of Christianity.



THE VOICE OF THE SLAVE.



THE VOICE OF THE SLAVE.

The spirit-eyes of Night are looking down
From their far home upon the sunny South—
The land of lovely skies and orange bowers:
And through the bright green of its lemon groves,
Flit birds of gorgeous dyes, and fragrant flowers
Are there in number like our forest leaves;
And all of beautiful that this fair earth
Can picture forth to glad its children's eyes.

'Tis the soft evening hour, and yon proud hall
Is lighted up for a gay festive scene:
A bright array of pride and beauty there,
And gushing music, fairy forms, and eyes
Whose starry light doth shame the diamond's gleam,
And song and dance, and all that meets our gaze
In halls of fashion, heartlessness and pride.
'Tis in the South, the bright, free, boasted land
Of a most noble chivalry:—yet now
Within the sound of their gay mirth, their slave,
Their victim, kneels—a sable brow is bowed

THE VOICE OF THE SLAVE.

In anguish there, and with despairing eyes,
With a sad voice the slave poured forth his wrongs :

“ Yes ! I must live and die
That wretched thing, a wronged and slighted slave,
Without one hope but that of the lone grave,
And yon fair holy sky,
Which looks to me as pure as to the eyes
Of those whose haughty souls my woes despise.

And I must be a slave,
And pine in chains beneath the very sight
Of yon sweet moon and holy stars, whose light
To my lone eyes He gave
As equally as to the man who waves
Signs of command above a thousand slaves.

I must pine in slavery's chains,
While the soft wind is fanning brow and cheek,
And its low soothing voice doth seem to speak
Of freedom, and the stains
That darkly, foully tinge the coward soul
That will not burst these bonds, and spurn control.

Oh ! moon, and stars, and wind,
Visions from Spirit land, and all things free,
I bow to your sweet power, and question ye,
From my love darkened mind,
If 'tis not kindred with ye ? if the bliss
Of your bright home wears out the woes of this ?

I know I should be free—
For when I gaze upon the holy skies,
Wild hopes, bright fancies, and dim visions rise,
Which tell me I might be
(If not a slave) mate to the loftiest mind
Of him who bends his powers to enslave his kind.

It is not wealth I crave,
Nor all the pomp and power my master wields
O'er mansions fair, and hills, and wide extended field
And lordship o'er the slave :

*'Tis but for freedom from that master's task—
Oh God ! 'tis but for freedom that I ask !*

THE VOICE OF THE SLAVE.

I will be Freedom's child,
For she is ever with me in my dreams,
And roves with me by rocks, and hills, and streams,
And all things free and wild.
I will not live a wretched, hopeless slave,
While there's an arm to strike, or room for one lone grave !"

The fine proud form of Afric's son was drawn
To its majestic height—his full dark eye
Flashed with indignant fire at all the wrongs
Bestowed on him, a scorned and trampled slave ;
And his clenched hand showed forth the dagger's gleam,—
For dark despair had roused his soul to deeds
Of direful vengeance. But there came a sound
So soft, so low, so like the silvery voice
Of his loved Naidah, that he almost deemed
Her soul had left the African's far heaven,
To cheer his heart with her sweet spirit voice.
A holy light seemed spreading round, and then
Before his lone mind's eye a vision gleamed
Of future days. There was a sunny hue,
A loveliness, a halo of pure bliss,
Spreading o'er all the earth. A ray, a gleam
From the far home of Spirits, seemed to light
Up every heart with that pure kindness,
Which man should ever show his brother man.
He saw the parted friends of his wronged race
Rush to each other's arms with bliss and joy ;
The husband met again his long lost wife,
The parent his loved child ; the sister wept
In her free brother's arms, and all mankind
Were free, with none to injure or oppress.
The slave had watched the sweet, bright vision pass
Lighting his weary mind with hopes that bade
Him yet live on to see its bright fulfilment ;
And he went forth again to his hard task,
With an unfaltering soul and patient hope.

THE HINDOO'S OBJECTIONS TO CHRISTIANITY BRIEFLY STATED AND ANSWERED.

OUR Readers have often been told that the Missionary work is one of great perplexity and toil. He has no so obtained sufficient knowledge of the language to be able to recommend the religion of the Lord Jesus to the idolaters around him, than he is met with objections to every thing he has to say. Many of the objections he has to reply to are perfectly new to him. He never heard or read of them before in his life. They are altogether unlike the objections which the enemies of the Bible at home have to say against it. With these objections we have long been familiar by personal experience, having had to reply to them again and again on the Mission field. We propose now to state a few of them, and the way in which the Missionary replies to them.

Objection.—As Hindoos we live according to the customs of our forefathers, and it would not become us to pretend to be better or wiser than they, and to renounce practices which they venerated.

Answer.—This is a very common objection. But I trust you will admit with me, if you candidly look at it, that it is a very shallow one. If your forefathers had been notorious thieves, and murderers, and liars, would you think it your duty to imitate them, and make yourselves as bad as they were? You say it would be wrong in these instances to follow your forefathers,—why wrong if it is your duty to follow your forefathers in other things that are wrong. I know as well and better than I do, that Hindooism allows of *falsehood, and bribery, and perjury, and pride, and uncleanness*.

ness, and revenge. The gods you worship were no better than you are. They were liars and thieves and every thing that was bad. If I must have a God at all, or a religion of some kind, I would see to it that that God was better than myself, that that religion was good at heart. And if my forefathers allowed themselves to be cheated, that should be no reason why I should allow myself to be befooled too.

Objection.—Christianity is a new religion. It was never heard of in this country till a few years ago, whereas Hindooism is thousands of years old.

Answer.—It is true that Christianity is new to *you*, but in reality it as old as the human race. A Saviour was promised to the first man, Adam, immediately after he had sinned. And that Saviour was no other than Jesus Christ. It does not follow that because you never heard of this Saviour until a few years ago, that the religion taught by Him is a new religion. You knew nothing of England four hundred years ago, but there was an England then. And now England appoints your Governor-General, your Judges, Magistrates, and Collectors. And in a few years I have no doubt that the religion of England will be the religion of India, and that you will learn, by and bye, that your religion is not only younger than Christianity, but that it is the religion of man's imagination, while the religion of the Bible is from God himself.

Objection.—Christians eat cows flesh, and we think it is wrong to destroy life for food.

Answer.—Eating flesh is no part of the religion of Christ. It is not, however, wrong to eat it, for God permits it to be eaten in his word. But are you sincere in your objection? Let us see. What are you preparing there for your dinner and that of your family? “ Oh, nothing but a few shrimps

for a curry." How many may there be, think you? "O they are so small, I can scarcely count them. Perhaps to hundred or more." Now are you not ashamed of yourself you speak against Christians taking away life to supply the with food, and you cause more than two hundred lives to taken away to supply you with a single meal.

Objection.—None of the Pundits or rich Baboos have become Christians. When we see our great men become Christians, we may be disposed to follow.

Answer.—If you heard of a large quantity of rice about to be given away by the Government to any one who chose to go for it, would you wait to see whether the Pundits and Priests were disposed to go? No! you would go at once. You would act upon your own judgment. This is what I want you to do in reference to religion. Christianity would not be a bit truer, or better, if all the wise and rich men of the country were to embrace it, than it is now. God has sent you this great blessing. Don't ask any man whether you shall accept it. It will enrich and make you happy. If the Pundits and Baboos go to hell for their wickedness and folly, why should you keep them company? Think and act for yourselves.

Objection.—It does not much matter what a man believes, if God is the author of every thing he does and says.

Answer.—You believe that sin is wrong, that it is an evil that God will punish men who are guilty of sin. You often say that these men will have to atone for the sins they commit, by becoming in another birth dogs, jackalls, or rats, snakes; and that this punishment is inflicted upon them by the power and will of God. Now, if God makes you sin, and at the same time forbids sin, and

YOU DID NOT PRAY FOR YOUR LITTLE SISTER.

threatens to punish the sinner, what a contradiction there appears in all this. If you would be honest and tell the truth, you would say,—we love sin, and we know it to be wrong; but to get rid of the blame we throw it all on our Maker, and say, “God does and says everything in me, that is done and said by me.”

YOU DID NOT PRAY FOR YOUR LITTLE SISTER.

A FEW weeks since two little sisters, E—— and M——, the former eight years old, and the latter four, as was their custom before retiring to bed, were kneeling by the side of their mother, repeating their little prayer which they used to say in connection with the Lord's prayer. E—— had just concluded her part of the service, when M——, the youngest, exclaimed, “E——, you did not pray for your little sister.” This was a new thought, it never having been suggested to them by their parents, and the elder sister seemed somewhat surprised and mortified at the rebuke of her little sister, who immediately commenced, and in addition to her usual prayer, asked the Lord to “make her sister a good girl, and a little Christian.” Ever since, these two little girls, when repeating their prayers, do not forget to pray for each other.

May the Lord answer the prayer of infant lips, and while they are young give them new hearts, that their lives may be spent in his service.



BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.



BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

So eager was "Pilgrim's" neighbour to see the grand and to lay hold on the fine things of which he had that he outstripped his companion, who began to complain that he could not go on any longer at that pace. He slackened a little: in fact he was beginning to sweat and feeble himself, but did not like to say so. He was therefore glad of an excuse for walking a little more gently. The glorious things of which his mind was full were none other yet in sight: to speak the truth he had already begun to doubt whether he had acted wisely in leaving his home because he had heard a fine description about *some* things to be met with *somewhere*. While puzzling his brains to whether he had done right or not, and receiving no answer that he had, and while Pilgrim was staring about him *finding just then of nothing in particular*, they both pl

over heels into a deep, filthy puddle, called by those who travelled that way before, "The Slough of Despond." Pilgrim's neighbour had never once thought of disasters by way. He had only cared about the *distance* he had to out imagined *that* was the only unpleasant part of the way. Rage and disappointment now filled his mind, and shouted with bitter scorn to Pilgrim who was fast sinking, this a specimen of the fine country you told me about? A pretty mess you have brought me into, hav'nt you? I have a good mind to plunge you right over head, and drown in the filth you have led yourself and me into. 'Twould be you right for the cheat you have put upon me. I don't believe there is such a Country as that you told me of. You are either a knave or a fool, I'm not quite certain which. Whether you are one or the other, you are not worth saving, and I'll be off back again as soon as I can get out of this; and a pretty sight I shall be when I get home; every body will laugh at me: and I shall deserve to be laughed at for taking the advice of such a leatherhead as you are."

Having thus expressed his vexation, he left Pilgrim, buried as he was, to get out of the pit as he could. Pilgrim tried, and tried, but slipped back again. Out he could not.

It is easy enough to get into pits and puddles, the difficulty is to get out again. Bad, however, as the case was, Pilgrim did not attempt to get out of the "Slough" on the same side as that by which he fell into it. Seeing Pilgrim did not help himself, and that he was bound for the goodly city, and had no intention to go back to the City of Destruction, one of the inhabitants from the pleasant Country who stood at a distance to see how the disaster would terminate, came to the rescue, seized Pilgrim's hand, and with a vigorous pull rescued him from the horrible pit, and set him

on firm ground. As soon as Pilgrim had thanked his eror, he turned to look into the dreadful gulf into which he had tumbled, and then said within himself, "What an error I have had! And to think that I should fall into an error like that without ever seeing it! What could I be doing, thinking about? The Lord keep me from such carelessness for the future. I will see to it, that I don't get into an error like that again."

Thus resolving, Pilgrim went on his way.

He had not gone far, when, from a side path, a very spoken gentleman came up to him and asked him what was his whim in travelling with a great bundle on his back, why he groaned and appeared so troubled in his mind. (Pilgrim had a gloomy look just then,) Pilgrim told him he was anxious to arrive before night at a place called "Wicket Gate," of which perhaps the gentleman had heard, and as to the load he should be very glad to get rid of, but he supposed it would not be right to throw it down and leave it just there. The stranger, with a loud laugh, replied, "I have met with hundreds of people on this very same road, and they all talked as you do about a 'Wicket Gate' somewhere or other. The fact is, my friend, some one has deceived you. You have taken the most dangerous road in the country. I see, already, you have met with a slip, for the effect of the "Slough of Despond" is upon you. Now I am wiser than you. Take my advice. Leave this road at once. You will meet with nothing but weariness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, swords, lions, dragons, darkness and death. There is a much pleasanter path close by. You will, taking my advice escape danger, and meet with sunshine and safety." Pilgrim thought he could not do better than

stranger's directions. He was to go by the foot of nai. He could not miss the way. After travelling ance, he reached the base of the Mount. But ah ! rrible sight to look upon ! craggy rocks hung over and there seemed nothing to hold them from fall- him ; and suddenly then came over the frightful unusual blackness A storm was near, and there was : the mountain trembled : the thunder cracked, ed, and pealed, and roared, and ground its teeth age, because it could not hurl the threatening mass poor wanderer. And the lightning flashed, and nd run, and darted, and leaped, and streamed he sky, and then unrolled itself like a sheet of ead over the face of the heavens, and Pilgrim cried ve me, I perish." Just then a gentle hand was him, and he was led away to a place of beauty and and there, kind words allayed his fears. He was r the night, and never before was a place of rest so nim as this.

LD'S APPEAL.—“ Pa,” said a little girl, “ *are* you a ?” And with her little hands upon his cheeks, hem both, she looked in his eye so imploringly. as a mingling of fear, of agony and of hope in stion, that started the tear drops to her eyes. ?

ool that day, an unkind school-mate had tauntingly lha, your father gets drunk.”—With her heart igh to bursting, she ran home to have the question Alas ! alas ! Her father was a drunkard ! But d his face and *wept*, and vowed to drink no more.— *al saved him.*

THE STOLEN PENNY.

LITTLE Harry's father was a poor man, and it was rare that a penny found its way into Harry's pocket, except on days when his father would give one of his children a penny to put into the missionary box. Harry often saw other boys spending pennies for candies and marbles; but it was a hard matter for his father to scrape pennies enough for bread and clothing, and he could not afford to give his children pennies to spend for candies or toys.

One Sabbath not long since, as Harry was about to go off for Sunday-school, his father called to him, and said, "Here, Harry, is a penny for you to put into the Missionary box." It was a new, bright penny, and it looked beautiful to Harry as he took it into his hand; a thought came into his head, "I wish it was mine to keep." Now, what was Harry to do when this wicked thought came into his mind? Why, he should have driven it right out again, and determined that he *would not* wish for the penny, and he should have asked God to assist him to do what was right. Satan was tempting Harry then by putting these thoughts into his heart; and when Harry, instead of following as our blessed Saviour did, "Get thee behind me," he listened to him, and began to wish over and over again to keep the penny, then he began to "enter into temptation."

As Harry ran on to Sunday-school, he kept taking the bright penny out of his pocket, and looking at it; and the more time he wished more and more that he could keep it. When he was in Sunday-school, he thought about the penny in his pocket, and kept wondering how many marbles it would buy.

After the lessons were recited, his teacher said, " "

you may collect the pennies to-day." Harry took his hat, and went around the class. After the other pennies were put in, he dropped in his own, and sat down. His teacher had gone to the library, and the other boys were looking at their little Sunday papers, and in the course of a very few minutes, Harry and his conscience had quite a conversation together. "I have a great mind to take my bright penny out of my hat again," said Harry. "But that will be very wicked," whispered his conscience. "It is *mine*, anyhow," said Harry. "No, no," whispered conscience, "it is *not* yours, Harry; your father gave it to you to put it into the missionary box." "It will buy eight marbles," said Harry. "It will help to buy Bibles and tracts, to send to the heathen," answered conscience. "But I do want it very much, and no one will know it." "Yes, *God* will know it," said conscience. But Harry would not listen to what his conscience said to him, and just as his teacher was turning to come back to the class, Harry caught up the bright penny and put it in his pocket. Then his conscience *would* make itself heard; it cried out, "You wicked, wicked boy, you are a thief; you are a thief, Harry;" and Harry's cheeks burned like fire.

Poor little Harry went to church, and went home with the rest of the family, but Oh how unhappy he was all day; that penny in the little side-pocket of his coat seemed to press like lead on his heart; he felt it all the time; he did not think a penny could feel so heavy. When his mother and brother and sister sung sweet hymns together, he could not join with them, for there was a lump in his throat, which felt as if the penny itself was sticking there. In the evening their mother *began to question them*, and talk to them as *usual*; and when she made this remark, that "a single sin

would call down the anger of God upon us, and if not repented of would send us to everlasting punishment," He left his seat and came round and stood by his mother, laid his hand on her shoulder. As she went on talking, he heard a sob, and looking round, she saw that Harry was crying as if his little heart would break. "What is the matter, Harry?" she asked. But Harry only threw himself down on the floor, and laid his head on his mother's lap, and cried more bitterly. "Are you ill, my son?" she asked. "No, mother." "What is the trouble, then?" But Harry had no answer, except by tears and groans.

When the time came for them to go to bed, Harry went up with them, a wretched unhappy little boy. His brothers were very soon asleep, but Harry tossed about on his pillow, and could not sleep or rest; the lump in his throat seemed as if it would choke him; a great many times he was on the point of calling to his mother, and confessing the whole. After a time he heard his father and mother locking the doors. "Now," said he, "they are going to bed, and if I do not tell mother now, I shall not sleep any more to-night." So he sat up in his bed, and in a husky voice called "Mother." "What, my son," she answered, pleasantly. "Will you come up here, one moment, mother?" His mother came immediately. He asked her for a drink of water; she gave it to him, and said, "Is that all you want, Harry?" "No, mother," said Harry, "I cannot sleep. I tell you what a wicked thing I did to-day." He then told his mother the story of his temptation and his sin. She sat down beside him, and talked to him for a long time, and then told him to get up and kneel down by her, and confess his sin to God; "for though God knows it all," said he, "*he requires of us to confess our sins to him.*" H

BED TIME.

by his mother, and in broken sentences, mingled with tears, confessed his sin. After he had lain down in gain, he said, "Tell me this, mother, will you always aid to trust me after this?" "No, my boy, I shall be afraid to trust you, for I think you have had a lesson which you will never forget: but you must remember daily that God will keep you from 'entering into temptation.' Good night, my boy;" and his mother kissed him and went into another room to pray for him. In a few minutes she returned, and looked at Harry. He was lying with his cheek resting on his hand; the tears were glistening on his eyelashes, but the troubled look had passed away from his face, and he was in a sweet and happy



BED TIME.

It was time for little David to go to bed. He had not come out to play. It was a holiday and he was more than usually busy with his hoop. His mother sent his sister to call him. "Ma wants you to come in," she said. "I aint coming," he replied. His sister came back and told what little David had said. His mother closed the doors, dropped the books, and sat down to read. Little David came to the door, thumped and rapped, but could not open it.—When his mother at last let him in, she told him he said he was coming, and she took him at his word—and fastened the door when it was time. At the thought of having disobeyed his mother, and coming so near staying out door all night, little David's heart swelled up, and began to feel very heavy. He gently laid away his playthings, and his clothes, and

got into his little bed, but he could not sleep. All tired, the lamps were blown out, and little David was tired, he had played very hard. Little brother by this was breathing hard in the sweet sleep of innocence, but David could not shut his eyes. At last he called, in a whisper, "Ma—Ma." Then a little louder, "Mother." "What is wanted?" replied the mother. "Do you think that I will take care of me to-night?" "Are you afraid he will?" "Yes." "What makes you?" "I have been a bad boy and did not come in when you sent for me. I must come, mother, only I wanted to find my hoop. I had run it down the hill and was afraid I should lose it." "What ought you to have said to sister?" "I ought to have said, I will come soon as I get my hoop."—"Yes, that would have sounded better,—that would be better. You must have been willing for your sister to find your hoop." "I am sorry, mother, I spoke so, will you forgive me?" "The words were gone from his lips when the little boy was sleeping quietly and soundly as ever. The next day and the next, and many times after, when the sun was of sight, would he run to the window to ask Ma if it was dark under the table, or if his bed time had come. He learned how much easier it is to obey mother and come at the right time. Then he can go to sleep easy and up happy, and be ready and glad to attend to his prayers.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire, or enslaved a world.

WHERE DO THE DAYS GO MOTHER?



WHERE DO THE DAYS GO MOTHER?

ect the following beautiful lines from a small volume with which
have been favoured, entitled, "SIMPLE POEMS FOR NATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOLS." By ANNA H. POTTS.

I listened once in the deepest shade
Laburnums and lilacs have ever made ;
And I heard these words from my youngest brother,
"Where do the days go, my dearest mother?"
Ah ! little the young enquirer thought
What woe that innocent question brought.
She thought of the days of her early youth,
And the feeling came home with bitter truth ;
They were gone, and had borne on their rapid wings
Many most lovely and precious things.
She thought of the days of maturer age,
And saw in their record a chequered page ;
It had been her lot earthly joys to share,
But sorrow and suffering and death were there.
She wept ! her tears on his forehead fall,
How gladly the child would his words recall !
He knew not that tears give the heart relief ;
What should childhood know of the depths of grief ?
He whispered, "I only asked to know,
Where the days that are passing so swiftly, go ;

I DO SO LOVE PICTURES.

You told me they came from the world on high,
Do they ever go back to the happy sky?"
Then, through her tears, the mother smiled,
And she said, "They return to heaven, my child:
They are precious gifts from thy Maker's hand,
Let them go back unstained to the happy land;"
And she showed him those words in the book of truth
"Remember HIM now in the days of thy youth."

I DO SO LOVE PICTURES!

"I do so love pictures," exclaimed a sorrow-stricken smiling in the midst of tears that we had caught her looking over a little child's picture book; "even the most plain and simple illustrations affect me now as readily as they did when I was a very 'wee' girl. Indeed more; for I have just now found me sentimentally crying over these old and hardly explainable prints."

She wiped the tears away from her mild grey eyes and bent her head again to the little book. "Here," she said, pointing to the figure of a nurse laying a babe in its arms, "nine such have I borne on my bosom; frail, feeble things, with eyes that told me all I wished to know before the soul found vent between the lips of coral."

"Gabrielle was the first; my heart was bound up in hers. They deemed her an angel, and truly, truly, for that she gave, called her back home in a few short months, and she was so heavenly, that this old home seems sacred because she smiled into being here. Isa—dear little Isa—Isadore—hung her golden harp next on the willow tree, and sad hopes, and passed away singing 'O sweet Jesus, O my sweet Saviour—Father!' so lightly and happily."

that our tears were more sacredly joyful over her body, than were our smiles when she was first laid out.

He, with curls like silver flakes, and eyes of blue, next deep hold on our love; he was so gentle tempered unearthly beautiful, that it did not seem a sin to him, and so we set him up in the holiest niche of

.. But God crumbled the idol, and at His voice the child, with all his angelic loveliness, faded into dark-

but the pedestal stands bearing only his dear foot-

in Alice and Lilly, my twins, that lived just long to dance over the fields and gather handfulls of the dioned buttercup, that poetry of flowers to the child— to sleep with both little heads upon my bosom, the hands locked together,—with lips, and cheeks, closed eye-lids, and fair, light locks; and smiles, even as, so much alike, that one seemed to the other as how of a rose-bud in clear water will seem to the bud

they slept in one coffin; and young fingers scattered over brow and upon bosom,—and there was great grief at burial.

There is another little picture, 'Giving away the bride.' I call Mary—the true, timid, gentle-hearted Mary. I hovered over the cradle for her life, when the frail baby-form was taken by the breath of dissolution,—and God spared me, and I gave her away at the altar. I did not know I was leading her to death. She never lived to press the lips of her first-born. When all the golden wealth of hope, of expectations, of joyous young mother-life, were showering down on her, she passed into heaven, whispering, 'For me to

die is gain—Yes,' folding her white fingers, and lifting her holy eyes,—‘ *great gain.*’

“ Pardon me if I weep: there were three more. Agnes, the sainted, who from her infancy held converse with silvery-haired men, and told them such things of heaven as are sometimes put into the ‘ mouths of babes and sucklings.’ She slept in peace before she had reached the age of ten years ; and many a minister of God followed her to the sacred place of burial. And even as I felt that her pure spirit might then be floating above, around me, I could not but exclaim,—though I heard the creaking of the coffin as they lowered it into the grave, ‘ Blessed be God for the loan of that angel: I deserved not the gift.’

“ Ellis and Harry you knew,” and for a moment her sobs came thick and fast ; but she recovered her self-possession, and pointed to a little engraving of a river, a boat, and some wild rocky scenery.

“ My beautiful Ellis perished while striving to save the life of his comrade’s only sister. It is all before me now ; the stifled voices at the door, the thrilling exclamations of gathered neighbours, the howling of Fido, his pet dog ; that sickly faintness that seemed to dissolve my very soul ; that awful shuddering of the nerves ; that irresistible desire to look forth, and the hand on my heart, and the voice in my spirit holding me back—it is all before me now ! My poor husband besought me to move, to weep, to speak, but I could not. Had the fall of an empire depended upon the shedding of one tear, I could not have shed that tear.

“ Well, it is all over. Ellis has lain in his grave for fifteen years ; and my Harry, the only boy I raised to manhood, lies to-day where the ocean sighs an eternal requiem, *as it sweeps above his lifeless body.*”

WHICH IS BEST ?

ed slightly—the sob was echoed. I turned my
shall I ever forget the thrill that struck through
ame ! Not ten paces off stood a tall young man,
upon his dark lashes, and his black eyes glisten-
e was painted upon his cheek, his arms were
form swayed forward, and that holiest of earthly
nbled on his lips.

not forbear grasping the hand of my friend. I
with mingled apprehension and joy. She too
l with a shriek that unlocked the fountain of my
imed, “ Harry, Harry, my boy ! ” and in another
is locked closely in his arms.

scene ! I have tried again and again—I *cannot*

Language is faint—feeling inadequate. It is
e blisses that compensate for years of anguish.

ould I prolong my sketch, save to say that young
the staff and stay of his aged mother ; that he
with a reverence such as few parents elicit ; that
m the light of his eyes, the blessing of his fire-

shall never forget that hour of mingled pain and
hen I heard those simple words from the heart of
—“ I do so love pictures.”

WHICH IS BEST ?

s best ?—To build a light-house that shall save
els from being wrecked, or a life-boat that shall
w wretches from the wrecks that occur for want
ouse ?

s best ?—To prevent crime, or to punish it ?

s best ?—To *train up* a boy in the fear of God,
be man for breaking human laws ?

AFFECTION OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

By remarkable good fortune, one of the most extraordinary of these songsters has recently taken full possession of my garden. I call the gay, the joyous fellow, "extraordinary" for I never yet heard such perfect freedom of song, from any of the tribe—much as I have had to do with them. A great deal that makes me value the merry little rogue the more, is his almost incredible tameness. He sings the night through just under my chamber window, and seldom leaves the garden, by day or by night, for more than a few minutes at a time. I usually rise to greet him at five o'clock in the morning; and on venturing an humble imitation of his swelling note, he flies to me at once. Seating himself on a shady bough, and bending slightly forward, there he remains holding converse with me, so long as my time permits me to tarry; and he improves such music the while, that I can hardly tear myself away from him.—He knows *my* voice and I know *his*. Thus do we, morning by morning, change familiarities; and greatly do I love to return, after the fatigues of a day of toil, to renew our intimacy. I believe the pleasure is quite mutual.

I cannot but imagine that this bird possesses an unusual charm; for he has drawn into one focus a host of blackbirds, thrushes, robins, blackcaps, and other vocalists, whose orchestral accompaniments, blending with his own heavenly voice, almost lead us to suppose we are in fairy-land. They rehearse early in the evening; and the concert, once commenced, lasts until long after sunrise. I need hardly say that I now retire to rest with my window open.—*Mr. Ki*

CHRIST TEACHING IN JUDEA.

On a high hill the Saviour stood,
And saw the gathering multitude
That followed him along ;
His dear disciples were at hand,
To whom he gave a strict command,
And blest the numerous throng.

The poor in spirit shall be blest—
His chosen few he thus addressed,
The kingdom is their own ;
Go preach my gospel through the land
Go heal the sick in my own name,
And comfort those that mourn.

None can the happiness destroy
Of those who shall my peace enjoy,
Who do their Master's will ;
The thirsty soul that pants for bliss,
Or hungers after righteousness,
With glory shall be filled.

The merciful shall long rejoice
If they but make their happy choice
In Him who reigns on high ;
The righteous will have great reward,
The pure in heart shall see their Lord,
Beyond the azure sky.

There is prepared a heaven divine
For all who serve with willing mind
Their mighty Maker, God.
In it backsliders too may share,
If by repentance and by prayer
They seek the great reward.

These blessings unto you I give,
And freely as you have received,
Go freely and bestow ;
All who would shun the gates of hell
And in my glory with me dwell,
Must own me here below.

" THIS HAND NEVER STRUCK ME."

WE recently heard the following most touching incident. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a dark retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for he was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it proper, but as her child repeated the request, and seemed so anxious about it, she took the cold, bloodless hand of the sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it gently, and then looked up to her mother through the tears of devotion and love, and said, " Mother, *this little hand struck me !*"

What could be more touching and lovely ?

Young reader, have you always been so gentle and kind to your brothers and sisters, that were you to die such a death as this could be paid to your memory ? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, ' *this hand never struck me !* ' What an alleviation of our grief when we are called to part with friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of mutual kindness and love ! How bitter must be sorrow, and how scalding the tears of an unkind child, as he looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, or father or mother, to whom he had manifested unkindness. Let us all remember *that whatever we sow in this respect, that we shall also*



The Pulpit Rock.
ISLE OF WIGHT.

**" Sweet is this sunny height, to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roam'd
Unheeding where—so lovely, all around,
The works of God, array'd in vernal smile!"**

REMARKABLE ROCKS.

“ In the *vast*, and the *minute* we see
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.”

BEFORE I begin to tell you, dear reader, about the able Rocks of my native Island, which I hope will interest and instruct you, I desire to dwell a little on the Rocks of Scripture, many of which stand out as remarkable objects in its history, and are often associated with events which Jehovah wrought for the deliverance and defence of his ancient people the Jews.

You know what a Rock is?—A large mass of stone connected together, and standing by itself either above or on the surface of the earth.

Such Rocks are very common in Canaan, and it was through one of them that the Israelites passed in their journey thither.

In the seventeenth chapter of Exodus we have an interesting account of the Lord bringing water out of the Rock at Horeb, for the supply of the murmuring children of Israel when they were encamped at Rephidim. Here it was that the faith of Moses failed to sanctify God in the eyes of the people. This place was also called “the Rock of the water of strife,” or Strife.” Num. xx.—13. “It seems to be a cleft fallen off from the side of Sinai,” says an old traveller, “and lies like a large loose stone in the middle of the valley. It is of red granite, of the hardness of flint. Authors vary in the measurement of it. Some say it is 100 yards square, with twelve openings in it, whence it

or the thirty-nine years supply of the Hebrews, it is much worn where the waters had run

at this place, where, standing upon a Rock, Moses and the people of God pass by, and heard Him proclaim, "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious: and will show mercy to whom I will show mercy."—Exodus xxviii.—19.

The Rocks of Arabia (called "The Rocky,") had water for these highly privileged, yet greatly rebellious Rocks of Palestine yielded them honey. As it is written, "He made thee to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."—Deut. xxxii.—13. That is, the

waters of that fruitful land were filled with swarms of bees, so that the people had abundance of honey, without any need of collecting it. But not always. The Lord sometimes obliged to withhold these blessings from them on account of their sins and iniquities. In the Psalms we find God reminding these backsliding people, that, had they remained faithful, and had not departed from Him, in contrast to their present condition of want and misery, "With honey and oil should I have satisfied thee." And, as it is written of them who the "I" here addressing them was, and their experience proved it true, "Who turned a well into a standing water; the flints into a fountain of living water. Well may Moses, in his "last song," sing, in rehearsing the gods of the surrounding nations, the rock in which they trusted, "For their rock is not our Rock.—Our Rock, His way is perfect."

We also find mention of the "Rock Rimmon," where the Benjaminites gathered themselves.—Judges xx.—47.—Of the "Rock of the Cave where Sampson kept garrison.—Judges xv.—8.—Of the "Rock of Adullam," "Maon," and "Sela-hamma helkoth,"

or the “Rock of Division ;” called also the “Rock of wild goats.”—I Samuel, xxiv.—2.—Where Saul sought to kill him.—Also of the Rock “Bozez,” and “Ser” being two sharp Rocks which Jonathan climbed up & went to attack the Philistines.—I Samuel, xiv.—4.—

The name Rock is frequently applied to God, by metaphor, because He—the Holy One—is the strenuous refuge of His children, as the Rocks were to the people attacked by an enemy. David says, “The Lord is my rock and my Fortress,” and in holy exultation, “Who is like our God.”—Psalm xv.—2.—31

Again it is used by God to denote a quarry, as in li.—1. “Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn.”

In the New Testament it is said that Christ, as God, is the Rock upon which the church is built. xvi.—8.

Again, it denotes a firm foundation.—Matt. vii.—also signifies unfruitful, stony-hearted hearers of the word.—Luke xiii.—6. And, lastly, the final mention of it in the word of God, occurs in the sixth of the Revelation where those who refuse to believe on Christ now, are represented as crying to the rocks, “Fall on us, and hide the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.” The Lord grant, dear reader, you may never join in that despairing cry, but that you may find shelter and safety by believing at once on that

“Rock for weary sinners founded.”

But now I must come to the Rocks of my native land. The first I shall describe to you is, the “Dropping Rock.” *It is situated on the declivity of St. George’s Down*

REMARKABLE ROCKS.

discoverable from the large quantity of furze and which the continued moisture nourishes, and which luxuriantly here.

It is that, in the midst of so much barrenness, should be such a source of refreshment, as it were, in the desert." It is not an impenetrable mass of out of a gravelly nature, and its peculiarity consists in that, unlike other springs, it is continually dropping. A beautiful object after a hard frost; the icicles forming of much interest.

Next we have the "Pulpit Rock" at the Undercliff, as noted in the engraving. This is a prominent projection—a long range of perpendicular cliff, and much resembles a pulpit near a wall. How it is that Leigh Richmond's name became associated with this Rock, I have not been able to discover, but it is generally called "Leigh Richmond's Rock."

Were it such an easy matter to ascend it, as it is made my way to the top of it, and standing near the cross, with which it is ornamented, took a survey of the surrounding scenery. O how you would have delighted to be there! Such scenery, varying from the beautiful romantic, to the sublime, seldom comes within the compass of a single view; but here ocean, cliffs, valleys, hills and dunes are alike overlooked by the visitor to the "Pulpit

"Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods in grand succession rise."

Were I to visit it now, I should see things greatly altered. A lofty flight of steps, leading from the high road to a *small villa, seen in the engraving*, called "Pulpit Rock,"

from its being in so close approximation to it, would diately beneath me, as also numerous mansions a which have since risen up, as if by magic, in this trifling locality.

Not far from this is the "Undercliff Rock," or also called, "Hadfield's Look-out:" to which the ymerly had access. This Rock is of an isolated and of great magnitude, and near the ancient church Boniface. Here the view greatly differs from its neighbour, but though altered and more circums exceedingly rich and interesting. When this mass was severed from the parent cliff is, as the villa "time out of mind:" but there it is, and is doubtined to remain, giving interest and character to th of the Undercliff.

"Where rocks in fitful majesty are pil'd,
And frown upon the vale with grandeur wild."

We now pass on some distance, and in the neighbourhood of Black Gang Chine, already described, we meet "Sand-rock Chalybeate Spring." It is situated on the edge of a bold gloomy cliff composed of black clayey earth, spersed with rock, at about one hundred and twenty feet above the sea, and which, together with the appearance of the simple style of the dispensary cottage, that stands on the edge of the cliff, gives to the whole scene an air of wildness. It was discovered in 1809 by Dr. Williams, of Newport. Its waters contain a larger quantity of iron and alum than any other mineral water yet analysed, and are highly useful in the cure of many disorders.

Another Rock, at Freshwater, is called the "Deer Rock," from the fact of a deer hard pressed by the

flying leap from the cliffs above, and safely alighting identical Rock. Flard must have been the necessity a desperate adventure. Surely the intrepid animal its life-long liberty!

Pepper Rock" is not a very prominent object. It ed immediately under the towering white cliffs, from s an Island poet sings—

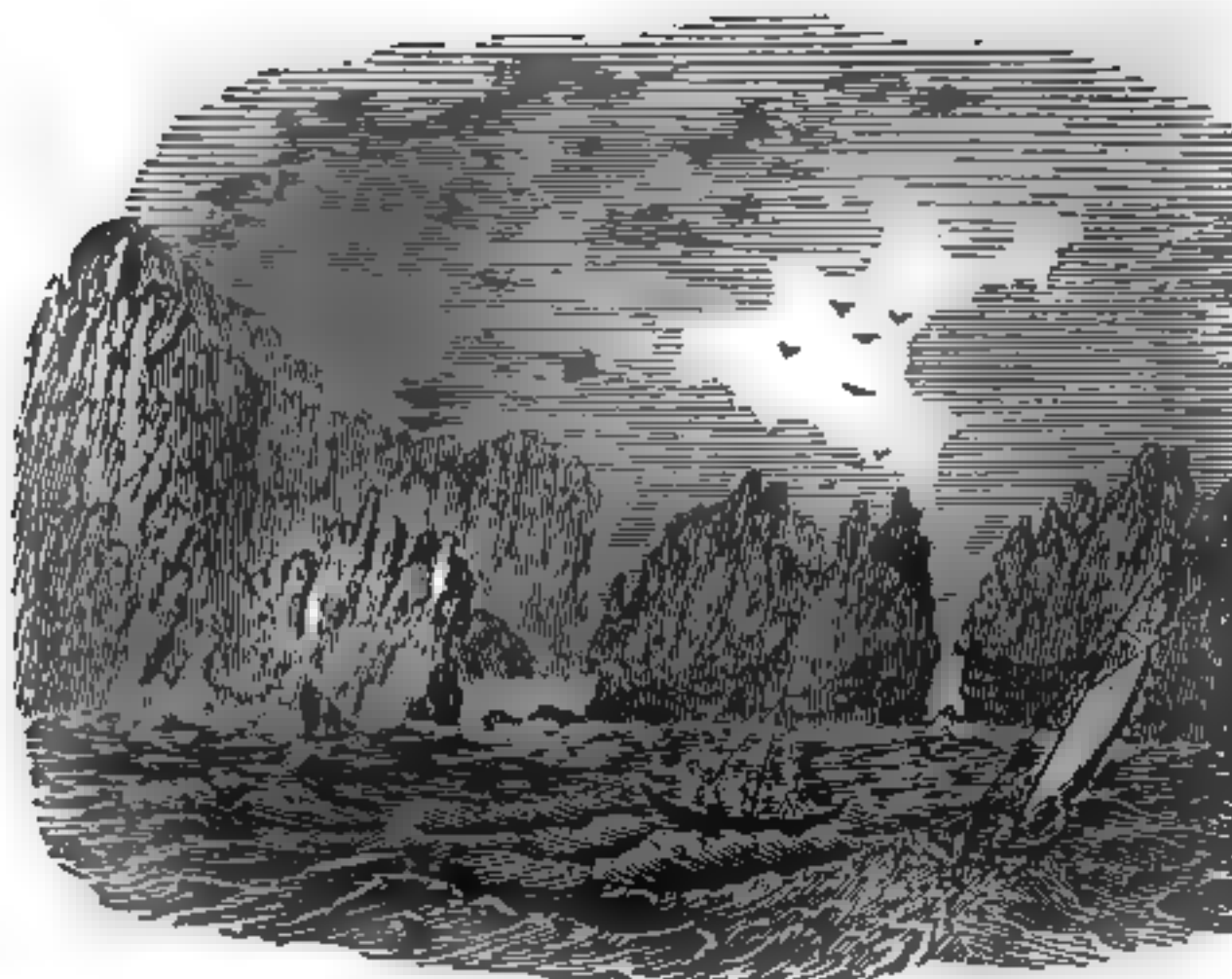
“ Old Pepper Rock down on the shore,
Appears half buried in the sand.”

“ Wedge Rock ” is an object which the watermen, you be sailing about near, will be sure to point out

Here is the extraordinary spectacle of a large piece, exactly the shape of a wedge, being fixed between and an immense pyramidal rock, precisely as if there by some powerful hand in the endeavour to separation. The size of the wedge is between ten lve feet square, and the pyramid is at least fifty feet out an hundred feet long, and forty feet wide at the To those who are young and active there is a rich observation here, as the craggy steep can be clam- p by them, and the Wedge be seen in all its immense ons. O how wonderful is the handiwork of the All architect of this teeming universe! when the more ch, and the more we examine, the more we find to ur admiration, and draw forth our praise. And not here, but as the poet says—

“ There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things,
And through their lowly guise.”

this. in “ Watcombe Bay,” is another isolated spiral



The Needles.

**"Majestic groups! by ocean's surges laved;
Unhurt, though tempests round thee bellowing roar!
Standing unmoved in sullen grandeur there
Thou bid'st defiance to their every force,
And frowns, unharmed, upon their ruthless
Hilarity."**

ock of a most picturesque form, about thirty-four feet in height. This Rock could not, until lately, be reached on foot, which accounts for its not having a name. But now a path is made to it from the Hotel, and a name will most probably follow.

We now pass on to the description of the "Needle Rocks," an engraving of which has been given. They are situated, and indeed constitute the western extremity of the Island. Though so well known and so much dreaded by seamen, they do not appear so terrific to the visitor when viewed from the shore. Indeed a late visitor when describing them says, "Black Gang Chine is as rugged and savage as its name." Every other part of the romantic scenery of the Island wears a smile which softens its grandeur; even the Pointed Needles stretch out from a back-ground of such pearly gleaming variety of colours, that half their terrors are forgotten in the surrounding beauty." The Pointed Rock, which was about one hundred and twenty feet high when standing, and which gave the name to this dangerous group of rocks, fell down in the year 1764 with an awful crash, and now in boisterous weather is a very dangerous reef. Still this promontory is called the Needles. It is composed of large masses of chalk, and though now detached from the cliffs, was evidently at no very distant period a part of them. This process of disruption is still going on, and in process of time these insulated Rocks will doubtless disappear, and others be formed from the present boundary of the Island. I will conclude my description of the Needles with a verse from the native poet already quoted:—

"This lofty place sometimes appears envelop'd in a cloud,
And round about the Needle Rocks the tempests roar aloud;
*But in the pleasant summer time the cormorants will perch,
And sit upon the Needle Rocks like daws upon a church.*"

REMARKABLE ROCKS.

I have remaining but two Rocks to notice in this region, and they are the two which first strike the visitor's attention when nearing Freshwater Gate from the high land. They form the most prominent beauties of the Bay. They are perfectly insulated, and are about forty yards distant from the shore. They are of large proportions, one of a pyramidal form, and the other a bold rugged mass. Surely it must be a matter of astonishment to all, how such large masses of rock could have maintained their position against the united assaults of furious winds and waves, while so much of the main cliffs, of which they once formed part, have been gradually undermined and washed away by the tides !

I must now not only leave this interesting locality, which, should you ever visit it, I am sure you will find the half has not been told you ; but also finish, with a word or two in conclusion, my paper on Remarkable Rocks.

Dear Readers ! I have often thought of you when standing on or near these " monuments of nature," which the Rocks have not inaptly been called. I have seen their parts of them, crumble before the burning sun ; and I have seen them wasted by the ocean's surges. Time soon tests their durability. I have also beheld them, having resisted the storms and tides of long past years, still standing defied by the waves, which have only rendered them smoother, lower, and more readily resistive of their force. Youth ! see in them a mirror of your own character. Temptations will and do overtake you. Can you resist them ? You,—who are dust ?—ah, no ! remember that—

" They who trust their native strength,
Shall fade away, and droop, and die."

THE EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION.

you then to the "Rock of Ages." There no wave
which you but what will have the effect of polishing
rendering you, like the age-laved Rock, more unyield-
its successors; for grace and strength improve by
as our Lord says, "To him that hath shall be given."
xxv.—29. O that each, and all of you, who have
yet fled to Jesus for safety, and are consequently with-
strength to resist the least temptation, may *now*, though
it from the mere motive of personal security, flee—
e at once to the "Rock that is higher than I."

"Other refuge there is NONE."

ort, I. W.

A. MIDLANE.

THE EXCELLENCE OF RELIGION.

no quality of the mind or intellect of others, not
will, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be
delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I prefer a
religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes dis-
of good, creates new hopes, when earthly hopes
and throws over the decay, the destruction of exis-
the most gorgeous of all lights, awakens life in death;
in corruption and decay, calls up beauty and divinity;
an instrument of fortune and of shame the ladder of
to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly
calls up the most delightful visions of palms and
aths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlast-
ys, where *the sensualist* and the sceptic only view
decay, annihilation, and despair.—Sir Humphry Davy.

THE COMING SABBATH.

Another six days work is done,
How cheering is the thought;
Another thread of life is spun,
Its work more nearly wrought.

Another earthly Sabbath's near,
A day of holy rest,
When to our Father we draw near
To ease the aching breast.

All thoughts of earth, away!
Earth is not worth a thought,
Compared with that blest day,
All days appear but nought.

Sure 'tis a gift from heaven
Brought by a Father's hand,
To those whose hearts are riven
By labour's iron hand.

A star to light the way
Through this dark world of sin,
And lead to realms of day
With God himself shut in.

Oh blessed day, emblem of one,
Whose sun shall never set;
Oh blessed day, as days roll on,
The poor shall love the best.

Great God we tend our grateful thanks
For this Thy Holy day,
And while we linger on life's banks
We'll love thy sacred day.

THE HINDOO'S OBJECTIONS TO CHRISTIANITY BRIEFLY STATED AND ANSWERED.

Objection.—If we become Christians, we shall lose Caste.

Answer.—It is true that among Christians nothing is allowed which resembles what you call Caste : and therefore if you become Christians, you will no longer be called Brahmun, or Sudra. You will be esteemed as men, as Christians. The Bible tells us that “ God has made of one blood, all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth.” And this truth is abundantly supported by fact. The division of men into Castes is to be found *only* among Hindoos. If God made men at first into ever so many Castes, should we not meet with it in other Countries as well as in yours? Nothing is known of Caste in Europe, America, or Africa. The Burmese know nothing of it. Neither do the Chinese. *You* only have it. And where did you get it? Not from God. There is no mark about you by which you can be known. The Brahmun is neither taller nor handsomer, nor longer-lived than other men. He has no more eyes, nor hands, nor feet than you have. What is Caste? Can you see it, or feel it? Does it make you wiser or better men, richer or poorer? If you lose Caste, what sort of a loss is it you feel? What part of your person suffers? Your friends can see no difference in you. You can sleep, and eat, and walk, just as before. Your mind does not feel as though *it* had lost some high principle, or violated some holy tendency. Hindoos can lie, and steal, and commit purjury, and in fact be guilty of any act of iniquity the human heart is capable of devising, and nobody ever loses Caste, because of these things. But *no sooner do you hear of a man going to the house of a*

Christian, not for a *wicked*, but for a *good* purpose,—to h
the word of life, than you at once reproach him, and h
him, and will not associate with him, but regard him
an outcast. And yet he is a better man than he was befo
Caste only fills one class among you with pride and insoler
and degrades another lower than the beasts of the jungle.

Objection.—If Christianity be the only true religion,
our forefathers must have perished.

Answer.—Christianity is neither true nor false, from w
may have become of your forefathers. They are gone ; th
state is for ever fixed. They are not lost because they
not believe a religion of which they never heard, but
some other reason, if they are lost. You are living. T
Christian religion is preached among you. Examine
claims. If it is no better than your own, reject it. If
appears to you unworthy of its divine Author, and of no
to men, have nothing to do with it. Embrace or reject
on its own merits, and not by what may have become of y
forefathers.

Objection.—If Christianity were the only true religion
would not have been so long before we heard of it.

Answer.—At any rate then, *yours* is not the true religi
for nothing is known of it in many parts of the world to
day. You have no wish to make it known to others. A
you could not hope to succeed if you were to attempt
preach Hindooism in other Countries.

Objection.—If we receive Christianity, which so positiv
forbids lying, we must give up business, for unless we
lies we cannot sell our goods,

Answer.—This objection is to the honour of the Bib
and to the disgrace of yourselves and the religion which
profess. I once heard a shopkeeper say, that, “if telling

WHAT THE STEAM ENGINE DOES.

would send him to hell, he should certainly go there, for he could not and would not refrain from telling lies in his business transactions." Now the liar never can expect the blessing of the God of truth to attend him in his business. And it is this blessing alone which brings real success. Lying, besides being wicked, is the worst policy you can adopt. You may tell your customer the article he wishes to purchase cost a great deal more than he knows it cost. He does not believe you. He cannot tell how much it really did cost, but he knows you lie; and therefore tries to run down the price, below perhaps what you gave for it. Would it not be better at once to state your price. To ask no more than you intend to sell for, and take no less. Be assured that by lying you gain nothing in this life, and God will certainly punish you for lying in the next.

WHAT THE STEAM ENGINE DOES.

It propels, it rows, it sculls, it screws, it warps, it tows, it elevates, it lowers, it lifts, it pumps, it drains, it irrigates, it draws, it pulls, it drives, it pushes, it carries, it brings, it scatters, it splits, it collects, it condenses, it extracts, it breaks, it confines, it opens, it shuts, it digs, it shovels, it excavates, it ploughs, it thrashes, it separates, it winnows, it washes, it grinds, it crushes, it sifts, it bolts, it mixes, it kneads, it moulds, it stamps, it punches, it beats, it presses, it picks, it hews, it cuts, it slits, it shaves, it saws, it planes, it turns, it bores, it mortices, it drills, it heads, it blows, it forges, it rolls, it hammers, it rasps, it files, it polishes, it rivets, it sweeps, it brushes, it *scutches*, it cards, it spins, it winds, it *twists*, it *throws*, it *weaves*, it *shears*, it coins, it prints.

I HAVE A FATHER UP IN HEAVEN.

I asked a little orphan girl,—
What makes thy heart so light ?
Thy merry laugh and cheerful song
Are heard from morn till night.

Thy parents in the churchyard lie,
Thy brothers, sisters too ;
O, tell me, little maid, O why
Art thou so happy now ?

She raised her mild blue eye to mine
With calmness God had given ;
And said, O yes, I'll tell you why,—
My Father's up in heaven.

He has preserved me while I've lived,
And guarded me from ill ;
Though of loved friends I've been bereft,
My father liveth still.

O may the same rich blessing full,
And hope, to *us* be given ;
In life, in death, we too may say,
Our Father lives in heaven.



SIMPLICITY.—“ How admirable,” says Racine, “ is simplicity of the Evangelists. They never speak injuriously of the enemies of Jesus Christ, of his judges, nor of his executioners. They report the facts without a single reflection. They comment neither on their Master's mildness when he was smitten, nor on his constancy in the hour of his glorious death, which they thus describe : ‘ And they crucified Jesus.’ ”

BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.



PILGRIM IN THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER.

PILGRIM slept soundly through the night; but with early morning came back the recollection of the perils to which he had been exposed the previous day. All was now serene and bright without. The storm had passed quite away. The sun shone; the birds sang their gladsome notes, and never had pilgrim seen so pleasing a contrast, as the sight on which he now looked presented, to the one which terrified him so fearfully a few hours before.

The master of the house now entered, and greeting him most cheerfully, took Pilgrim by the hand, and led him to see the wonderful sights in the neighbourhood. One of the most beautiful was a *stately palace*; at the sight of which *Pilgrim was very much delighted*. In approaching the door

of the palace, he saw a great company of men as if they desired to go in but were afraid. At a little distance from the door sat a man at a table, with a book and an ink-horn before him, to take the names of those who should enter therein. There were also in, and near the door-way, many men in armour to keep it; being resolved to do to the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. A sight of this Pilgrim was much amazed. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Pilgrim saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man who sat there to write, and said to him, "Set my name down, sir;" this being done, the man drew his sword, put on his helmet, and rushed towards the door upon the armed men, who beat him fearfully; but not discouraged, he fell to cutting and hacking them most fiercely. After he had received and given many wounds, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace; at which there were pleasant voices heard from those within, saying,

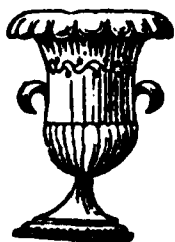
"Come in, come in,
Eternal glory thou shalt win!"

So he went in, and was clothed with beautiful garment. Pilgrim smiled at this, and said, "I will have my name set down too. I will enter into the splendid palace." He scarcely now felt the weight of his burden, and not a word was said to his kind friend about removing it. Pilgrim however, was gently checked in his eagerness to start again by his friend saying, "I want to show you a little more and after that you shall go on your way." He was now led into a very dark room, where there sat a man in an iron cage. The man looked very sad; he sat with his eyes loo

own to the ground, his hands folded together, and he d as if he would break his heart. Pilgrim asked what neant. At which his friend bid him talk with the man. im then said to the man, "What art thou?" And he put the question his own heart trembled, and he within himself, Alas, if I should ever be in this condi-

The man answered, "I am what I was not once." at wast thou once?" said Pilgrim. The man replied, as once fair and flourishing, both in mine own eyes, also in the eyes of others; I was also, as I thought, or the celestial city, and had even joy at the thoughts I should get thither." "Well," said Pilgrim, "but art thou now?" "I am now a man of despair, and am up in it, as in this iron cage. I cannot get out; O *now* not." "But how camest thou into this condition?"

Pilgrim. "I left off to watch and be sober; I sinned st the light of the word, and the goodness of God; re grieved the Spirit; he is gone; I tempted the devil, e is come to me; I have provoked God to anger, and s left me; I have so hardened my heart that I cannot it." It made Pilgrim weep and tremble to see the misery of this man. Then said Pilgrim's friend. "Let nan's misery be remembered by thee, and be an ever-g caution to thee" "Well," said Pilgrim, "this is il! God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray I may shun the cause of this man's misery. Hold me up and I shall be safe."



WONDERFUL SAGACITY IN A DOG.

THE following has been addressed to *Kidd's Own Jour* —Your love for the canine race, Mr. Editor, and the delightful anecdotes you have so lovingly and graphically recorded of them, induce me to send you the following. The scene of action was Thames Ditton; the owner of the dog was Mr. Baker, of that village. The dog's name was "Brutus." Now Brutus, a black French poodle, was in the habit of going out with the horses; but when the distance to be travelled over was great, he was not allowed to accompany them but was shut up. One day, the horses being got ready for a journey, Brutus was sought for to be "tied up;" but he was not to be found. All search for him proved vain, so his master set out. Half a mile from home, however, he was Brutus, lying in ambush to join the cavalcade! "leaps" up to the horses' heads were joyous beyond comparison; and he seemed to revel in this little harmless act of deception. This was often repeated, until a final stop, as supposed, had been put to the trick. One day, however, he heard the orders given for the horses to be harnessed. The dog was off in a moment; and on this occasion he was served and watched. He was traced warily jogging towards a builder's yard, and here he artfully secreted himself behind a quantity of timber, in a sly corner. His nose was projected between the railings; and as there was a view thence of the meeting of the three roads, and a foot-path where pedestrians across a public field, all that passed *must* be under his eye. He knew this! No sooner was the carriage driven past on the road to which the foot-path led than he *rushed Brutus*. After crossing the field he joined the

MORNING PRAYER OF AN OLD PEDLAR IN A BARN.

on the other side as quietly as if he had started with them from home! Is not this "thought," Mr. Editor?—VERAX. —To which Mr. Kidd replies, "It is very much like 'thought.'" We have witnessed many similar acts of prevision in the dog; which accounts for our always naming him among our earliest and very best of friends.

MORNING PRAYER OF AN OLD PEDLAR IN A BARN.

THANK God, I have slept soundly to-night; and though this morning I am poor, I am well. Thank God, my ass is well also, and has eaten a good lock of hay, and her crust of bread, and drank half a pail of water. God bless us both to-day, and give me strength to walk on foot, that I may not have to get up, and ride upon the poor beast, who has got baggage enough already! God Almighty send that folks may want to buy my wares, and somebody may take a liking to my ballads, and those who can afford it, may give me some victuals and drink! And God Almighty lead us through green lanes, that my poor ass may light on good croppings. without running into fields after folks' grass and corn! Poor thing! may she not tumble down, and hurt herself, and break my wares? And God Almighty incline some good body to give us a night's lodging, and that I may have a dry barn, and some dry straw, an't please God! But I won't mistrust God Almighty's care, for he never let me want in my life-time: and to his great *and holy name* be praise, now and for ever!
Amen!

THE CHILD MISSIONARY.

“ANNIE, dear,” said Mrs. H. to her little daughter, “you like to be a Missionary?” “A Missionary, mamma, to the heathen? Oh, no, I should not like that at all.” “Not, Annie?” “Oh, mamma, I never could make my mind to go far away over the wide, deep, sea, and leave my brothers. I often wonder how people get to be enough to go and be Missionaries to the heathen.” “I are the *heathen*, Annie?” “Oh they are in India, C and Africa, and the Islands of the sea,” she answered. “Who are the heathen, my daughter?” “They are people who have no knowledge of the true God, mamma.”

“Annie, did you see the little beggar girl who came this morning?” “Yes, mamma.” “When I went to speak to her,” said Mrs. H—, “I asked her if she had been to Sabbath School; she said, ‘No.’ I asked her to make her, and she said she did not know; and when I asked her if she had ever heard of God, she answered, ‘Now, here is a little heathen at our own door, and I propose that you shall be a little Missionary to her.’” “How, mamma?” “I have proposed to this poor ignorant child to come here to-morrow morning, and every morning to be instructed in the knowledge of God; besides which she has promised me that she will regularly attend Sabbath-school. She is a bright, intelligent child, and was pleased with the instruction; and you shall read to her every evening if you please.”

“Oh, mamma, I should like to be such a Missionary,” exclaimed Annie.

It was a beautiful sight to see the little Missionary

on her low chair, with the large Bible open across her knee, and the little learner on another low chair near her, her eager, bright eyes gazing into the face of her young teacher, who read slowly, and in her sweet voice, the story of the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, of the life of the Man of sorrows, and of the death of the crucified Saviour. These stories are so familiar to us, that we do not always feel their beauty, but to this poor little ignorant one, they came with all the freshness of a first hearing.

Annie is thus sowing seed which may spring up into everlasting life. And, even if the poor child to whom she reads is not made better by her instructions, a blessing may return into the heart of the little Missionary; for no effort is made to do good from a pure and right motive, which does not bring its own reward.

Those are truly to be pitied who hurry on through the pathway of life without pausing a moment to aid and bless their fellow-travellers; they pass by many a bright flower which, if gathered, would shed a sweet and refreshing fragrance into their own bosoms; and we fear they are only gathering for themselves an inheritance of thorns.

Perhaps our youthful readers think it impossible that there should be heathen almost within sight of their own dwellings; but they have only to make a few enquiries to be quite sure they are there. Will you not look for them, lead their wandering feet into the path for heaven, and point their eye to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

A cheerful and happy temper keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, excludes *each gloomy prospect*, and fills it with *a steady and perpetual serenity*.

A BIRD STORY.



A BIRD STORY.

THAT ardent admirer of nature, Mrs. Child, tells a anecdote about a family of swallows which she was acquainted with. "Two barn swallows," she says, "came into our shed in the spring-time. Their busy, earnest twittering made me suspect that they were looking out a building but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequently hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build a crutch of a beam over the open doorway. I was delighted and spent more time watching than 'penny wise' people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful drama of domestic love. The mother bird was so busy and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely-arranged drawer of baby-clothes, than they

A BIRD STORY.

fashioning their little woven cradle. The father-bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw or hair, to be interwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable ; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gust of gladsome sound ! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart till it was almost too big for its little bosom. When the young became old enough to fly, anybody would have laughed to watch the manœuvres of the parents. Such a chirping and twittering ! Such diving down from the nest and up again. Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while. Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling. For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying-school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little things looked down, they looked up, but, alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbours. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled by a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest and jabbered away to the young ones : they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done ; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner evidently much excited. They jumped on the edge of the nest, and twittered and shook *their feathers, and waved their wings*, and then hopped back

THE SNOWDROP.

again, saying, 'It's pretty sport, but we can't do it.' times the neighbours came and repeated their grace son. The third time, two of the young birds gave a plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped, then lighted on a small upright log. And oh! such praise was warbled by the whole troop. The air was filled with their joy. Some were flying around, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe handle and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of a pretty kind, and two were swinging in a most graceful manner on a pendent hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget the swallow party."

THE SNOWDROP.

The snowdrop—'tis a beauteous thing,
A simple, modest flower;
Content in field unseen to bloom,
Nor seeks a lady's bower.

Its snowy head it meekly bends,
'Mid nature's placid charms;
Secure amid these wilds it hides,
And knows no rude alarms.

The rose may boast her gorgeous hues,
Her perfume rich and rare;
And yet withal she is not half
So beautiful and fair.

A lesson then I'd learn from thee,
Thou modest, lowly thing,
That this proud heart may be less vain,
Thou first-born of the spring.

And when adversity shall frown,
And nought assuage my fears,
I'd meekly bow my head like thine,
And smile amid my tears.

B.A.K.

WAKING UP IN A MORNING.

WHEN John waked up there was only a streak of sunshine on the wall ; he watched it as it kept growing bigger and bigger. until it spread almost to the size of the window. "The sun *never* gets tired of rising," thought he ; " it is a good sun." Then he heard a robin sing. "The robin is up early," turning his eyes to the window ; " he sings very briskly. What makes him sing so, dear little robin ?" Next he thought what a nice little bed he was in, and how white the coverlet looked. Then he caught sight of his new jacket, hanging on a peg in the corner : " That is certainly a grand new jacket—and there are my own comb and brush," glancing at the table ; " what a sweet little brush that is !" He lay and thought, looking first at one thing and then at another.—"What a pleasant home I have got," said John, almost aloud ; "and father and mother, how *real good* they are !"

He thought and thought, until his spirit grew very tender. "And *who* made the sun, and the robins, and my parents, and all the things ?" This question, somehow or other, forced itself very powerfully on his mind : " Yes, who really did ?" It seemed as if John never saw so much of God in everything before. He saw God all around in giving him things. Then his thoughts turned to the Bible account of this great and good Being, and how it said that He also "gave his Son to die for us," "And that's because we broke His holy laws," said John to himself. He wondered how that could be, seeing God was so good ; and yet he saw, as he had never seen before, that he had not minded whether he obeyed God or not. " I am sure I have been very wicked and ungrateful, very," thought John ; " and yet God did not *cast me off, but sent Jesus Christ to wash my sins away, and*

make me what I ought to be. Only think what a God the great God is!" And he felt so sorry and so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he wiped them away with his night-gown sleeve.

Soon John got up, and kneeling down, bowed his head. He had often "said his prayers" before, but now it was different. God seemed very, very near, all around him, and he felt afraid. He thought of his sins, of his unthankfulness and neglect of God's commands. He hardly knew which way to turn. Then Jesus seemed to say, "*I am the way,*" and the child tried from the depths of his heart to pray, "For Christ's sake, forgive my sins." And then, as a sense of God's mercy in giving his Son to die came over him, he felt thankful as he had never done before, and resolved that, by the help of the Holy spirit, he would trust in Christ, and love and serve Him.

BATTLE BETWEEN A SNAKE AND A CROCODILE.

THE following account of an engagement between a boa constrictor and a crocodile, in Java, is given by an eye witness:—"It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were as clear as crystal, and everything could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond was a gigantic teak-tree, and in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape, of a baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief. Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, *exactly beneath the coil of the serpent.* Quick as thought

he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his folds round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and, by his contractions, made the scale and bones of the monster crack. The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of the mischief was in a state of ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the trees, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and, though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water. The crocodile also was still, and, though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he too was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the side of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and, as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and, taking to a tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches."



Music.

"THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW."

REV. H. SMITH.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Tho' earth has full ma-ny a beau-ti-ful spot, As a po-et, or pain-ter might show; Yet more love-ly, and beau-ti-ful, ho-ly and bright, To the hopes of the heart, and the spi-rit's glad sight, Is the land which no mor-tal may know, Is the land which no mor-tal may know."

Tho' earth has full ma-ny a beau-ti-ful spot, As a po-et, or

pain-ter might show; Yet more love-ly, and beau-ti-ful, ho-ly and

bright, To the hopes of the heart, and the spi-rit's glad sight, Is the

land which no mor-tal may know, Is the land which no mor-tal may know.

(Music.)

“THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.”

There the crystalline stream bursting forth from the throne
Flows on, and for ever will flow;
Its waves as they roll, with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,
The fair tree of life! in its glory and pride,
Is fed by the deep, inexhaustible tide,
Of the land which no mortal may know.

There too, are the mourn'd whom we loved on this earth,
With whose memories our bosoms yet glow;
And the presence of Him, the unchanging I AM!
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb,
Light the land which no mortal may know.

Oh! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know.

CHRISTIAN LACONICS.

It is a great gain to suffer the loss of all things, that we may learn to depend upon Christ alone.—*Paley*.

Death pays respect neither to youth nor usefulness, but mows down together the tender herb, the fragrant flower, and the noxious weed.—*J. A. James*.

The streams of religion run deeper or shallower as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.—*Calcott*.

MAN.

As earth is glad, and wild birds sing,
In the odorous breath of spring :
So in his youth man lives in bliss,
As pure as nature's morning kiss.

As earth is rip'ning with her store,
When spring's gay hours are fled and o'er ;
So man in his mild summer hours
Doth ripen all his manly powers.

As autumn sings a solemn dirge,
Like the billowy ocean's surge,—
So in the autumn of his days,
Man chaunts aloud his fun'ral lays.

As winter clad in robe of snow,
Bends earth's gay flowers humbly low,—
So in humility serene,
Man in his winter quits *this* scene.

As streams roll onward to the sea,
Singing their songs so merrily,—
So man is speeding to the grave,
And melts like snow in death's cold wave.

As blushing flow'rets fade and die
To bloom again 'neath spring's bright sky,—
So man sinks in his earthly tomb,
In Eden's blissful bowers to bloom.

Then you who are yet surrounded bright
By childhood's pure and hallowed light,
Live to your God throughout your days,
And harp aloud Messiah's praise.

Let all who live, and breathe, and move,
Seek to dwell in th' Eternal's love ;
That they at that loud trump may rise,
With Christ to heaven's eternal skies !



COTTON AND COTTON MILLS.

A CENTURY or two ago, and there was not to be found in all our country a single pair of cotton stockings, a pocket-handkerchief, or a calico shirt, at any price. We wonder how people could get on without such things. Nor have we any wish to know from experience. They are abundant enough now; and as cheap, we hope, as they ever will be. We purpose giving our readers a brief description of cotton in its raw state, and of the mills where it is wrought into fabrics of almost endless variety. Cotton is a soft vegetable down, contained in the seed-pods of the cotton tree. We have seen it grow, and greatly admired its snowy whiteness, and lacy texture. It is cultivated extensively in the East and West Indies, in North and South America, and in Egypt.

It is an annual plant, and grows to a considerable height. The leaves are of a bright green colour, marked with brownish veins, and each leaf divided into five lobes. The flowers have only one petal in five segments, with a short tube, and are of a pale yellow colour with five spots at the bottom. The pods are of somewhat triangular shape, and have each three cells. These pods, when the seeds are fully ripe, burst open, and there, in the midst of a snow-white down-bed, are found nestling a considerable number of seeds. The fibres of cotton are extremely fine and delicate.

The earliest seat of Cotton Manufacture known to us, is India, where it is still carried on by hand labour in all its original simplicity. We have seen the loom set up in the field, the ends as far removed from each other as the piece of cloth to be made, was intended to be long. The weaver, with thread in hand, passed from end to end of his simple apparatus, fastening the thread at either end.

The increase of cotton manufacture in England during the last fifty years, is one of the most interesting events in the history of commerce. By the power of improved machinery, we are now sending back to India, cloths made from their own cotton, and selling them at a much cheaper rate than the people themselves can manufacture them for.

Manchester has been called the Cotton Metropolis of England. Verbs in any language are the *DOING* words of that language. Lancashire may be called the *doing* part of England; while in other parts of our country people are talking a great deal; here, they set to work at once; a spirit we very much admire. It would be much pleasanter for visitors, and most likely for residents, if all this doing could be done without so much smoke, but it seems at present *the chimnies will disperse blacks all over the City, and*

the suburbs. One likes to see trees look green, and fresh and verdant, but here almost every bit of vegetation has the appearance of having had a gigantic sweep's bag shaken over it.

Now we will have a peep into the busy mill. Here are bales of cotton to be unpacked, and then cleaned. It is passed into the blowing machines, and a pretty dust is kicked up, as men and boys toss arms-full of cotton into the machinery. The dust and fluff are blown about in clouds, so that the people are obliged frequently to work with handkerchiefs tied across their mouths. Then comes the process of carding, which reduces the cotton to the state of fine wadding. This is next spun into small, and still finer threads. Here are tenters, spinners, pickers, and managers, all alert and watching their own particular department of business. The physical labour is not very great. Attention and quickness are in perpetual demand. As the wheels strike one, all the engines stop. The pulse of the mill ceases for a while; and offices, and warehouses, and factories, are as still as death. Streets, that five minutes before were lonely and deserted, now echo to the trampings of hundreds of hurrying feet. In five minutes more the crowd is gone, and all is still as before. It is the hour of dinner in the Manchester world.

The people and the machinery keep time as perfectly as when the same engine moved them both. The mill dress, in any other place than the mill, would have an appearance of unevenness. The men wear blue and striped shirts, and corded trowsers and slippers; and the women slip into their pinafores and loose jackets. Neither do the operatives look quite so clean in their persons as we would like to see them. One might almost suppose they used "oil to

make their faces to shine," as the Hindoos do. All the appearance of personal neglect however disappears on the Lord's-day, and no where will be seen a more respectable clad, and well to do looking people, than the mill workers of Manchester on the Day of Rest. In this City some of the greatest movements of our day, for the bettering the condition of the people, took their rise. And not one can be mentioned, but has met with, among the mill owners and mill workers of this great City, the most substantial support. Peace, and free trade, and temperance, and freedom for the slave, Sabbath-school instruction, and libraries for the people shall write their glory in characters more durable than brass and hallow their memory, as infinitely more worthy to live than that stained on the battle field, with blood of God slain creatures. Long think, and long glow, the hard head and warm hearts, of the mill owners and mill workers of the Cotton Metropolis!



A WORD TO BOYS.—You were made to be kind, generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign to him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If a larger or a stronger boy has injured you, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist

THE HINDOO'S OBJECTIONS TO CHRISTIANITY BRIEFLY STATED AND ANSWERED.

Objection. Every man may be saved by his own religion : There are several ways to heaven, as there are several ways leading from the country into Calcutta.

Answer. Had you said there were as many heavens as there are systems of religion in the world, there would have been an appearance of common sense, at least in this objection. You believe that your heaven will be very different from that of the Mahommedan, and the Christian's heaven differs very greatly from both. Now we cannot all be right. The Bible tells us that as holiness is one of the properties of heaven, so holiness is the way to heaven. Your own books say nothing of this way. They teach you to wash in the Ganges, or to mutter over a certain number of times in the day, the name of some idol. These practices you know have no power over the heart. The way of sin will lead you to hell, though you wash six times a day all your life in the Ganges. And as certainly as if you were walking in the way towards Delhi, you would never reach Calcutta ; so if you are living in the practice of sin you will never reach heaven.

Objection. You say Christ performed miracles in support of the truth of the doctrines he taught. You perform miracles and we will believe.

Answer. It has not pleased God to give me the power of working miracles. But I can refer you to a history (which has been received as true for 1800 years) of miracles having been performed by Christ in support of the doctrines he taught. It is there also recorded that many who saw the

miracles he wrought, did not believe on Christ. And so would it be with you in all probability. The sight of a miracle performed by a man, through the power of God, would not alone convert or change your heart. And what are you, that you should require a sign from God on your own particular account, before you will believe his word, or even begin to read and examine that word, whether it is at all likely to have come from God? Every man, woman and child, in this country, and every other country, has as much right to ask for miracles in proof of the Bible's being from God, as you have. Is it reasonable to expect that God would do this? viz., give to every person coming into this world a separate and distinct proof that the Bible is His book. You may say, I was not present when this book was given, and how can I know God gave it. Well, here it is. The gain will be yours *only* if you receive it. The loss will be yours *only* if you reject it.

Objection. Many Christians live worse lives than we do. If the Bible is so good a book, why does it not make them better? You had better go and preach to your own countrymen.

Answer. The true religion is of no country. It is usual to call all Englishmen Christians, because the Christian religion is the only one openly professed by the majority of the inhabitants of England. But there never yet was a Christian country in the Bible sense. Those only are true Christians, who love this Bible and live holy lives. A copper coin covered with silver, may have the same name impressed upon it, as that which the true rupee has, but the one is copper, the other silver. The one is a sham, a counterfeit, the other real. The true Christian is like his Master, Christ. *Instead of looking at wicked men's lives in order to learn*

A CHILD'S FAITH.

being a Christian means, read the New Testament
ures, and you will find written there, against the
d professors of Christianity, more severe truths than
in say against them.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

I knew a widow very poor,
Who four small children had :
The oldest was but six years old—
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled,
To feed her children four ;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labour she would leave her home,
For children must be fed ;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat ;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached the cheerless home,
'Twas searched by every breeze ;
When going in, the oldest child
I saw upon *his* knees.

I paused to listen to the boy—
He never raised his head ;
But still went on, and said, " Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child had done,
Still listening as he prayed ;
And when he rose, I asked him why
The Lord's prayer he had said ?

" Why sir," said he, " this morning, when
My mother went away,
She wept, because she said she had
No bread for us to day.—

She said we children now must starve,
Our Father being dead ;
And then I told her not to ery,
For I could get some bread.

' Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that He,
As we have got no father here,
Would our kind Father be.

And then you know the prayer, too,
Asks God for bread each day ;
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And ran with fleetest feet ;
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

" I thought God heard me," said the boy,
I answered with a nod—
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that child's faith in God.

W. BRATT

BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.



BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

PILGRIM ON THE HILL. DIFFICULTY.

FRESHED and instructed in the house of the Interpreter, pilgrim set forward on his journey. The burden was still on his back ; and some of the sights which he had seen made it feel heavier than before, and he longed to be rid of it. He would not miss the way, for it was fenced on either side with a wall of salvation, but as it was up hill, he could get on with great difficulty. How he wished his load was gone : he had not yet come to the right place to throw it off. He had tried several times and several ways to get rid of it, but they were of no avail. Presently he came up to the cross, which he had been told, Jesus the Son of God, bore the

load of man's misery; and as he thought and thought of Jesus, his sufferings, his death, his atoning sacrifice for sinners, Pilgrim's soul was filled with the hope of deliverance just *there*; and while he was gazing, and admiring, and loving, his burden fell from him, and rolled into the mouth of the sepulchre, where Jesus had been laid, and he saw it no more. How glad and lightsome he felt now! With merry heart he shouted, "Jesus has given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death."

While thus shouting, and rejoicing, and weeping because his heart was full to overflowing, three Shining Ones came up to him, and said, "Peace be to thee." One said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." The second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment. The third set a mark upon his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bid him look to as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate. They then went their way. Pilgrim gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing. How light now was his step! It seemed to him that he should never tire again. Sometimes he was almost afraid he was in a dream; but there was the new dress, and in his hand the roll that had been given him: and he leaped and shouted again. "It is I myself; I am not asleep; I am not anybody else; I am here; there are some crows on that ploughed land; I can hardly help telling them how gladsome I am." As he went on persuading himself all was *real* that he saw and felt, and every now and then singing some merry song to make himself more sure, he came to a wide level place, where he saw, a little out of the way, three men fast asleep, with fetters on their legs. Their names were Simple, Sloth, and Presumption. Pilgrim concluded they had laid *themselves* down in the dark, or they would never have chosen

a place as that to go to sleep in, for close by them was edge of a terrible gulph. He tried to awaken them; and



some shouting, and shaking, they yawned and asked what he was making all that to do about. Pilgrim gave

his reasons, and asked them to look for themselves whether they thought it a safe place to go to sleep in. Sim-

aid he had been to sleep and hadn't fallen in at all.

He said he wanted to go to sleep again, and he would

ask Pilgrim not to disturb him any more, with his non-

sense. Presumption said, "I can look after myself, you do

the same;" and they laid themselves down for another nap.

Pilgrim had not gone far before he was startled by seeing

two men come tumbling over the wall on the left hand of the

new way. The name of the one was Formalist, and the

name of the other Hypocrisy. Pilgrim wondered to see

them coming in that way, so he asked them where they came

from, and whither they were going. Their answer was very

curious. We were born in the land of Vainglory, & going for praise to Mount Zion. Pilgrim then asked why they did not come in at the gate; to which they replied, the gate was considered too far round about they thought the shortest cut would be by getting over the wall. Pilgrim at once told them that as they did not come in at the gate, where they would have received a new beautiful dress, and a roll, and a mark, when they reached the celestial gate, they would be shut out, for want of these things: that nobody was admitted without them. They laughed at him, and told him not to talk cant to them, they knew better than all that. So they went on together till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty. At the



of this hill there were two other paths beside the straight one, *turning off, one to the left, and the other to the right*

m felt quite sure that *he* must go over this Hill Difficulty ;
 malist and Hypocrisy, seeing how high and steep it was,
 eluded between themselves, that the two paths winding
 so invitingly at the bottom, must of course meet again in
 a strait and narrow way on the other side of the hill, de-
 mined to try them. Pilgrim never saw them again.

There was a cool delicious spring at the bottom of this Hill
 Difficulty, of which Pilgrim drank, and was sweetly refresh-
 ; thus invigorated, he began to ascend the hill. At first
 ran : he felt as though he should never tire again ; then
 walked, wearily and slowly ; and at length he was fain to
 cumber up on his hands and knees. About midway up the
 , there was a pleasant arbour for the refreshment of weary
 travellers, and here Pilgrim sat down to rest. Presently,
 vile grateful for the relief afforded him, the spirit of slum-
 came over him, and he thought he would have a short
 ; instead of which, he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted
 twilight ; and in this sleep, Pilgrim's roll fell out of his
 hand.

Suddenly awaking, and seeing night coming on, while he
 ; only half way up the hill, he started up, and ran as fast
 he could, forgetting that he had lost his roll, till he came
 to the top of the hill. But before he reached the top, he
 met Timorous and Mistrust, running full of terror the other
 way.

What is the matter, inquired Pilgrim ; you run the
 wrong way ? Why, said Timorous and Mistrust, the further
 we go, the more danger we meet ; we had but just conquered
 Hill Difficulty. when, just before us, we discovered two
 more in the way, so we turned, and are hurrying back as
 fast as possible. With that they run down the hill.

Pilgrim was now himself greatly afraid. He bethought
 himself of the roll, but it was gone. It would have com-

forted him now. What had become of it? What could he do without it? Now he remembered he had slept in the harbour, and must have left his roll there. Falling on his knees, he asked God's forgiveness for that foolish sleep, and then, with great heaviness and sorrow of heart, went back to look for his roll.

ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

"Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art,
But Nature's works far lovelier."

ANNIE was a native of one of England's most populous towns which might, indeed, with more propriety, be termed a city from its extent, greatness, and commercial importance. Being brought up amidst its ceaseless noise and confusion, she longed for the trip into the country, which the repeated promise of her indulgent father had assured her of as soon as he could conveniently undertake it. The spring passed away, and still pressing business prevented him, even for a few days from relinquishing the position which he occupied. "Hop deferred maketh the heart sick," and so Annie found it. But as often as she was inclined to despondency, so often did the imaginary delights of the country, which she had, by repeated dreams and reveries, assisted by the sweet landscape paintings which adorned her father's walls, deeply impressed upon her mind, come to her rescue and deliverance.

At length the happy period arrived, when the joyful tidings were announced, that the day—the long wished-for day was fixed upon, when Father, Mother, and little Annie were to depart to spend a fortnight in a retreat, woody, romantic, and *near the sea.*

she had never as yet been from home even for one and the thought, of so long an absence from it, and lengthened separation from her companions and as-
 es, was not unattended with a passing sigh. Especially e feel in the prospect of being absent from the Sunday

. That was her delight : for Annie, though young, begun to feel the preciousness of Jesus, and her youth-
 ections gathered around all that savoured of Him.

ould not be expected that in a child *all* the christian
 ter could unfold itself, for trial and experience are
 d for its full development, as in Romans the fifth it is
 ed, " That tribulation worketh patience ; and patience,

ence ; and experience, hope."—3-4. But in her, was
 kably displayed, that, which frequent contact with a
 nd selfish world tends so much to weaken in older
 ans—*christian love*. Her faith, for want of being tried,
 eak : it only went so far as to appropriate the work of

. This, of course, was salvation. But while her in-
 in the finished work of Jesus, and her possession of
 essed Spirit as the result, were perceptible to others,
 not so manifest to herself, and consequently, with all
 ve for Christ and His, there were questionings and
 within.

this stage of her christian experience it is that we find
 out to be removed for a while from her christian sup-
 for in reality her friends were this to her, and in re-
 nt was about to learn, that the prosperity of the soul, or
 in grace, is a question with which the soul has to do
 od alone, irrespective of those about us. Similar to
 sition was that of the Philippian believers, who had, in
 ercourse with, and by the help of the Apostle, witnessed
 ' *profession*, but being taken from them, we find him

exhorting them thus, "Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you."—That is, now thrown upon yourselves and the Lord alone see that you continue to "work out" or *evidence* your salvation as plainly as when I was with you, counseling and advising you.

Day after day passed, and Annie, in expectation of the starting hour, was busily occupied in visiting her friends and in packing up her wardrobe and her books, "for," thought she, "although I shall be greatly delighted with the change of scenery, I shall need variety. Besides, how delightful it will be to sit by the waterfall, under the foliage of some luxuriant tree, and read my favourite books, with other descriptive of the scenes, by which I may be surrounded."

At length the wished-for day came, and the conveyance which was to remove the luggage came, was loaded, and was soon on its way to the rail-road, upon which it was to be borne to the distant port, where it was to be shipped for conveyance to a neighbouring Isle, in one of the most beautiful spots of which they were to spend the vacation fortnight.

At length the second conveyance, which was to carry the family, rattled to the door. But Annie had been some time waiting, and was now hurrying on the rest to depart. Her father, who had been some time giving orders, at last came and when all were in the carriage, Annie was the first to utter the well known sentence, "all's right," and on they went.

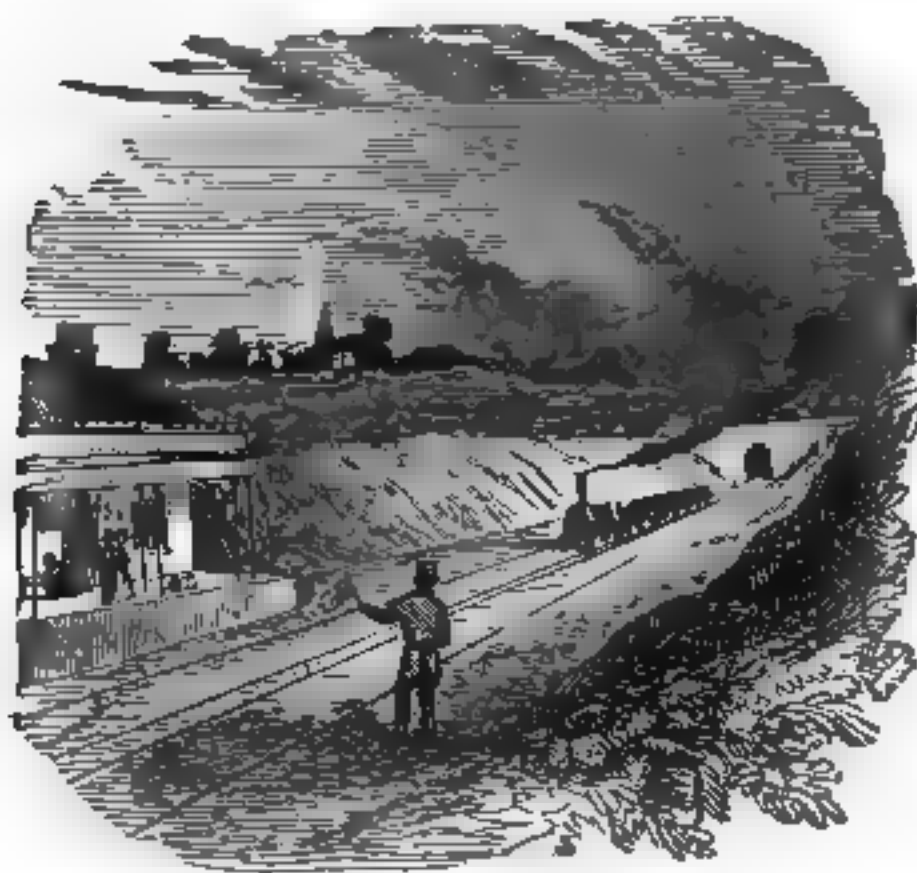
To be drawn by horses, was to Annie a frequent and pleasant pastime, but to be drawn by a steam engine upon an iron road was a very serious matter to her. She had

ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

ver, as yet, thus travelled, and the frequent reports she had heard of accidents happening in connection with it, made her less inclined than ever to be a rail-road passenger. But the poet says—

“ Example strikes all human hearts.”

reaching the station, and beholding the numbers who,



th anything but serious aspects, were about to avail themselves of that mode of conveyance, her fears forsook her, and she, for the first time in her life, was soon seated in a first class carriage, upon one of the most busy lines of England.

As yet the train remained still, and Annie amused herself by witnessing the hurry of the passengers in their anxiety to get to their places, and the unconcerned manner with which the por-

ters rendered them assistance ; but by and by a deep toned bell rang, and immediately the hissing noise, caused by the steam issuing from the safety valve, ceased, and the engine gave unmistakeable signs of motion, sending forth noises with which our young traveller was wholly unacquainted. This, in a measure, re-awakened her former fears, which were considerably heightened by the recollection, that the guard had, a few minutes before, locked the carriage door. Now, thought she, if an accident happen, we cannot escape. But the train once in motion, and getting familiar with the singular noises issuing from the engine, she was once more calm and collected, and began to remark upon the objects they passed in their rapid transit, but so quickly as to forbid more than a remark before another object presented itself. On and on they went, and after passing station after station going through tunnels and under bridges, which *really* startled her, they reached the port, where embarking in a steamer, they continued their course to the retreat.

As the vessel steered on its course down the noble river she was delighted at beholding on its banks, here a noble man's mansion, and there a mouldering Abbey,—here a country farm house, and there the labourers' cottages,—and indeed every sort of rural scenery. But what struck her most, was the calm repose which seemed to reign over all. She had been accustomed to the very reverse : and now she would have lingered on the views before her, were she not urged forward, not only by the gallant steamer, but by a secret impulse to *rest* among such scenery as she imagined could not but environ the retreat.

The river cleared, the sea presented itself to her admiring view. This was again truly novel to Annie. She had before *seen nothing but the river or the canal.* And even now

ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

with all its novelty, the striking effect produced by a first gaze on the sea was, in a measure lost, as the Island is in so close approximation to the main land, that the shores of each are, at the same time, discernible. But its deep blue rolling waters were intensely interesting to her, and she repeated, with lively sensations, that verse of the noble poet:—

“ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

Having disembarked, an open carriage was in readiness to convey them forward. And now, in reality, rural scenery, the very opposite of what she had ever seen, began to unfold itself. It is a remarkable feature in connection with, and perhaps peculiar to, the Island through which they were travelling, that every quarter of an hour's ride entirely changes the scene, and casts it into a new form. The almost perpetual succession of hills and dales which cover it, creates such a variety of breaks and openings, that the eye of the traveller is continually entertained with new and surprising landscapes of Nature's exquisite painting. Here the love of novelty and variety, so natural to the mind of man, is most highly gratified, and that by only changing one's position. The encircling sea, the towering cliffs, the tangled forest, the heaving mount, the shady valley, the barren heath, the fruitful fields, and the rippling streamlet, *all pass before one with even more effect than as if viewing*

the rapid changes of the dissolving views. This peculiar was soon recognised and duly appreciated by our youth traveller, and with joy, dilating her countenance, and beaming in her eyes, she continued to remark, as they passed onward upon the lovely and striking scenery around, making frequent reference to the guide-book she held in her hand for names and particulars. So unused to country sights every one of them she now saw was interesting to her; and what the frequent traveller would overlook, she minutely scanned. The hills which bound the view at a distance, the plantations, with the gamekeepers' cottages in the rear, and the stream flowing into the mill pond, were to her objects of increasing interest, and she remembered M. Hemans' lines—

“ The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there, the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.”

Nor was hers the senseless interest of mere childhood. She was the intellectual gaze of one whose eyes pierced deeper than the surface, and saw the handiwork of Him who by His creation raised with all its beauties by His omnipotent command, and she exclaimed with Cowper :

“ O nature ! whose elysian scenes disclose
His bright perfections, at whose word they rose,
Next to that power, who form'd thee and sustains,
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.”

DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

WHEN I was about six years old, one morning going to school, a ground squirrel ran into its hole in the road before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their heads to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple, used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "Ah, my fine fellow, I will soon have you out now,"

Just then I heard a voice behind me, "Well, my boy, what have you got in there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbours, a good old man with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters.

"Why," said I, "I have a ground-squirrel in here, and am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground-squirrel; and an old man like me came along and said to me—

'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would not you think I was cruel? God made that little squirrel, and life is sweet to it as it is to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?'

Said he, "I have never forgotten that, and never shall."

SIMPLICITY IN TEACHING.

never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this ; and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since. Now you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet.—How many little creatures has it saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

Now, I want all the dear little boys, when they read this, to keep it in mind ; and when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing or hunting their food, not to hurt them. Your heavenly Father made them, and he never intended them to be killed for fun. I am sure, when the blessed Jesus was a little boy, HE would not have killed such innocent creatures for fun, and every little boy should try to be as much like Jesus as he can. The Bible says, " Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

SIMPLICITY IN TEACHING.

TEACHERS should never be afraid of *simplicity* in teaching. "Milk for babes" is an apostolic injunction ; young children will find illustrations for themselves in the commonest things of life ; familiarity with such scholars need not be avoided.

A little girl, about five years of age, had been listening to a pious aunt read her the story of the raising of the widow's

son by Elijah ; the aunt pointed out the connection between the prayer of the prophet and the restoration of the child ; the little girl seemed to understand in her way the value of prayer. She said, " It is better than a pocket-handkerchief—it dries all our tears away ; it makes us feel as though we had no tears."

This may excite a smile. The use to be made of the anecdote, however, is this : that we need not be afraid of using very familiar objects in illustrating to children what we want them to understand ; they will not laugh at us.

Young children, too, can be logical ; they put two and two together sooner than we are apt to give them credit for—as thus a little boy, of between three and four, addressed his mother :—

" Mamma, isn't telling a story a lie ? "

" Yes."

" And isn't a fib a story ? "

" Yes, it is."

" Then a fib is a lie."

This infant had been thinking : he had been warned that a story was as bad as a lie ; he had heard it said that something was " only a fib ; " he had discovered that the " *only* " a fib was not truth. He applied to his guide, philosopher, and friend, his beloved mother, for assistance ; he had reflected, and in his own mind determined that a fib was a story, a story was a lie, and therefore a fib was one too ; his mother confirmed him in his opinion, and doubtless strengthened him in looking on a fib ever after as a thing to be avoided.

Such an instance should encourage us in this way. Sow the seed—it falls on *yielding* ground and will sink down, and *hereafter* will spring up, bearing good and precious fruit.

In Memory of
MARY CLARA RIPPON,

ONLY DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. GORDON RIPPON,
WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, AT VENTNOR, I. W.
MARCH 17TH, 1853, AGED FOUR YEARS AND SEVEN MONTHS.

*" Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ore
strength."—Psalm viii 2.*

GONE to thy Jesus gone! peaceful thy slumbers are!
Now mingling 'mongst the throng that Jesus' presence
Far from a world of strife—far from a world of pain,
Blest with eternal life, never to die again.

Brief was thy sojourn here, soon was thy life assailed,
Like the young morning's tear, by morning's glow exhaled,
So was thy life on earth, hardly hadst thou been given,
Ere the command came forth—" Mary ascend to heav'n

Thou wast thy parents' joy; thou wast their only child
Their precious darling toy, o'er which they hung and smiled;
But ah! the blow was given! they saw that thou must die,
And they resigned to heaven, what most they loved below.

Sweetly thou fall'dst asleep, upon thy mother's arm;
She gazed, but could not weep, upon thy lifeless form;
For well she knew thy spirit had gone to Jesus' breast,
For ever to inherit, His smiles amongst the blest.

Sadly we laid thee low, within the silent grave,
Near which the violets grow, o'er which the roses wave.
There rest, dear babe, and precious; sweet angels guard
And will, till they to Jesus Himself resign their trust.

*Brading Cemetery.

Newport, I. W.

A. M.

THE ALTAR OF LIBERTY.



THE ALTAR OF LIBERTY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The following pretty story is taken from "Autographs for Freedom," a small volume published by JOHN CASSELL, full of interest, as containing the utterances of thirty-six throbbing loving hearts, on the subject of slavery. We recommend our readers to purchase the volume for themselves.

It was a brisk, clear, metallic evening; the long drifts of snow blushed crimson red on their tops, and lay in shades of purple and lilac in the hollows; and the old wintry wind whistled shrewdly along the plain, tingling peoples' noses.

blowing open their cloaks, puffing in the back of necks, and showing other unmistakable indications that was getting up steam for a real boistering night.

"Hurra! how it blows!" said little Dick Ward, from top of the mossy wood-pile.

Now Dick had been sent to said wood-pile, in company with his little sister Grace, to pick up chips, and every body knows was in the olden time considered a wholesome and gracious employment, and the peculiar duty of a rising generation.

But said Dick, being a boy, had mounted the wood and erected there a flag-staff, on which he was busily waving a little red pocket-handkerchief, occasionally exhorting C
"to be sure and pick up fast."

"O yes, I will," said Grace; "but you see the chips got ice on 'em, and make my hands so cold."

"O! don't stop to suck your thumbs!—who cares for Pick away, I say, while I set up the flag of Liberty."

So Grace picked away as fast as she could, nothing doing but that her cold thumbs were in some mysterious manner an offering on the shrine of Liberty; while soon the handkerchief, duly secured, fluttered and snapped in a brisk evening wind.

"Now you must hurra, Gracie, and throw up your bonnet," said Dicky, as he descended from the pile.

"But won't it lodge down in some place in the wood-pile?" suggested Grace thoughtfully.

"O never fear; give it me, and just holler now, G
"Hurra for Liberty!" and we'll throw up your bonnet and my cap; and we'll play, you know, that we were a grand army, and I'm General Washington."

So Gracie gave up her little red hood, and Dick s

his cap, and up they both went into the air; and the children shouted, and the flag snapped and fluttered, and altogether they had a merry time of it. But then the wind—good-for-nothing, roguish fellow! made an ungenerous plunge at poor Gracie's little hood, and snipped it up in a twinkling, and whisked it off, off, off—fluttering and bobbing up and down, quite across a wide, waste, snowy field, and finally lodged it on the top of a tall strutting rail, that was leaning very independently, quite another way from all the other rails of the fence.

"Now, see; do see!" said Gracie; "there goes my bonnet! What will Aunt Hitty say?" and Gracie began to cry.

"Don't cry, Gracie; you offered it up to Liberty, you know; it's glorious to give up every thing for Liberty."

"O! but Aunt Hitty won't think so."

"Well, don't cry, Gracie, you foolish girl! Do you think I can't get it? Now, only play that that great rail was a fort, and your bonnet was a prisoner on it, and see how quick I'll take the fort, and get it!" and Dick shouldered a stick and started off.

"What upon 'arth keeps those children so long? I should think they were making chips!" said Aunt Mehetabel; "the fire's just a-going out under the tea-kettle."

By this time Gracie had lugged her heavy basket to the door, and was stamping the snow off her little feet, which were so numbed, that she needed to stamp to be quite sure that they were yet there.

"Gracie," said Aunt—"what upon 'arth! wipe your nose, child; your hands are frozen. Where alive is Dick? And what's kept you out all *this* time? And where is your bonnet?"

Poor Gracie sidled up into the warm corner where grandmamma was knitting, and began quietly rubbing and blowing her fingers, while the tears silently rolled down her cheeks as the fire made their former ache intolerable.

"Poor little dear!" said grandmamma, taking her hand in hers; "Hitty shan't scold you. Grandmamma knows you've been a good girl; the wind blew poor Gracie's bonnet away!"

"Mother always makes fools of Roxy's children," said Aunt, puffing zealously under the tea-kettle. "There's little maple sugar in that saucer up there, mother, if you will keep giving it to her," she said, still vigorously puffing. "And now, Gracie," when after a while the fire seemed in tolerable order, "will you answer my question? Where is Dick?"

"Gone over in the lot to get my bonnet."

"How came your bonnet off? I tied it on firm enough."

"Dick wanted me to take it off for him to throw up for Liberty," said Grace.

"Throw up for fiddlestick! Just one of Dick's cut-ups and you were silly enough to mind him!"

"Why, he put up a flag-staff on the wood pile, and a flag to Liberty, you know, that papa's fighting for," said Grace more confidently, as she saw her quiet, blue-eyed mother who had silently walked into the room during the conversation.

Grace's mother smiled, and said encouragingly, "And what then?"

"Why, he wanted me to throw up my bonnet, and he had a cap, and shout for Liberty; and then the wind took it and carried it off, and he said I ought not to be sorry if I did lose it; it was an offering to Liberty."

THE ALTAR OF LIBERTY.

so I did," said Dick, who was standing as straight as a ram behind the group; "and I heard it in one of my letters to mother, that we ought to offer up every year the Altar of Liberty! And so I made an Altar of chips."

"boy!" said his mother; "always remember every year your father writes. He has offered up everything on the Altar of Liberty, true enough; and I hope you, son, will do the same."

"if I have the hoods and caps to make," said Aunt Hitty, "I hope he won't offer them up every week—"

"Well, Aunt Hitty, I've got the hood; let me alone."

It flew clean over into the Daddy-ward pasture—there stuck on the top of the great rail; and I climbed at the rail was a fort, and besieged it, and took it."

"Yes, you're always up to taking forts, and everything that nobody wants done. I'll warrant, now, you left your pick up every blessed one of them chips!"

"Lying up chips is girl's work," said Dicky; "and fighting, and defending the country, is men's work."

"Pray, Mister Pomp, how long have you been a soldier?" said Aunt Hitty.

"I ain't a man, I soon shall be; my head is 'most up to my mother's shoulder, and I can fire off a gun too. I did the other day, when I was up to the store. Mother, you'd let me clean and load the old gun; so that, if war should come!"—

"if you are so big and grand, just lift me out that way," said Aunt Hitty, "for it's past supper-time."

"I rung, and had the table out in a trice, with an alder-leaf matter, and put up the leaves with quite an air."

His mother, with the silent and gliding motion characteristic of her, quietly took out the table-cloth and spread it, began to set the cups and saucers in order, and to polish the plates and knives, while Aunt Hitty bustled about the tea.

"I'll be glad when the war's over, for one reason," she said; "I'm pretty much tired of drinking sage-tea, for I know."

"Well, Aunt Hitty, how you scolded that pedlar last week, that brought along that real tea."

"To be sure I did! Suppose I'd be taking any of his tea, bought of the British? Fling every tea-cup in his face first!"

"Well, mother," said Dick; "I never exactly understood what it was about the tea, and why the Boston folks threw it overboard."

"Because there was an unlawful tax laid upon it, the Government had no right to lay. It wasn't much to itself; but it was a part of a whole system of oppressive measures, designed to take away our rights, and make us slaves of a foreign power."

"Slaves!" said Dicky, straightening himself up. "Father a slave!"

"But they would not be slaves! They saw clearly that it would all end, and they would not submit to it in even a little," said the mother.

"I would'nt, if I was they," said Dicky.

"Besides," said his mother, drawing him towards her, "it wasn't for themselves alone they did it. This is a free country, and it will be greater and greater; and it's important that it should have free and equal laws, because *it will, by-and-by, be so great.* This country, if it is

one, will be a light of the world—a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid; and all the oppressed and distressed from other countries shall come here to enjoy equal rights and freedom. This, dear boy, is why your father and uncles have gone to fight, and why they do stay and fight, though God knows what they suffer, and”—. And the large blue eyes of the mother were full of tears; yet a strong, bright beam of pride and exultation shone through those tears.

“There’s been something put on the Altar of Liberty, to-night, hasn’t there, Dick?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Dick; and looking up to his mother, he said, “But mother what have you put there?”

“I?” said the mother, musingly.

“Yes, you, mother; what have you given to the country?”

“All that I have, dears,” said she, laying her hands gently on their heads,—“My husband and my children!”



GOD COUNTS.—A plate of sweet cakes was brought in and laid upon the table. Two children played on the hearth-rug before the fire. “O, I want one of those cakes,” cried the little boy, jumping up as soon as his mother went out, and going on tiptoe toward the table. “No, no,” said his sister, pulling him back; “no, no; you know you must not touch.” “Mother won’t know it; she didn’t count them,” he cried, shaking her off, and stretching forth his hand. “If she didn’t, perhaps God counted,” answered the sister. The little boy’s hand was stayed. Yes, little children, be sure that God counts!

CHILDREN, REMEMBER IT.—A word once let fall, says a Chinese proverb, cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is the food of the soul, even as the mother's milk is for the nourishment of the child ; and you may not believe that the infant will grow without food, as it will grow in knowledge and grace without the Scripture.

Read both for instruction and for impression ; read actively, and with meditation ; pause and ponder as you go along. Neglect not the book of God for the books of men ; the latter may be read as interpreters, but not as substitutes for the former.

If you do not find the Bible so interesting to you as you expected and wished, still go on, it will grow to your acquaintance.

Nothing is so likely to keep up and to deepen religious impressions, as the serious perusal of the Scripture. Of two inquirers after salvation, he will be most likely to persevere and to grow in piety, who is most diligent in reading the Word of God. Do not be disheartened by finding much that you do not understand, there is much that you can understand.—*J. A.*

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TRIFLES ARE NOT TO BE DESPISED.—The nerve of a man is not so large as the finest cambric needle. will soon be driven to distraction. A mosquito can irritate an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which can sink a navy to foundry, is the work of worms. The warrior who has withstood death in a thousand forms, may be killed by a single insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from the perpetual continuance of petty pains. A chance look from a woman we love, often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed joy.



## Parkhurst Prison, ISLE OF WIGHT.

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" A mournful memory in my bosom stirs,—  
A recollection of the lovely Isle,  
Where, in the purple shadow of thy fire,  
Parkhurst! and gloomy in the summer's smile,  
STANDS THE CHILD'S PRISON! An interesting pile  
To the Philanthropist; to whom is dear  
The rescue, from their abject state and vile,  
Of youthful victims of a sad career."

## BUILDINGS OF INTEREST IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

How often it is that the eye of a stranger sees interest in that which one who lives near beholds with unconcern. I have been struck with this, in connection with the building on the other page. The lines there quoted show with what concern and interest it was viewed by one of the many thousand visitors, who yearly throng the "lovely Isle."

Some of my readers may have probably seen the gangs of convicts which inhabit the hulks, at the various ports of England. The "hulks," that is, old dismasted ships, laid up as unfit for further active service, to which these convicts are sent, previous to their being transported from the country. Their work, both on board and on shore, consists of every thing laborious and menial. They may have also seen the frowning walls of the city prisons, and the dark precincts of the castle fastnesses, where men are visited with various sorts of punishments. But this establishment stands out as being different from them all, as a reformatory, or juvenile prison, as it has been termed, from its being the receptacle for the younger class of offenders sentenced to transportation, but not actually transported.

The establishment at Parkhurst was commenced in the year 1838. It is situated nearly in the centre of the Island, about a mile and a half from Newport. It presents, altogether, an imposing appearance; and a portion of the buildings being placed upon a rising ground, it is visible for several miles round. The original building formed the hospital for the adjacent barracks, and was altered for occupation as a *prison in the year above mentioned*. In 1843, some exten-

sive additions were commenced, including a chapel, probationary ward, and residences for the schoolmasters, warders, and others, connected with the prison, at the cost of about £30,000.

The several buildings are of brick, with cement dressings, and the portions appropriated to the prisoners are surrounded with walls fifteen feet high. The entrance is through a rustic archway of Isle of Wight stone. The Governor's house is in the middle of the enclosure, underneath the clock tower. The prison occupies, with the various out-buildings, about eighty acres of land.

The employment of the prisoners is a very important feature of the Parkhurst system, where the best conducted boys are selected to learn the trades of brickmakers, bricklayers, tailors, shoemakers, sawyers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and many other useful professions. They have also a very liberal education, in order that they may, on their liberation, be enabled to obtain an honest subsistence.

Notwithstanding such kind treatment, seldom does a year pass but some of them endeavour to make their escape,—sometimes from within the walls, and at others whilst employed on the land adjoining the prison. In this they have always proved unsuccessful, for not being able to leave the Island, they have only wandered about for a night or so, helping themselves to the contents of any house they could enter without being seen, then owing to their peculiar dress, “P.P.” being a very distinctive mark thereon, they have been detected and returned to the prison. Now, a military guard is placed over them to prevent their escape.

It is a melancholy sight thus to see about six hundred youths between the ages of nine and eighteen, brought up, *it may be, in many cases, to every species of crime and vil-*

lany, thus so early excluded as pests from the society have injured, by the laws which they have bro  
Well may the writer, whose words we have already qu  
continue—

“ Alas! what inmates may inhabit there ?

Those to whose infant days a parent's roof  
In lieu of a protection, was a snare ;

Those from whose minds instruction held aloof,  
No hope, no effort made in their behoof ;

Whose lips familiar were with blasphemy  
And words obscene that mocked at all reproof.”

To show with what cunning they can perform their  
of pilfering, I may mention the circumstance of  
abstracting from the pocket of the Chaplain, when in  
act of addressing them, his handkerchief, unnoticed  
unsuspected.

In the summer of 1845, the Queen visited the pr  
with her suite, and Her Majesty was graciously please  
pardon, in person, two of the prisoners, one from  
division of the establishment. We will conclude our rem  
on this interesting place by finishing the quotation alr  
commenced, and with the writer fervently hope

“ The saved are there, who would have been the lost ;

The check'd in crime, who might have been the doom'd ;

The wild brier buds, whose tangled path was cross'd

By nightshade poison, trailing where they bloom'd !

The wreck'd, round whom the threatening surges boom'd,  
Borne in this like boat! far from peril's stress ;

The shelter'd, o'er whose heads the thunder loom'd ;

Convicts, (convicted of much helplessness,)

Exiles whom mercy guides through guilt's dark wilderness.

Near the prison is the grand military depôt, called *I  
hurst Barracks*, begun in 1798, on a portion of the fore

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## INTERESTING BUILDINGS, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Parkhurst, which, including the hospital and cemetery, covers about one hundred acres. It will accommodate from 1500 to 2000 men. For many years it was unoccupied, save only by the starlings, who chattered from roof to roof in their undisturbed domain, being preserved with much care by the then Barrack Master; but in the spring of 1842 it was again put in requisition for the reception of troops. The St. Helena regiment was lying here, into whose ranks many of the Islanders enlisted, previous to their being sent to the famous "rock of Napoleon," in the South Atlantic Ocean.

The situation is extremely airy and healthy, and the general accommodations are almost perfect. Soldiers intended for foreign service are generally sent here, as a spot convenient for embarkation, and being an Island, a safeguard against desertion.

With many christian soldiers lying here I have had from time to time happy converse. There are, you know, christian soldiers as well as christian civilians; but they have invariably mourned the hour when they forsook their homes, and in spite of remonstrances and persuasions, enlisted, many of them to see their parents no more. Dear readers, if you wish to be saved their distress of soul, and pangs of guilty conscience, never do as they did—*never enlist*.

A little nearer Newport, on the opposite side of the road, stands the House of Industry, also built upon a part of the Forest of Parkhurst. This is the Poor House for the whole of the Island, pursuant to an Act of Parliament obtained in 1770; an arrangement which served as the model of that portion of the New Poor Law Act which directed the amalgamation of parishes. Previous to this the poor of each parish were kept within the parish to which they belonged.

*It is a very large and commodious building, and occupies,*

with the ground adjoining, eight or nine acres, including the hospital and out-houses.

It has been my lot, with a brother in the Lord, frequently to visit the patients in the hospital, and the inmates of the house, and many have been the warm welcomes we have received from the poor, the blind, the sick, and the dying within its walls ; and many a time have we heard, in broken accents, the dying testimony to the preciousness of Jesus from lips that had been wont to speak that name with unconcern.

One feels a peculiar sensation in visiting these receptacles of disease of every kind ; I shall not soon forget our first visit ; we ascended a flight of steps, when the porter attending opened a large door, within which was a screen to keep all draught from the room. We entered, and walking up to the centre of the room, we beheld, separated but by a small distance, about twenty beds ranged round the room, mostly occupied, with here and there the occupant seated thereon. Alas ! thought I, here are the sad effects of sin ;—here, the fruit of the fall.

After the temporary excitement, caused by such an unusual sight, had subsided, we addressed ourselves to one another, as opportunity served, and as helped of the Lord so to do, reading several portions of the Scriptures, not so loud as to disturb any one, but loud enough to be heard by several at a time. To some, suffering only in their members, we gave tracts, and others, in the last stages of disease, we solemnly reminded of their near approach to eternity and of the unalterable condition of that state upon which they were about to enter, adding, “ The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth from all sin.” Alas ! that I should be obliged to add, that all this was totally disregarded by some

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with respect to whom, we were frequently met with the reply, on enquiring for them, " They are gone : " ah ! dear readers, gone where ? O reckon not upon a death-bed repentance. There is no more necessary connection between a death-bed and repentance, than there is between a death-bed and hardened impenitency. " *Now is the accepted time.*"

It was within this building that Legh Richmond was engaged in that interesting conversation so sweetly narrated by him in his " Visit to the Infirmary," where the happy old man, who was sinking under mortification of the leg, said to him, in answer to the question " How are you my friend ? " " Very well, sir, very well, never better in all my life."

" Very well ? " exclaimed the pious Richmond in surprise ; " I thought from what I heard, you were in much pain and weakness ? "

" Yes, sir, that is true," replied the old man ; " but I am very well for all that ; for God is so good to my soul, and he provides everything needful for my body ; the people in the house are very kind, and friends come to see me, and talk and pray with me ; sir, I want for nothing, but more grace to praise the Lord for all his goodness ! "

Well may Legh Richmond express himself thus at the close of the conversation. " Here is a poor man that is very rich, and a weak man that is very strong." Many of a kindred spirit have occupied these rooms since then.

Another building I must mention, within the boundary of Newport, called the Grammar School, which is invested with interest, not only from its antiquated appearance, but also as having been the place chosen for the memorable conference between Charles I. and the Commissioners appointed *by the Parliament to meet him on the occasion in 1648.* It



## INTERESTING BUILDINGS, ISLE OF WIGHT.

is situated on the left hand side of the street leading to the Cowes road, and a short time since was thoroughly repaired.

The apartment made celebrated by the conference is the School-room of the establishment. It is a large room, about fifty feet long. In this place the last effort of the unhappy monarch to save his crown and life was artfully prolonged during the space of two months ; none of his council being permitted to attend, and although he had alone to contend with the fifteen members of both houses of parliament, all of them men of the greatest capacity, "yet," says the historian, "no advantage was ever obtained over him." This conference only resulted in, at first, the king's being allowed a little more liberty, and ultimately, to his being sent, first, to Hurst Castle, on the opposite shore, and then to the block, where, uttering these words, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place," he died by the axe of the executioner.

A plaster bust of the ill-fated monarch adorns the front of this venerable pile.

These, dear readers, are the only buildings to which I can now draw your attention. There are many more in the Island, which, as opportunities offer, I may tell you about. 'Tis well to know these things, but O! these are but as trifles compared with the knowledge of Him, whom to know, is life eternal. May you all know Him ; and may the building described in the second verse of the fourteenth chapter of John's gospel, be your eternal home.—

"Where happier flowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin, nor sorrow know."

*Newport, I. W.*

A. MIDLANE.



MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

(AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,")

ON LITTLE CHILDREN.

cold winter morning, I looked into a milliner's shop, where I saw a hale, hearty, and well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart whip, and a lion shag holding up some little matter, and turning it about in his fist. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's hood! A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swan's down as white as the frill of rich blond around the edge. By the door stood a very pretty woman, holding, with no small care, the baby, for evidently it was the baby. As one could tell the fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, at the little hood, and then at the large, blue, unconcealed eye, and fat, dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was plain that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before. 'But really, Mary,' said the young man, 'is not the collar very high?' Mary very prudently said nothing.

but taking the hood, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked and grinned, and without another word, down went the three dollars (all the last week's butter came to), and as they walked out of the shop, it is hard to say which of the two looked the most delighted with the bargain. 'Ah,' thought I, 'a little child shall lead them.' Ah, these children!—little witches!—pretty even in all their thoughts and absurdities!—winning even in their sins and iniquities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit; he has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes, the fair brow is bent in a frown, the rose-leaf is pushed up in infinite defiance, and the white shoulder thrust naughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty even in its naughtiness? Then comes the instant change; flashing smiles and tears—as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses. They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen; and tumble about his papers; make somersets over his books; and what can he do? They tear up newspapers; litter the carpets; break, pull, and upset, and then jabber their unintelligible English in self-defence; and what can you do for yourself? 'If I had a child,' says the precise man, 'you should see!' He does have a child; and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing. He is like everybody else: 'a little child shall lead him!' Poor little children, they bring and teach us human beings more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of new and higher feeling. How often does the mother repay this by doing

her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been. The hardened heart of the worldly man is touched by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son, but he repays it in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks and hard ways, and callous maxims which have undone himself. Go to the jail—the penitentiary—and find there the wretched, most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate; that rough voice was tender and lisping; fond eyes followed as he played: and he was rocked as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unknown, might have been opened to questions of his Maker, and been sealed with the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized it, and all is over with him for ever. So of the tender, weeping child—he is made the callous, heartless man; of the sneering sceptic—of the beautiful and modest, the shameless and abandoned—and this is what the world does for the little. There was a time when the Divine One stood upon the earth, and little children sought to draw near him. But harsh human beings stood between him and them; forbidding their approach. Ah, has it not always been so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feeling, our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims, stand like a dark screen between our child and its Saviour, and keep, even from the choice bud of our heart, the radiance which might unfold it for Paradise? ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,’ is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When of old, *disciples* would question their Lord of the *higher mysteries of his kingdom*, he took a child and set

## TOUCHING.

him in the midst as a sign of him who would be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. That gentle teacher still acts the little child in the midst of us! Wouldst thou know, parent, what is that faith which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics, or creeds, or forms of theology, but draw to thy bosom thy little one, read in that clear and trusting eye the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done. Blessed shalt thou be indeed—'a little child shall lead thee.'"

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## TOUCHING.

MR. S——, whose residence is next to mine, had a son six years of age last winter, and we a daughter of the same age. So fond were the children of each other's society, that the commands of the parents were all that prevented them from being in each other's company both night and day. About a month since the boy was attacked with the scarlet fever and soon after died. The next day I took our "Fanny"—who mourned, and mourned deeply, her loss—to see the remains of her former playmate. I think I never saw mental agony so strongly depicted in one so young; until, after gazing perhaps a minute at the remains, she turned calmly to Mrs. S——, and, with a tremulous voice, asked her if she might "pray for poor Willie," but without waiting for answer she knelt beside a chair, and with clasped hands and eyes turned heavenward, recited audibly the Lord's Prayer. There were about a dozen persons present; but not one with unmoistened eyes. Friend Clark, that child is *loved*; but with all the love her parents bear her, I cannot believe she *is loved on earth as she is loved in Heaven.*

## E SHOES AND THE TWO DOLLARS.

Englishman, of from eighteen to twenty years of age, was pursuing his studies in Lausanne, walked out in the environs of the city, with professor Durand, by the name of the "student's friend."

Walking onward together, Durand endeavouring to turn conversation to serious subjects, they saw a pair of shoes lying by the road side, belonging, as they supposed, to some peasant, labouring in an adjacent field.

The young man turned to the professor, with the words, "Let us play the man a trick! We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind the bushes yonder, to watch him, and his embarrassment, when he finds that they are

gone," replied the professor, "we should never be ourselves merry at the expense of the poor. You are young and, therefore, able to procure, both for yourself and this poor man, a far higher pleasure. Place a dollar in each shoe, and then we will conceal ourselves." They obeyed, and both withdrew behind the neighbouring rough wall which they could conveniently observe the motions of the man, and hear his exclamations of joy and contentment.

The peasant had soon finished his work, and now walked from the field to the road side, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he was drawing on his coat, he slipped his foot into one of his shoes; he felt something hard underneath, stooped down, and found the dollar. Wonder and contentment were painted upon his face; he looked at the money, turned it over and over, and gazed at it again and

again. He now glanced around on every side, but he saw no one. He then put the dollar in his pocket, and began to draw on the other shoe ; but how great was his amazement, on finding a second dollar.

Overcome by his emotions, he fell upon his knees, raised his eyes toward heaven, and exclaimed :—“ Oh, Lord, my God ! it is true, then, that thou dost not forsake those who trust in thee. Thou knewest that my children had no bread, that my wife was lying sick, and that I looked around in vain for help and succour. Oh, heavenly Father, thou hast sent me this aid, by some benevolent hand, that my needs might be relieved. Oh, may my soul recognize thy merciful kindness, and may I manifest my gratitude to thee for my life long ! But do thou, great Recompenser of all good deeds, bless with thy richest blessings, the instrument of thy benevolence and compassion !”

The young man stood silent, lost in deep emotion, and his eyes were filled with tears. “ Well,” said Durand, “ are you not now better pleased than you would have been, if you had hidden the poor man’s shoes ?”

“ Ah my excellent and dear professor,” replied the young man, “ you have taught me a lesson which I shall never forget ; and I now feel the true worth and meaning of the words, which, until this day, I have never rightly understood. ‘ To give is better than to receive.’ We should never approach the poor, except with the wish to benefit them.”

*Observe.*—It is very fortunate for young people, when they have at their side an upright friend, such as professor Durand was to the young Englishman, to warn them from that which is evil, and admonish them, on the other hand *to that which is good.* . But suppose, dear reader, thou hadst

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## TALK TO VERY YOUNG READERS.

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ble companion with thee—lo! thy conscience will, in  
es, do thee this service, if thou wilt but regard its  
and follow its counsel.

*erve.*—It is a source of true gratification and delight  
ble to be a helper and benefactor to the truly needy  
ffering, especially when unseen and unobserved; and  
become an instrument, in the hands of God, for the  
nd happiness of our fellow-men.

*erve.*—Genuine confidence in God, at prayer and  
will never be put to shame. He often appears,  
we are prepared, and showers his bounty upon us,  
ectedly. But a heart that trusts in Him, is grateful  
hen it has been blessed with the divine aid, and does  
like those nine lepers, who, when cleansed of their  
, returned not to give glory to God, but forgot their  
and physician.

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## TALK TO VERY YOUNG READERS.

### HAVE EVERYTHING IN PLACE.

be in place yourselves. This is needed in order to  
things go right. If one of the little wheels of a watch  
t of place, the others cannot move well. So if you  
in a proper place, things will be in a bad state. God  
Adam out of place one time when He visited the gar-  
Eden. He had sinned, and then hid away among  
es. God had to call him and say, "Where art thou?"  
a good prophet of God, once got out of place. A  
woman said she would kill him, and he went out of  
untry. *There was no need of it, as God would have*



prevented her doing him any harm. He went two or three hundred miles on foot and hid in a cave. God called to him and said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" He was not doing good there, and had to go back again.

You would be out of place if you should go into the orchards belonging to other men, and take apples or fruit without leave. You would be out of place if you should be at play or idling away your time on the Sabbath. You would be if you should disobey your parents or teachers at school. You would also if you should quarrel with your brothers, or sisters, or mates. Also if you should lie, or speak wicked words, or use any profane language. Finally, if one does wrong in any way, that one is out of place, and things with him and about him will go badly till he gets in the right place again.

It is beautiful in a house to see all the furniture in its place. So in a store, how nice it is to have a place for everything, and everything in its place. And so it is every where else. This, orderly people like. But God likes as well, yes, far better, to see men, women and children in place.—There was once a good man named Gideon; God chose him, with a few men, to punish a great many wicked people. All of Gideon's men stood in their proper places, and did just as they were told to do, and they prospered in the best manner.

Now will you try to keep in your proper places? Will you be good and do nothing but what is right?

If you try hard, you will do it. You will find a good way in which to live, and at death God will take you to a good place, which he has fitted up for those who have lived well.



BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.



PILGRIM FINDS HIS ROLL.

IT was fast coming on, and Pilgrim needed special art to keep fear out of his heart. But hope had left and there was darkness in his soul when there ought to have been light. How he did chide himself for being so foolish as to fall asleep in a place that was erected only for a refreshment of his weariness! When he came to the door, the very sight of it renewed his sorrow and shame at idle sleep in the day time, and in the very midst of duty, when all his wakefulness was required. Alas!

Oh, that I should have to tread those steps with weariness, and thrice over, which I might have trodden but *and with delight!* Oh that I had not slept! Oh that

God would have mercy on me! And now the fifty-first Psalm came into his mind, and he cried out with David, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." But oh, thought Pilgrim, without my roll I shall never have the heart to speak to another person as long as I live. What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh that God would have mercy upon me! Oh that I knew where I might find him! Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. Well nigh given up to despair, Pilgrim was sitting himself down to weep, disconsolate and broken-hearted, when, as kind providence would have it, looking through his tears beneath the settle, there he espied his roll, and with what trembling eager, haste did he catch it up and secure it again in his bosom! Oh, who can tell how joyful he was when he had gotten his roll again? And now returning thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, Pilgrim with gladness betook himself again to his journey. But he had lost a great deal of time, and it was now growing dark. Just then he began to think of what Mistrust and Timorous had told him about the lions, and he said within himself, these beasts range abroad in the night for their prey, and if they should come this way before I can reach the end of my journey, how can I escape being torn to pieces. Perhaps they are lurking behind that bush; I fancy there is something frightful there? However he went on. And as he went troubling himself with all sorts of fears, there suddenly rose before him like a dream, a very stately palace, close by the highway side, which being within the walls of salvation, and directly where he must pass by, *he knew to belong to the Lord of the way, or at any rate*

that the Pilgrims would there be welcome. Now if he could only get to that palace and be lodged there, he would care but little for the lions. (He had not seen them yet.) But as he went forward towards the narrow passage which led up to the gate, there the lions were, sure enough, grim and terrible! He was just thinking of running away, when the



porter cried out to him, and told him not to be a coward, that the lions were chained, and were suffered to be there to try the faith of pilgrims, if they had any, and to discover if they had none. Pilgrim's heart was greatly encouraged at this, but still he went on trembling and afraid, and keeping to the middle of the path; and though he heard the lions roar on him, yet they did him no harm. When he got past them, without their laying hold on him, he clapped his hands, and made haste up to the porter at the entrance to the *Palace Beautiful*. May I lodge here to-night? said he.

## DEATH.

So he was told that the Lord of the hill himself had built this house for the relief and security of Pilgrims. The porter asked Pilgrim several questions, as, who he was, where he came from, what was his name, whither he was going, and why he came so late, to all which Pilgrim gave truthful replies, especially the last, confessing his sinful, sorrowful sleep.

We leave Pilgrim for a little, just to say to our readers, that they must not expect to gain heaven without labour. And is not heaven worth labouring for? And is it not the part of wisdom to say, "I expect difficulties, and I mean by God's grace not to be discouraged when I meet with them. They are the very means which God must use for my discipline. And as to the dangers in the road, the best way to deal with them, is to come right boldly up to them. If we stand afar off, and tremble, they will seem much more terrible than they are. If we march right on, confiding in Christ, we shall always find that the lions are chained, and can only roar at us, and do no harm." At all events it is better to go forward with heaven in view, than to return to the City of Destruction.



DEATH.—Death, to those unaccustomed to witness it, and more especially the death of one we love and have long associated with, has a stunning, stupefying effect upon the mind; we cannot immediately believe, or *understand*, as it were, that the object we so lately saw move, however slightly—heard breathe, however faintly—is at once silent and motionless for ever.—*Poole*.

They never find God, who seek him only by reason and *speculation*.

## THE HINDOO'S OBJECTIONS TO CHRISTIANITY BRIEFLY STATED AND ANSWERED.

*Objection.* God is without form, we cannot worship Him if we have nothing to look at. We must have some visible object to direct the mind.

*Answer.* It is true that God is without form ; that no man hath seen Him, or can see Him ; why then make a figure to represent God, when, as you have just admitted, He has no visible shape ? You do nothing by this but mislead yourselves ; many of your images are extremely ugly, so ugly that no imagination could conceive of uglier shapes ; others are filthily, and most disgustingly obscene. Are you so void of common sense, to say nothing of reverence for your Maker, as to suppose that a sight of an image, or picture, like those which are to be found in your temples and houses, can assist you to worship a Holy God ? Many of you know better ; your consciences tell you these images and pictures do not represent any being who deserves homage at your hand.

*Objection.* We do not regard the inferior deities we are accustomed to worship as God : we only make the same use of them in our worship, as we make in our business affairs of the Rajah's Prime Minister. We must first get him on our side, or we are sure to be defeated in our wishes.

*Answer.* If the Rajah, whom you wished to visit, had proclaimed his willingness for all to approach him with their petitions and requests in person, you would not think of asking any one to procure an audience for you. This is the fact in this instance. You are now actually in God's pre-

sence ; you will never be more in his presence than you are at this moment ; there is no creature between you and your Maker. Tell Him at once the trouble of your spirit. You need not travel to Benares, Pooree, or Bhudruch, to find God ; he is near you always, and will not allow sinners like yourselves to stand as mediators between Him and His suppliant creatures. There is a mediator, but it is the Son of God. Jesus of whom you have often heard. “ He is able to save, to the very uttermost, all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.”

*Objection.* The water of the Ganges runs northward, and then southward, proving that it is alive, and worthy of being worshipped.

*Answer.* This notion is born of your ignorance and superstition. The water of the Ganges itself, no more possesses the power thus to flow, and then to ebb, than the substance of a mountain possesses the power to transport itself to another part of the world. Moreover, many other rivers besides the Ganges rise and fall in the same manner. And even in this famous and grand river of yours, this movement does not obtain further than about 300 miles from the sea. At Nuddea, and higher up towards the mountain range, the Ganges only flows downwards. It is a majestic object, but it owes its existence to that power which created the ant, which gave the Bulbul his song, the rose its fragrance, and the sun his glory. 'Tis no more divine than is the grass which fringes its banks. All creatures have their being in God.

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There is no pleasure equal to the remembrance of having done a benevolent action.

Always consider before you speak, and much of sorrow and shame will be spared you.

## MY SAVIOUR.

### MY SAVIOUR.

Who left his shining throne on high,  
That he might suffer, bleed and die,  
To raise poor children to the sky?

My Saviour!

Who in a manger laid his head,—  
A babe within a humble shed,  
While horned oxen round him fed?

My Saviour!

Who bore the taunts of cruel men  
With meekness all his days—and when  
Reviled, reviling not again?

My Saviour!

Who for our sakes maintained a fight,—  
Singly, with hell and all its might,—  
And satan's forces put to flight?

My Saviour!

Who when the world had sunk in sleep,  
Bent his tired course to mountains steep,  
His nightly vigils there to keep?

My Saviour!

Who in the garden poured his soul  
To heaven—his sufferings to controul,—  
While gory drops adown him roll?

My Saviour!

Who hung upon the cross and cried,  
“ 'Tis finished,”—bowed his head,—died—  
That justice might be satisfied?

My Saviour!

Who in the grave Death's subject lay  
Until the third,—the appointed day,—  
Then burst its bands, and rose away?

My Saviour!

Who intercedes for us above,  
Presents our prayers with gracious love,  
And sends us *the celestial dove*?

My Saviour!



## TOO OLD TO BEND.

And shall I thy dear name deride,  
And pierce afresh thy wounded side,  
With cruel sins, and stubborn pride?  
My Saviour!

O guide me, Jesus, lest I stray;  
Lead me in wisdom's pleasant way,  
Safe to the evening of life's day.  
My Saviour!

Then when my pilgrimage shall end,  
O may I, while I near thee bend,  
Hail thee Redeemer, Brother, Friend,  
And Saviour!

*Kettering.*

S. A. LEATHERBA

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## TOO OLD TO BEND.

SOME years ago, a gentleman in one of the southern states of America had a wild, reckless son. He had long passed the age when the rod is deemed necessary to insure obedience; but one day, after some great offence, the father resolved to whip him. The youth submitted, but after receiving the chastisement, quietly turned to the parent, and pointing to a tree near the door, said:—

“Father, I wish you would bend that tree for me.”

Surprised, the father answered,—

“Why, what do you mean?”

“Can't you do it?” said the son.

“No, of course not.”

“You could have done it once, Father,—and so it is with me; there was a time when you could bend me to your will, *it is too late now.*”

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## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

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## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

"God made the *country* and man the *town*;  
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts  
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught  
That life holds out to all, should most abound,  
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?"

COWPER.

A most delightful ride of some miles, Annie, with her father and mother, drew near to the entrance of the grounds, the midst of which stood the habitation to which they were travelling. Here they all alighted, and leaving the carriage to go the carriage-road to the house, took the winding foot-path which led to the same place.

The grounds were very extensive, and were laid out in a simple, natural, and because so, in a very attractive style. as the *Poet says*,

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## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

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“Great Nature scorns control: she will not bear  
One beauty foreign to the spot or soil  
She gives us to adorn; 'tis ours alone  
To mend, *not change*, her features.”

Little Annie now seemed in a new world. No noise save the singing of the birds, the gentle humming of the bee, or the louder buzz of the hornet; and the sea, when although at some distance, blended its murmurs with the general harmony. No commotion save that of the countless multitudes of the gaudy inhabitants of the air. No haste or hurry, save the linnet or the goldfinch attending on their young, whose nests among the branches were often visited, and even these sweet creatures seemed rather pleased with the visit of the party than otherwise, and allowed their near approach, which exceedingly gratified Annie, who noted the contrast both in appearance, manner, and song of the lovely warblers in their own proper natural element and condition, to those confined within the iron bars of a cage, and she almost involuntarily exclaimed,—

“Oh! who would keep a little bird confined,  
When cowslip-bells are nodding in the wind;  
When every branch as with ‘good morrow’ rings,  
And heard from tree to tree the blackbird sings.  
Ah! who would keep a little bird confined  
In his cold wiry prison?—Let him fly,  
And hear him sing ‘How sweet is liberty!’”

All save this was calm, serene, and placid.

Frequently were the little party, in following the footpath, completely shaded by the rich foliage of the trees and evergreens which overhung it, and as frequently did they emerge, resting their eyes upon some new beauty, or upon *some before unnoticed object*.

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## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

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le Annie was now free to confess that all her ideas  
ing the beauty of nature had fallen far, very far short  
reality. She had imagined that it was lovely, she  
oved it to be enchanting, and she wondered at her  
at indifference when singing that beautiful hymn of  
atts's :—

“ Nature with open volume stands  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,  
And *every* labour of His hands  
Shows something worthy of a God !”

asked her parents to join with her in singing it  
and the sweet sounds of their united voices were soon  
above all the harmony surrounding them.

w more steps brought them to the “ Retreat,”—

“ Gem of seclusion ! treasure of the vale !”

trance was adorned by a rustic porch, festooned with  
nd myrtle, which had grown to an extent unknown  
ie or her parents, and called forth many expressions  
rise and delight.

ie, though in no wise tired of out-door scenery, now  
desire to inspect the apartments in which she was  
o take up her residence and spend, if not the most  
appy, the most novel fortnight of her life.

cottage was rather elevated in the front, yet so  
was the surface of the ground upon which it was  
l, that a large bank of earth at the back of it had to  
into in order to make way for the completion of the  
g, so that the thatched roof of this part of the cottage  
met the ground. and afforded suitable accommodation  
*evergreens and vines which adorned its surface and*

yielded a bountiful produce. In the front of it, large spreading trees were intersected with shrubs, with here and there, bespangling the lawn, sweet patches of geraniums, fuschias, cloves, and other fragrant flowers, planted so as to form various characters and devices, making the lawn everything which could be desired.

Beyond the fence of the garden, in the front, all was romantic and rugged. A hoarse cataract murmured its course in the midst of it, passing immediately under the sweetly situated bower, and adding its tribute to the mighty deep, which, through the trees, might be seen at a distance throwing its surges upon the shore, and bearing upon its expansive surface the incoming and outgoing treasures of the world.

Annie's bed-room was in the front of the house, with its windows opening upon the lawn. This was by her, soon set in order. Her bible and hymn-book were placed upon the little table by her bed-side; as also were the few other books she had brought with her. She also arranged her wardrobe, and unpacked what she had brought from her own bed-room, so that it soon presented, in its internal arrangements, a mirror of her own. Every thing being in order she knelt beside her cottage bed for the first time, and with a thankful heart praised her heavenly Father, through Jesus for all His mercies vouchsafed to her during her journey, and earnestly besought grace to keep her mind from being absorbed upon earthly things; but that now being free from all outward engagements, she might find her soul refreshed by undisturbed meditation upon His love.

She then inspected the other rooms. In the study there was a considerable number of volumes, but as she had supplied herself with all she judged needful, she merely

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## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

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osity, just glanced at their titles and withdrew ;  
ared that those who selected the library were not  
loved the Saviour, and she ejaculated a prayer,  
night not be tempted to peruse any of them,  
ard of the evils connected with novel reading.  
l she revisit the library.

the writer may be allowed here to remark, that  
g, viz., novel reading, has sapped the foundation  
and honesty in many, many a youth, who have  
y and the hour, when he or she had fallen into  
g temptation. Never then yield to this precursor  
able ills ! NEVER, NEVER !

now rang for tea, which, owing to the confusion  
, had been delayed very much beyond the usual  
nie immediately prepared to meet her father and  
the tea-table, but not until she had plucked a  
out of her chamber window, and placed it in her  
for," said she, " every thing here is *natural*, and  
al flowers can possibly be endured." These, in  
had almost begun to dislike, as being such ex-  
poor substitutes for their fragrant country-grown

ents were delighted with the altered appearance  
ttle treasure. There was a robustness and fresh-  
her, unknown before, so that her cheeks, from a  
, now bore some faint resemblance to the rose  
rated her bosom.

wing-room was delightfully situated on the first  
e front of the cottage, with glass folding doors

the lawn, shaded by a rustic verandah running  
length of the building. It was their intention  
day to take tea upon the lawn, with nought but

the foliage of the trees and the blue canopy of the heaven above them ; but this being their first evening at the treat, they chose rather to tea within doors, that the change in their residence and circumstances might not be so sudden as in the least degree to affect them to their hurt.

The glass doors were thrown open, and as they opened to the west, they let in the last rays of the sun, which had but a little time longer to shine, ere he set in the distant ocean. This was a glorious spectacle ! A profusion of exquisite colours adorned the sea-bound horizon, and seemed to pave the pathway of the sun in his descending career, reflecting more or less upon the whole expanse of waters beneath. Rapt with the sublimity of the scene, they sat gazing with increasing delight. At length Annie's father asked his little girl to repeat the favourite lines of Dr. Watts on the setting sun, and in thus expressing his wish, he only anticipated the desire of his daughter to repeat them, and she began,

“ How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun !  
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,  
And there followed some droppings of rain ;  
But now the fair traveller comes to the west,  
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;  
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,  
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,  
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,  
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,  
And travels his heavenly way.  
But now he comes nearer to finish his race,  
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,  
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,  
*Of rising in brighter array.”*

autiful figure," said her mother, who had listened to  
ughter, with her eyes fixed upon the setting sun.  
perfect the resemblance—all is peace, beauty, and  
lity—so let me die!"

t mother," said her daughter; "I have been reading  
irst Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians, where he  
That we which are alive and remain unto the coming  
Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For  
rd himself shall descend from heaven with a shout,  
e voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God:  
e dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are  
nd remain shall be caught up together with them in  
ids, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we  
with the Lord.' And I have thought that if the  
sun be glorious, how much more glorious will be  
ng 'Sun of Righteousness,' when He shall come to  
ired in his saints—He, who is the chiefest among  
ousand, and the altogether lovely: and if it be sweet  
asleep in Jesus, how much more delightful it will be  
se who will meet Him when He comes without  
asleep; and I have also thought, would that I were  
mong that number! as the beautiful poem expresses  
you lately taught me:—

'All bliss without a pang to shroud it!

All joy without a pain to cloud it!

Not slain, but caught up as it were,

To meet my Saviour in the air!

So would I go!

Oh, how bright were the realms of light

Bursting *at once* upon my sight."

s," replied her affected father, "How exceedingly  
ful for us all three, without being severed by death,  
aught up *to meet the Lord*! But see," he continued,



after awhile, "the sun has set, let us take a walk through the shrubbery, and retiring to rest earlier than usual, being in the country we must conform to the country custom of early retiring and early rising, we shall be the better able to-morrow to visit the cliffs and the sea-shore, which now would be too much for our already over exerted bodies."

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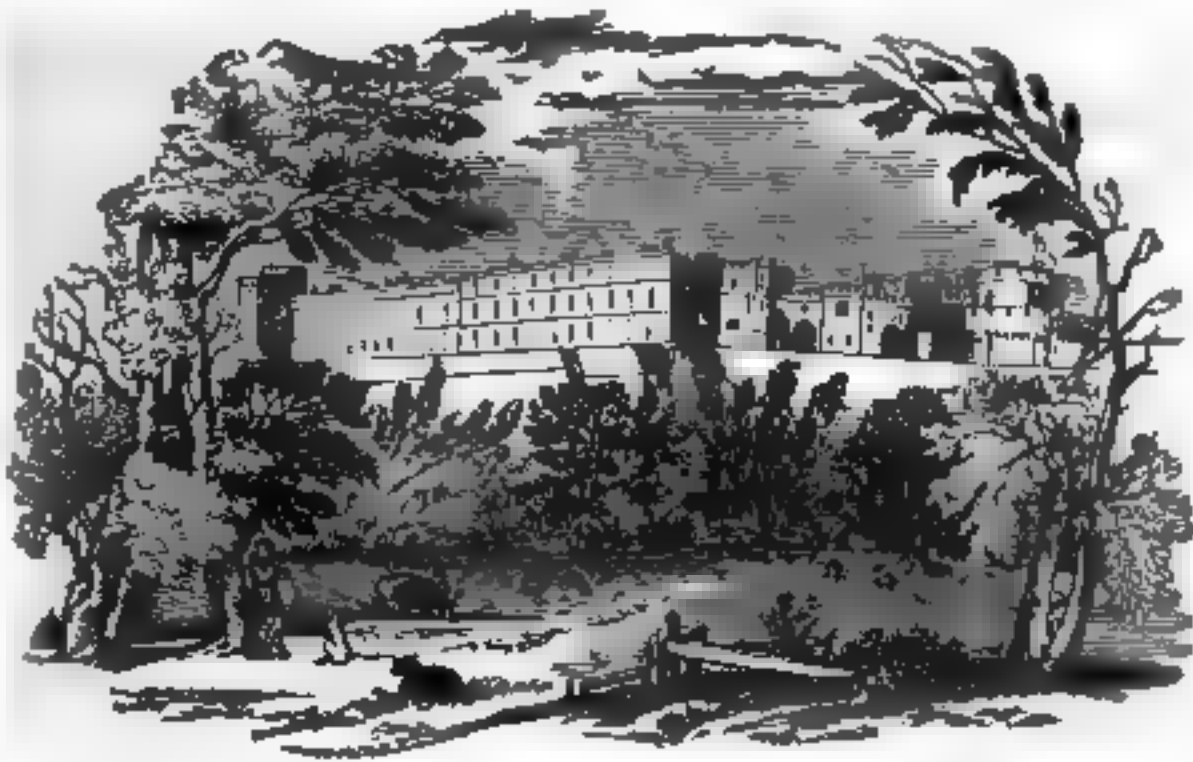
MORAL COURAGE.

ONE of the Female Scholars in our Sabbath School, ten years of age, was invited to a party, last Christmas: during the evening, *cards* were introduced, and the girl was invited to play, but instead of complying with the invitation she took up the Bible and read a chapter in the Gospel of Matthew. One of the party asked her if what she had read was true, and she replied, "Yes, it is true, it is the word of God." The cards were instantly thrown down, and would have been burnt if the master of the house had not interfered. On hearing the above from the girl's pious teacher, I took occasion to ask the little girl more particularly about the circumstance, and the present state of her own mind. She told me that before she came to the Sabbath School, she was very careless, and did not take any notice of what was said to her; but now she loves her friends dearly, but *Jesus* a great deal more; that she loves her Sabbath School, her pious teacher, and her class mates, and loves to read the word of God. She observed to one of her class mates, "You can't love Jesus too much."

N———n.

A SUPERINTENDENT

## WINDSOR CASTLE.



## WINDSOR CASTLE.

PERHAPS some of our readers have seen the splendid, occasional residence of our beloved Queen, Windsor Castle. But many have not. For the sake of those who have not seen it, or who know but little concerning it, we will write a brief history and description. It is distant twenty-two miles west from London. So long back as the days of the early Saxons, a castle stood at Old Windsor. Windleshora was then its name. William the Conqueror next built a far better structure on the present site. Here Henry I. held his court, and having enlarged the Castle with "many fair buildings," kept the festival of Whitsuntide with unusual solemnities in the year 1110. In the time of Stephen it was the second fortress in the kingdom, and underwent several changes of masters during the wars between the crown and the barons,

in the turbulent reigns of John and Henry III. Edward III. was born here, and extended the structure on a most expensive scale in 1356. William of Wykeham was the Architect; and it is recorded, that in one year 360 workmen were impressed to be employed at the King's wages—no very liberal remuneration we may be sure, when the architect himself had only a shilling a day. This was the last prison of that unfortunate monarch Charles I.

George III. dwelt for many years in a whitewashed house at the foot of his own palace, till he was persuaded at length to occupy the old Castle. George IV., soon after his accession, commenced some extensive improvements, and under the superintendence of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, it was thoroughly renovated, and in many portions rebuilt. With this brief notice of its history, let us now survey some of its prominent features.

The usual entrance is under Henry VIII.'s gateway, leading to the lower ward, and close to that magnificent specimen of gothic architecture, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL. Though this building and its decorations are pre-eminently beautiful, it is of a perfectly devotional character. The richly decorated roof, supported on clustered columns, the "storied windows," the banners and escutcheons of knights, and the massive floor of marble, all unite to produce a striking and impressive effect. Edward IV. is buried here, beneath that remarkable specimen of elaborate ingenuity, the iron tomb of Quintin Matsys, the artist-blacksmith of Antwerp; and in the opposite aisle, under a plain marble stone, Henry VI. is interred. Henry VIII. and Charles I. are entombed under the Choir, without any memorial; and there is a cenotaph, or empty tomb, by Wyatt, to the memory of the *Princess Charlotte*. At the foot of the altar is a subterraneous

communicating with the tomb-house, in which is the containing, amongst others, the remains of George Queen Charlotte, George IV., William IV., the York, Duke of Kent, and the Princesses Amelia, and Charlotte. The ROUND TOWER, with the royal coating from the summit, hence appears to great and twelve counties are within sight.

STATE APARTMENTS are unequalled in Europe for ce.

hing through the gothic porch at the north-west ie upper ward, we are led by a fine staircase to NCE CHAMBER, hung with tapestry, and embel- a painted ceiling. The PRESENCE CHAMBER, or is a spacious apartment, ninety feet long, thirty- and thirty-three feet high, opening at the southern St. George's Hall. The VANDYKE ROOM, com- e collection of the works of that eminent master, in number. The GUARD CHAMBER is very at- visitors, and is seventy-eight feet long, and thirty- gh. It contains Chantry's colossal bust of Nelson, the foremast of the *Victory*. The walls are de- h arms. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, with its portraits of our latest sovereigns, and the WATERLOO GAL- rially presenting the most eminent statesmen and inected with that decisive battle, are sure to en- sitor's attention. The other apartments are en- numerous paintings by the most distinguished

r possesses, perhaps, the finest vista of the kind d. It is called the LONG WALK, and extends incipal entrance of the castle to the top of a com- ill, called *Snow Hill*, a distance of three miles.

## THE SABBATH.

There is a splendid prospect at the end, affording a panoramic view of several memorable places, endeared by historical associations. Windsor Castle appears in all its massive grandeur beneath ; to the right is the Thames, seen beyond Charter Island, and the little plain of Runnymede, where the turbulent barons extorted "Magna Charta," from King John ; whilst far beyond, in the blue distance, are the hills of Harrow and Hampstead. Here we have an assemblage of the grand and the beautiful, the natural and the artificial, God's works and man's works. The lasting and the perishable. The residence of an earthly monarch : the footstool of the King of kings. By and bye, earth shall fade into heaven, the footstool be exchanged for the throne. The earthly house of our tabernacle being dissolved, we shall inhabit a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

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## THE SABBATH.

When George the Third was repairing his palace at Kew, one of the workmen was particularly noticed by his Majesty. One Monday morning the King went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing the man in his usual place, he inquired the reason of his absence. He was at first answered evasively by the workmen ; at last, however, they acknowledged that having not been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the Sunday morning, which this man refusing to do, he had been dismissed from the employment. "Send for him back immediately," said the King : "the man who refuses to do his ordinary work on the Lord's Day is the *man for me.*"

## ONE THING AT A TIME.

as a beautiful afternoon in the month of July, that our band slowly wended their way up the declivity of Snow-Hill. It was just one of those afternoons that are called to render the most morose, cheerful. The lark was singing high in the air, warbling forth the praises of its Maker ; the sun shone in all his meridian splendour ; the atmosphere was filled with tiny, yet beauteous insects, merry birds ; the ten thousands of flowers which bedecked the earth, enriched the air with their grateful odour ; the merry voices of the farmer boys, as they turned the wheel made hay, or shouted home the last load, fell pleasantly on the ear. Among so much that was pleasant, and so short a trip to Grandfather Henry's, it would be strange indeed if we had been otherwise than happy. And certainly our faces bore all the appearance of being a happy one, as our merry laughs and joyous shouts rose on the air, and were borne away by the fitful breeze.

Thus cheerfully and merrily we were going forward, when we encountered on the road a little boy, poorly clad, but remarkably clean and neat ;—for poverty is no excuse for slovenliness, or slovenliness ;—he had with him a little wheelbarrow, in which he was placing a bundle of sticks, in order to take them home. He had two or three other bundles tied up, but these he stowed away under the hedge, on the side of the road, saying, “ he would fetch them next time.” On this we all began to laugh at him, telling him he might easily carry them all at once. “ O! no ;” replied he, “ mother says I shall do more work, in less time, and with less exertion, by not attempting too much at once, and doing only

one thing at a time." In our folly we laughed at the boy and his whimsical mother, and pursued our way, satisfied we were very wise.

On arriving at the harbour, we found Grandfather H there; and the first thing to be done was to make the man acquainted with the story of the circumstance, which however, threatened to be no easy task, as all were anxious to be first to speak; after some time, notwithstanding confusion and clamour, he succeeded in obtaining the knowledge we each wished him to possess. "O," exclaimed good old man, "that little fellow, whoever he is, is something of a philosopher, as well as a dutiful son; and I think you have learnt from him a lesson you will never forget. For *my* part, I never hear little boys or girls, when told to do something, ask if there is nothing else they can do at the same time, and say they would rather do more at once; then see them toiling beneath a load which ought to be carried at twice, while large drops of sweat chase each other down the cheeks, or a half-suppressed groan escapes their lips,—without thinking,—ah! my young friend, you will learn better by and bye: you will learn to do *one thing at a time*.

It is one of the prevailing and frequent errors of young persons, to overrate their abilities, and to fancy themselves capable of performing more than they really are: they wish too, that others should hold this high opinion of them; hence often arises the pernicious habit of doing *too many things* at a time—a habit, against which each of my young friends I hope—will guard. It is a truthful maxim, "That which is ever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;" but if you endeavour to crowd one work upon another, and do all *once*, you cannot pay that attention to each which it

you destroy all punctuality ; and acquire a slovenly, and disorderly habit, which will, effectually, hinder ever performing anything well—not to say great or could tell you many stories of tradesmen who have ed in business, of artisans who have been reduced and distress, and of individuals who have spent tudy, reading, and writing, and yet have lived and es ;—all owing to the pernicious habit of doing, or tempting, too many things at a time. On the other ould tell you of men, who, from the depths of igno- etchedness, and vice, have become learned, noble, good—have been a blessing to thousands—have he literature of the age with their thoughts—and ‘ burning and shining lights in the world,’ and at with the blessings of ten thousands upon their he principle on which these men acted was *one time*. If then, my young friends, you would do great, if you would do anything well, follow their and if at any time you attempt too much at once, e little boy and the bundle of sticks, and do only *at a time*.”

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is words are like the oil which augments the flame , and intensifies the heat.

romises are like the sun, they shine as freely into nan's cottage as the rich man's palace.

en have commonly more need to be taught con- than the poor.

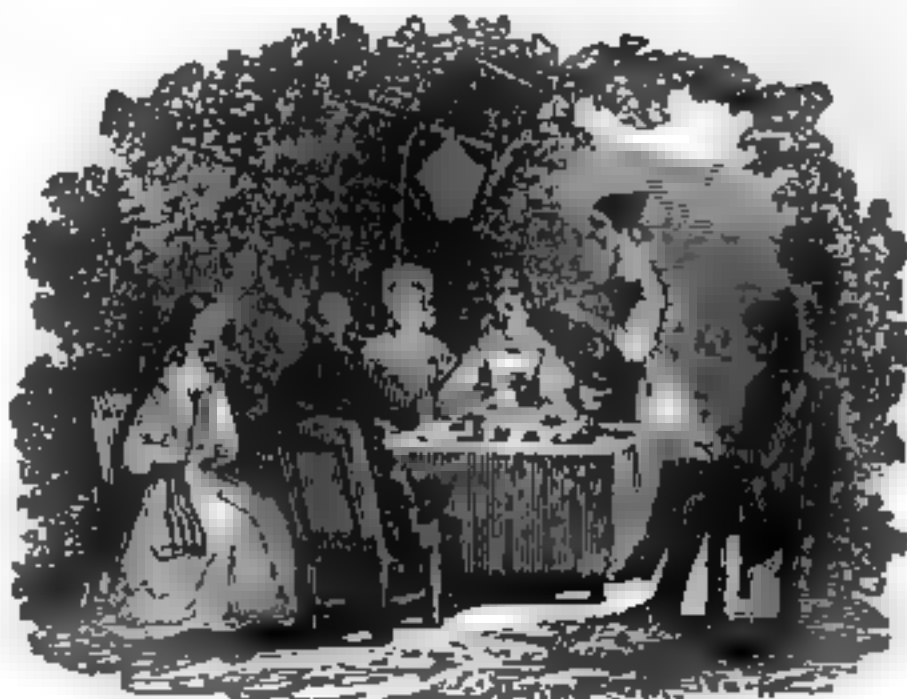
*s the best means of thriving.*



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## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

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## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

"O grander far than proudest fane,  
Where genius hath its glory shrined ;  
For honour, love of good, or gain,  
Are Nature's gifts to all mankind ;  
Still free as fair, with lavish hand,  
Outspread o'er ocean, sky, and land."

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WHAT a pleasing picture a happy family surrounding country breakfast table presents, especially if it be a family who have learnt, that, whether they eat or drink, or whatever they do, to do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. x. 31.

Such a picture the breakfast table at the Retreat presents on the morning of the expected sea-shore ramble. It is indeed a most enchanting one—the pride of summer.

Annie had been awakened early in the morning by a beautiful lark, which, with the dawn, had commenced

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g strain above the lawn ; and not being disposed to  
er time in bed, she had arisen, and had taken an  
ercise previous to meeting her father and mother at  
akfast table.

kfast being over, her father read the lxxv. Psalm, be-  
“ Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks, unto thee  
ive thanks : for that thy name is near, thy won-  
orks declare.” And after imploring His protection  
out the day, the party set out on their visit to the

distance to it from the Retreat was studded with  
fern, furze bushes, heath-broom, and heath flowers ;  
asses of fallen rock scattered about in endless variety,  
them half hidden by luxuriant vegetation, and others  
tely mantled with verdant moss. Numerous wild  
grew upon the heath-like soil, and many were the  
of the winged insects and butterflies which fluttered  
em.

they reached the edge of the cliff, and found them-  
about a hundred feet above the sea. This, to Annie,  
d an immense height ; but as the edge of the cliff in  
laces seemed as if it would, ere long, help to obstruct  
ves below, she did not like to approach too near it.  
gth finding a place upon which she might safely ven-  
e crawled to it, and with tremulous, yet delighted  
, she watched the receding and returning billows.  
she started back, as a wave with more strength than  
mediate predecessors, broke with violence upon the  
or among the crags, causing the white foam to fly  
and thither. Occasionally, also, she was startled by  
-gulls and puffins, with other aquatic birds, which  
*ally came passing by her, flapping their long wings,*

as if it were in the face of an enemy, spying out their retreat.

At the call of her parents, Annie was soon again by their side, and eagerly watching for a place which would lead them to the shore. Eventually they espied a sort of rustic staircase, cut in the cliffs by the fishermen whose nets and crab-pots strewed the beach below. Such a descent, in such a manner, was not altogether pleasing, but there being no alternative to their embracing it, or not reaching the shore at all, they summoned up courage, and cheering on each other, soon reached the beach.

How thrilling the sensation one feels, when, for the first time straying upon the sea shore! All is novel! All is totally unlike whatever one saw before! The towering cliffs, the heaving ocean, the rocky strand and sea-girt horizon, all, all conspire to raise one's feelings to the highest pitch of excitement. Need I say that all our party felt this? They did—and none more so than Annie. From rock to rock she climbed with agility and delight, frequently at the risk of a fall, and often was she obliged to rest awhile to take from her shoes the shingle which had collected in them. She also amused herself in “tempting the waves,” as she expressed it, “to catch her;” going down with them as they receded, and scampering away when they returned, though sometimes not dry shod.

The sea birds, which were just previously below, were now far above; and it greatly delighted her to witness them so swiftly descend from their rocky height, and after, for some time, skimming the surface of the deep, suddenly plunge into it for their prey, then bear it to their nests, in some *inapproachable* part of the cliff, amidst the incessant clatter of

others, that in great numbers were perched upon every projecting crag.

After collecting the finest specimens of shells, stones, and sea-weed, the party began to climb the fisherman's steps, and casting many a glance toward the scene of their morning's enjoyment, retraced their steps to the Retreat, delighted with this their first visit to the shore. Annie could now repeat, with feelings of realized pleasure, the verses she had committed to memory in prospect of viewing the ocean :

“ Sublime is thy prospect, thou proud rolling ocean!  
Tremendous or lovely, resistless or still;  
I view thee, adoring, with hallowed emotion,  
That Power that can hush or arouse thee at will!  
Now soft is thy bosom, the orient is beaming,  
And tremulous breezes are waving thy breast;  
On thy mirror the clouds and the shadows are streaming,  
For morning the picture with glory has drest!”

At the dinner table, Annie's appetite was sharpened to such a degree, that she did ample justice to the viands which were set before her; at the same time remarking, that food seemed to relish more in the country than in the town.

“ I think so, too, dear,” said her mother, “ though perhaps *place* has not so much to do with it as *occupation*. God has stamped labour and activity with his approval, that by them, we may receive greater pleasure in our daily repasts. You have, my child, been exerting yourself more than usual, lately, and so, if ever you should feel the want of an appetite again, remember the lesson you have this morning learnt; and by activity and exertion seek to regain that healthful state of body, the reverse of which is always attendant on indolence and in exertion.”

*Day after day passed, which afford no incident for com-*

ment, save that Annie grew increasingly attached to her country mode of living, and the Retreat, yet so regulated her affairs, that she had sufficient time for attending to every requirement, without unduly infringing upon the others.

The want of Christian counsellors she found was amply compensated by the increased value she was led to set upon the Scriptures, and the increased light there was to her thrown thereon. She fully realized what David expressed with his small portion of the Bible, when he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—(Psalm cxix. 105.) She also discovered a meaning, though perhaps not in its fulness, to the truth which is unfolded in the second chapter of the first Epistle of John, at the twenty-seventh verse: "But the anointing which ye have received of him, abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you ye shall abide in him." God, by his Holy Spirit, she found was the great teacher; and although Christian friends, and those gifted in the Word were to be highly valued, as themselves gifts from Him, yet they were not to be *rested* upon Christ, the only resting place for faith, is the only resting place for light and instruction also. This was an important discovery to her. No marvel then, that, if she preferred on thing more than another, it was to sit in the shady bowe with her bible for her companion, meditating upon its blessed contents, comparing Scripture with Scripture, and praying for light thereon.

While thus engaged one beautiful evening, the servant brought her a letter, which the post-boy had just left at the *Retreat*. Its exterior bore upon it many coloured marks

## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

ating the several offices through which it had passed, it was found in the hands of her for whom it was written, to whom it was addressed.

there had ever been a period since her sojourn at the seat, when the reception of a letter, especially from a beloved teacher, as this was, would have been welcomed, as now. Pensive herself, every thing was in harmony with her.

“ Dyed by the sinking rays, the heavens assume  
A brilliant tint of deep and rosy bloom ;  
The lovely hectic of declining day,  
Heightening its charms, and marking its decay :  
From hue to hue the varying splendours fade,  
And melt into a pale and saffron shade.”

was the character of the scenery by which she was surrounded, and she herself seemed to have inhaled

“ A tinge of sadness from the spells of eve,”

by long meditation upon the Word of God, her soul had been brought into a sweet, settled peace,—almost into abstraction from worldly things ; and it only required the perusal of this letter to bring her mind back again, and to pour upon its contents a ray of that glory, into which her soul had been penetrating.

After pressing it to her lips, she opened and read it as follows : “ My dear child, I feel it no less a privilege than a duty to address you. You know my love towards you, and I rely on knowing that I have your's in return : the many happy hours we have spent in sweet converse together, puts beyond a doubt. We are now widely separated by space

from each other, yet we know, even now, in the language of the hymn,

“ There is a spot where spirits blend,  
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,  
Around one common mercy seat.”

This, I trust, is our sweet experience. We also find ourselves in far different circumstances. I am in the midst of my usual duties, while you, for a while, are enjoying seclusion and retirement. Dear child, remember that retirement has its temptations as well as its pleasures. God's enemy and ours, can well adapt his temptations to the peculiar circumstances of the children of God, and knows, alas ! too well how to succeed. Manfully resist him, with the ‘ *it is written,*’—the weapons with which our blessed Lord, you know, resisted and overcame him in the wilderness temptations, as in our late lesson we were considering. Again, dear child, avail yourself of every opportunity of doing good to those about you, whom, it may be, you will never see again. Remember this, and converse with those you may meet with in your rambles, and never fear to speak of Jesus. The Lord has often owned such simple testimony for the furtherance of His own glory. Thus, while you are re-invigorating your frame and benefitting your health, you may be also promoting the happiness of others, and bringing glory to God. To-morrow we shall miss, but not forget you. Remember us : and with your dear parents, spend the day as you have been wont to do. Your dear fellow scholars desire to be remembered to you in much affection and love.

“ Hoping soon to greet your return, I am your attached  
*and sincere friend and teacher, ———.*”

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## THE EARLY HOUR.

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### THE EARLY HOUR.

he eyelids of the morning."—JOB xli. 18.

hou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice."—  
PSALM lxxv. 8.

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Lovely does the sun arise,  
And with beauty paints the skies ;  
Gilds the picturesque landscape too,—  
Sparkles in sweet drops of dew.

Warned by the glowing east,  
Philomel her strain has ceased ;  
And, around, the flowerets gay,  
Open to the eye of day.

Now, the lark ascends the sky,  
Pouring forth its melody :  
Sailing in the ambient air,  
Happy, happy, chorister !

Like the lark, I early, too,  
Praise would bring, *my* praise how due :  
Like the lark, I too, would soar,  
Sing and praise for evermore !

Praise is meet from one who knows,  
Christ has conquered all his foes ;  
Praise is meet from one who proves,  
How the blessed Jesus loves.

Hark ! the tinkling sheep-bell sounds,  
Coming from the distant downs ;  
Where the woolly lambkins play,  
Where the sportful ponies neigh.

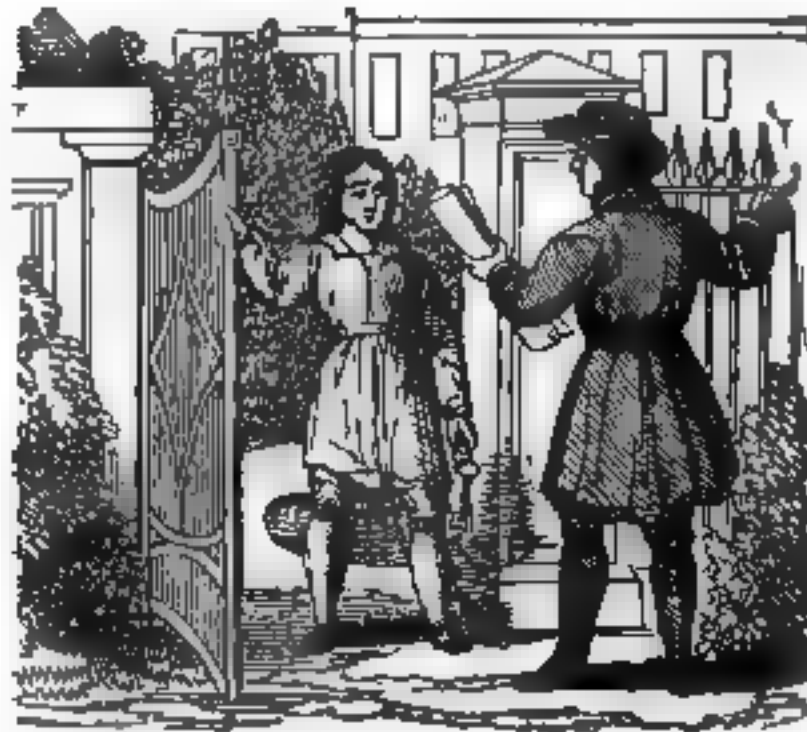
Nature smiles in sweet repose,  
And the zephyr gently blows,  
Bearing sweets from every flower,—  
How I love the early hour !

*J. I. W.*

A. MIDLAND.



## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.



## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

### PILGRIM IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

PILGRIM is here at the gate of the House Beautiful. The porter does not admit him at once, nor without inquiry. According to the rules of the house, Watchful, the porter, rung a bell, and commended Pilgrim to the questionings of a grave and beautiful damsel, called Discretion. A number of questions were put to him, and sincerely answered; and so much affectionate kindness and sympathy were manifested on the part of Discretion, that Pilgrim had nothing now to fear. Then Discretion called for Prudence, Piety, and Charity, and after a long conversation, they welcomed him into the household of Faith. Then during his delightful abode with its inmates, he was entertained, as the Lord of the *way had provided* that all pilgrims should be in his house,

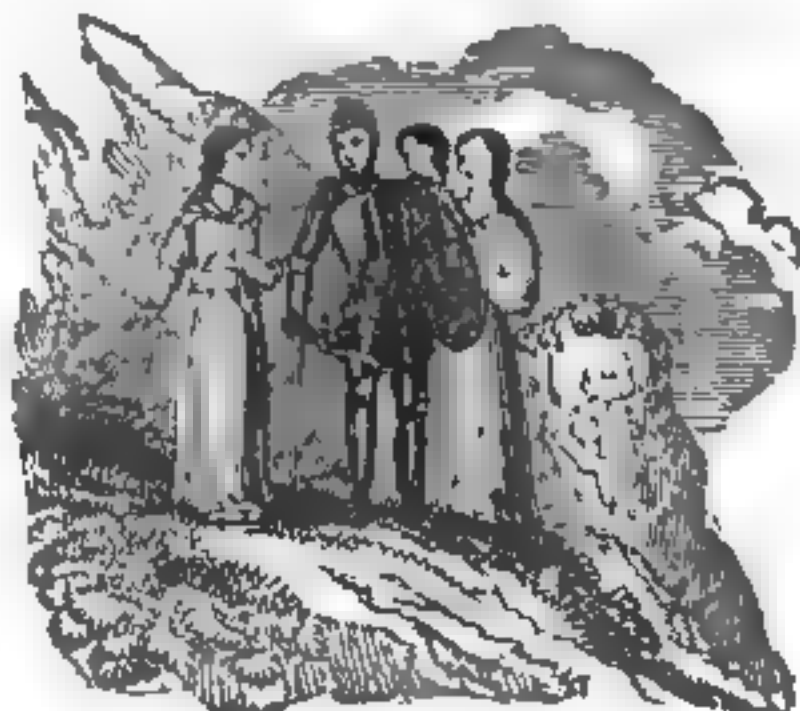
the most cordial hospitality and love. He was instructed much godly conversation, and with many edifying sights.



his part, he entertained the household as much as they did by the account he gave of his own experience thus far. They would have him tell all that had happened in his pilgrimage, from his first setting out, to his arrival at the Beautiful. Prudence asked him about his feelings of reference to the land of his nativity, and the habits he had to live in, at the City of Destruction. Charity too had much to say, and to ask. How sweetly did they all speak at the table, of the Lord of the hill, his grace and glory, what he had done, and suffered for them, and all his amazing love to poor pilgrims, his tender care in building a house for them; and thus they discoursed even till late night, for how could they ever be wearied of such a theme! *This was a heavenly evening for Pilgrim, a season of*

blessedness long to be remembered. They closed their of sacred converse with the sweetness of family prayer, then betook themselves to rest. Pilgrim was led to upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun, the name of the chamber was peace, where he slept till of day, when he awoke and sung.

On meeting his kind entertainers in the morning, he was shown into the study to see the rarities of the house. The next day he was conducted into the armoury where he saw all manner of warlike furniture which the Lord of the manor had provided for pilgrims. And the next day he showed him from the top of the house, a far-off view of the Delectable Mountains, Immanuel's land, woods, vineyards, fruits, flowers, springs, and fountains. After much pleasant discourse, as Pilgrim was eager to go on his journey, his friends took him again into the armoury, and clothed



him from head to foot in the armour of righteousness, and then he bade him God speed.

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He had now to go down the Valley of Humiliation, and this was hard and dangerous work, for the descent was steep. And just now, the foul fiend Apollyon, came across his path and filled him with terror and dismay. Pilgrim for a moment hesitated whether to go back or stand his ground. He thought as he had no armour for his back, if he run away the foe would be sure to follow and pierce him. So he determined to go forward. And Apollyon met him with his dragon wings, and a disdainful smile, and a rough question, where he came from, and whither he was going. Pilgrim told him plainly that he came from the City of Destruction, and that he was going to Mount Zion. Apollyon told him he was a reprobate, and one of his subjects, and that he would have him in his service. Pilgrim told him the wages he gave were such that a man could not live on, and therefore he would not serve him. Apollyon promised better pay. But Pilgrim told him he loved well his present master and would not leave him. At this Apollyon was greatly enraged, and launched a flaming dart at Pilgrim's breast, he caught it on his shield. And now the fiery darts flew quick and swift; and wounded poor Pilgrim in many places, and he began to grow weaker and weaker, and was almost spent; still he wielded well the sword of the Spirit which kept his enemy at bay. Apollyon was anxious to get to close quarters with Pilgrim, as that was the only chance of victory. He succeeded in seizing him, and wrestling with him, gave Pilgrim a dreadful fall, and his sword fell out of his hand. Now, said Apollyon, I have you. I am sure of you now. But as God would have it, just as Apollyon, with his knee on Pilgrim's breast, was raising his arm, to strike a dart right through him, and make an end of him, Pilgrim stretched out *his hand and caught once more his sword, saying,*

“ Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy,” struck Apollyon so powerful a blow, that he fell back as one mortally wounded. Pilgrim sprang up as a new man, and made at him again. And Apollyon finding he had the worst of the battle now, with a hideous yell, spread his dragon wings, and Pilgrim saw him no more,

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## THE HINDOO'S OBJECTIONS TO CHRISTIANITY BRIEFLY STATED AND ANSWERED.

*Objection.* We are the subjects, in this world, of an unalterable fate : what is written on our forehead must take place—it is not in our power to prevent it.

*Answer.* Then why, when you are rich, have you recourse to charms and medicines. Or, when your house is on fire, why do you try to put it out ? Or when a thief steals your property, do you not let him keep it ? Suppose I were to strike you with a heavy club, and tell you it was written on your forehead that you were to be thus struck, would you be satisfied ? The fact is, you neither practise nor believe this doctrine, only just when it suits you. But if you believe it in one respect, why not in all ? You are not obliged to tell lies and live unchaste lives. God has told you it is not his will you should do these, and he cannot write one thing in the Bible and another in the book of fate.

*Objection.* We dare not leave our religious teachers.

*Answer.* You would do well before committing yourselves to a “ Teacher,” whom under no circumstances you dare leave, to ascertain how far he is qualified for that office. “ *The blind cannot lead the blind.*” One convicted thief

not become surety for another. But what sort of instruction do you receive from your gooroo? He whispers in your ear a senseless "Muntre," which conveys no meaning whatever to your understanding. It has no useful application to any purpose of life. It is merely some word which is frequently to be repeated. And when you cannot give your "teachers" what they require from you, are they not in the habit of getting into a rage, and cursing you with all their might? Is the man worthy the name or office of a pious teacher, who, for the sake of a few pence, will do all he can to send your souls to hell? We know he has not the power to which he pretends, but he is all the worse for it. He is not only a cruel man, but a cheat. Think of this, and you will cease to think or care much about a man who cares so little about you, and so much about what you give him.

*Objection.* This is Kali Jogi, in which wickedness necessarily abounds, we are not, therefore to be blamed.

*Answer.* This you say to remove all responsibility from yourselves. There has never been an age and never will be when it will be right and necessary to do evil. It is not that the heart of man is corrupt, but God will change that heart, if He is applied to aright. He will give a new heart, a right spirit. But He will never excuse men who sin against Him on the ground of their living in one age rather than another. Besides, your own practices are at variance with this notion of necessary evil. You worship idols; you bathe in the Ganges; you make long pilgrimages; you give offerings to temples and Brahmins. Now if you are accountable for your conduct, why do all these things? You are only fulfilling the law under which you are placed. *Do not your reason and your judgment at once pronounce*

against such wicked and shallow notions? And if your reason and conscience condemn your practices, what you not expect when you appear in the presence of God

*Dear Reader,*—I have given you a few objections to Christianity which the Hindoo is in the habit of using when he comes in contact with a Missionary. You have reason to be thankful that such abuses do not prevail in our land. Prize highly the advantages which the possession and circulation of the Bible in our beautiful land have secured you. And do what in you lies to send that Bible to every tribe, and people, and tongue. Nothing refines and elevates man so surely as the Bible. Superstition and darkness flee from its presence. 'Tis God, our Father's boon to his whole family. Let every son and daughter have the privilege of reading what that Father has caused to be written of his loving thoughts of his heart to his erring children.

A MISSIONARY

## MEMORIALS OF PIOUS YOUTH.

EZRA RAMSBOTTOM died April 13th, 1853. He had been in the world about seven years and eight months when called to take his departure from it. When we consider the tender age of this child, we may truly regard him as having been an extraordinary youth. When the friends connected with Bethel Chapel, Bradford, commenced their Sabbath School, (which was some time during last year,) this child became a Scholar, and in a very short time was particularly noted for a deportment of seriousness and devotion. He learned to respect the Sabbath, and to reverence Him who instituted it. He manifested strong attachment to the School, and often spake with delight of those

were his instructors. During the last few months he evidently thought much of God and of heaven; and very frequently proposed to his father such questions as seemed difficult for him to answer. On Good Friday last, there was a Juvenile Temperance Procession in Bradford, of which the Bethel Sabbath School formed a part. On the standard belonging to the Bethel school, which was designed by Mr. Rhodes, one of the deacons of the church, and superintendent of the school, there was an eye which constituted part of the design. That eye seems to have attracted the notice of this youth, and he was much affected with thoughts of that great Being thus represented. In conversing with his mother, he requested her to procure him a picture with an eye on it. He said that he knew the eye of God was continually upon him; but he intimated that if he had a pictorial representation, he should always have a remembrance of it. Perhaps the designer of that standard, little thought that he was preparing a subject for reflection to the mind of a youth, who, in three weeks after, would be a saint in heaven. On the Sabbath of April 10th, after returning from the school, he unfolded a paper, in which were contained his tickets and reward books which he had received: after carefully examining them, he told his mother that he should preserve them; and if he lived to become a man and a teacher, he would seek to stimulate and encourage others by shewing them what he had received from the teachers of Bethel school. The next day, which was Monday, he complained of a pain in his legs. His complaint did not attract much notice, for it was not for a moment supposed that the pain proceeded from any serious cause. In conversing with his mother, he told her that he loved her; "but," said he, "I love *Christ better*." On Tuesday morning, after his mother



had risen from her bed, she was surprised to hear her little son singing with a firm voice, that beautiful verse :—

“ When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.”

She listened, and he again commenced with—

“ There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.”

During the day he seemed unwell. In the evening he referred to the sermon which had been delivered in the chapel on the previous Sabbath evening. The subject of discourse that evening comprehended, “The great multitude in heaven standing before the throne, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.” He told his mother, that the minister said, there would be no sin, nor sorrow, nor death, in heaven; and he would like to die, and go to heaven, for there God would wipe away all tears from his eyes. On Wednesday morning he requested his mother to make him a nice cup of tea. His request was complied with; and having taken a cup of tea, he looked very earnestly at his mother. She called him by name: he said, “O mother, I am going.” His mother, observing something peculiar in his appearance, laid him on the hearth rug while she procured assistance; and immediately the vital spark was extinguished; the union was severed; the spirit had fled; and all that remained was the lifeless body. On Sabbath evening, April 24th, I improved his death to a large congregation, from II. Kings, iv-26. “Is it well with the child? And she answered, *It is well.*” I hope good was done. JOHN SOLE.

## THE FAIRY RING.

ON and on wandered little Anna through the busy streets. She looked at everybody, but nobody looked at the barefooted child. Some even jostled her out of the way; and one great big boy, with a basket, almost knocked her down. "No! do not feel hungry," said little Anna to herself; "I shall wait till to-morrow. O, if I were but old enough to work!" And she clasped her hands. "What shall I do? I do not know how to beg. I wonder if it is wrong. My mother told me not to steal, but she never told me not to beg. Oh, no! it surely cannot be wrong. My mother taught me to beg from the rich. If a poor little child ought to beg from the Great Lord, can it be a sin to beg from the people in the street!"

At this moment an old gentleman passed by. He had long white hair, and a pale, mild countenance, and he leant on a gold-headed staff. He looked so kind and so good, that little Anna stopped, and gazed up in his face. "What is your name, my child?" said the old gentleman in a soft voice. But, little Anna could not hold out her hand, *to beg for the first time*, so, she only smiled sadly, and passed on. "No!" said she, "I do not think I am hungry. I will wait till to-morrow."

ON and on went little Anna, till she met a party of boys who were eating nice cakes and apples. "I cannot eat any more," said one of them. "Here, Hector, here!" cried he, and a great dog which came waddling after them. Anna made a hurried step forward, and then stood abashed. By this time the fat dog had almost devoured the cake, and the pampered boys were gone on their way. "No! I am not so

*very* hungry," said little Anna ; " I *shall* wait till to-morrow;" and she burst into tears.

And now, little Anna had passed through the town, and come to a large common, where sheep were feeding. Women, who had been bleaching their linen, were singing merrily as they gathered it up to carry home. Some laughing school-boys were flying a kite. Little Anna stood, and watched it, too, as it flew high, high up, in the pleasant evening air.

Two pretty little girls were gathering wild flowers. One said to the other, " Look sister ! how beautiful this is, and how sweet it smells !" " Yes," said the other, " we shall ask dear mamma the name of it, when we get home."

Little Anna looked at the two children, and she saw they were nicely dressed, and gay, and happy ; they had bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, and glossy curls, " just," little Anna thought, " like the pretty wax dolls in the toy-shop window." Then she looked down at her own bare, little feet, and her own faded short, cotton frock ; and as she, too, gathered and smelt the wild flowers, she said to herself, " Oh ! how good is the great God, who bids them grow here on the common, even for poor little things like me."

Look here, nurse !" cried one of the children, " What is this strange mark on the grass ? It is round, quite round ! like a great large ring ?" " And so it is a ring, Miss ! That is a Fairy Ring to be sure ! Then Anna heard the maid tell the wondering sisters how the *good folk*, called fairies, about whom they had read in so many story-books, came there, at night, when all the people were away, and when *they* were asleep in their snug, little white beds ; and how they sang, and danced, and made merry in the Ring, which could hold hundreds, nay, *thousands* of them, they were so small ; and *how*, when daylight came in, they all flew away back to

Fairyland, on their bright, little, butterfly wings. Nurse then took each of the girls by the hand, and promised to tell them more about the fairies, as they walked home to supper.

Little Anna sat down on the common, and thought long about the Fairy Ring, "My mother," said Anna to herself, "my mother never told me about the fairies, but she often told me about the angels. I wonder if angels and fairies are both the same." After Anna had reasoned for some time, she looked up, the two little sisters and their nurse were out of sight; the women, with their baskets of linen, had gone away; the schoolboys were rolling up the string of their kite, and preparing to depart; and the sheep and lambs were bleating softly, as they went up the hill to rest for the night. "The *good folk* will soon come, now!" thought Anna. Then she looked all around, and listened for the rustling of their butterfly wings; but she heard only the solemn tolling of the evening bell, and the noises in the streets, far away. She looked up through the calm, blue, twilight sky. The moon was rising above the church-tower, and the stars were gleaming forth, one after another, in the increasing darkness. "I daresay they will come down from heaven," thought little Anna; "I shall sing the hymn, and say the prayer my mother taught me; and then I shall sit down beside the Ring. Perhaps my mother may come along with them, or they may bring me a message from her."

"So Anna sung the hymn, and said the prayer her mother taught her, and sat down to watch in the Ring. Darker and darker grew the blue evening sky. Brighter and brighter shone out the stars. More and more still grew all around, until the great city itself seemed hushed in deep repose. The cool night wind swept over the common, and little Anna, the *motherless child*, fell fast asleep.

'Then, Anna dreamt a dream. She dreamt that one of the bright stars, above the common, came sailing gently down, until it hung just over her. She heard silvery voices in the star, that said to one another, "Let us keep watch over little Anna!" She felt a soft heat on her face, and saw a gentle light shed all around; and she heard the silvery voices singing in low tones. And Anna dreamt that she sang too, because it was the hymn her mother taught her.

Then, three little angels, on their way back to heaven, from an errand of love, stopped, and looked at Anna. (Now I myself think that this was perhaps more than a dream.) "The *good folk* have come now," thought little Anna; for she heard the rustling of their golden wings, and saw their bright faces, as they beckoned and smiled to one another. "Let us stay all night, and take care of Anna!" said the angels. So, one stood at her head, and another at her feet, and the third beside her; and they spread out their balmy wings, and played sweetly on their golden harps, and sang, in soft voices, the hymn that Anna's mother taught her.

Then Anna dreamt that she looked up towards the bright full moon, that was shining just above the church tower, and she saw a long ray of light that came slowly down till it stretched to her own little feet. Broader and broader grew the ray of moonlight, till it looked like a road between earth and heaven. Then Anna saw a beauteous figure, in snow-white raiment, gliding gently down. And as it drew near and nearer, Anna's heart beat fast with joy, for, oh! she knew it was her mother, who was gazing on her with a sweet and holy smile. Then the bright figure bent over the guardian angels, and kissed little Anna on the cheek. And *as Anna's sainted mother glided back again to heaven, along the moonlight road, the silvery voices in the star, the angels*

air balmy wings, and little Anna dreaming on the  
, all sang the hymn that the good mother had taught

morning sun was shining high in the heavens. The  
g loud and clear on the common ; and in the streets  
great city, the boys were whistling, as they opened  
shop windows.

and lady, who was on her way there with her daughter  
visit, sent her carriage on by the road, and crossed  
mon on foot, that they might enjoy the beauty of the  
, and the perfume of the dewy flowers. As they  
along, talking cheerfully together, they saw little  
ill lying fast asleep. The dew-drops shone thick  
ht on her bare feet and flaxen hair. A sweet smile  
bout her little mouth, and as they stood and watched  
surprise, a deep flash of joy passed over her pale,  
ek. She spoke some words of rapture, which they  
ot hear, and then, stretching her little arms up to  
ie sunny sky, little Anna awoke.

ere is your home, little girl?" said the good lady

" In the Fairy Ring, madam !" answered Anna,  
p and rubbing her eyes The lady looked perplexed,  
, " Are you not very cold, my child ?" " Cold ! oh,  
cold, madam ! The bright star came down to keep  
a, and the Fairy angels shaded me with their wings."  
adies looked more and more surprised, (I almost be-  
y thought at first that little Anna was crazy,) until,  
1, she stood up, wide awake, and the good lady ques-  
er. Then Anna told her how her mother was a poor  
ho died a few weeks ago, in a small lodging in a nar-  
et of the great city ; and how the people who kept  
ing *were kind to Anna*, but told her at last that they

were very poor, but they would give her house-room, if she would *beg her bread*. By the time that little Anna came to tell of the Fairy Ring, and of her pleasant dream, you may believe that the ladies listened with tears in their eyes.

In a few days little Anna was seen dressed in neat shoes and stockings, a little straw hat and a new gown ; and snugly perched on the back of the good lady's carriage, between the kind maid and the smiling footman, she was whirling away, past town and village, hill and plain.

Little Anna grew up, and lived to be an old woman, respected and beloved, in the house of her benefactress. When she nursed the good lady's grandchildren upon her knee, she taught them to say the prayer her mother taught her ; and few days passed on which they did not say, " Once more, do, dear, kind, Anna ! tell us once more, about—THE FAIRY RING."

Crosses are ladders that lead up to heaven.

When God speaks of rewarding virtue, it is with everlasting life. Like happiness, it needs nought but perpetuity.

To the earthy-minded, immortality is a formidable thought—to the high-minded, transport. Thus the heavens reflected in the sea appear a fearful abyss, but beheld above us, a sublime height.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of his mind than for those of his body, when they are such as he cannot help ; were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at a man for having his *brains cracked*, than for having his head broken.

# Music.

## FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.

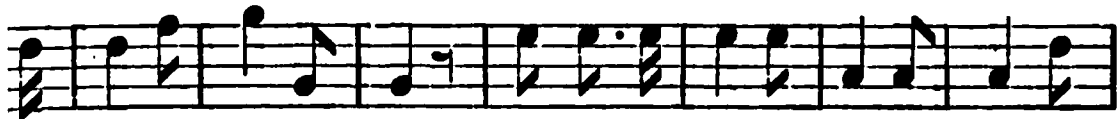
REV. H. SMITH.



f - tain of mercy! God of love! Our tongues would sing thy praise



our hearts be rais'd a - bove, O may our hearts be rais'd a - bove, While



our voic - es raise, While we our voic - es raise.



Our parents' kind and tender care  
Thy providence has given;  
Our teachers' kindness too, we share,  
Who point the road to heaven.

Thy holy word we now can read,  
Whose sacred pages are  
Able to make us wise indeed:  
*And thus for heaven prepare.*



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WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE.

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O ! may we ne'er ungrateful prove,  
For this thy kindness shown,  
Teach our young hearts thyself to love,  
And make us, Lord, thine own !

Then guarded by thy constant care,  
Thy grace shall lead us on ;  
Till endless happiness we share,  
Before thy blissful throne.

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WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

STILL, still with Thee—when purple morning breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I am still with Thee !*

Alone with 'Thee—amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;  
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,  
The image of the morning star doth rest,  
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee ! as to each new-born morning,  
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,  
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking  
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

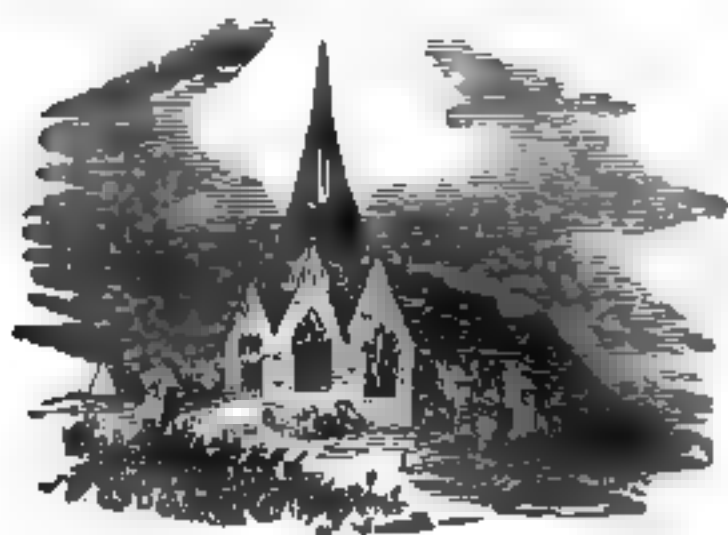
When sinks the soul, subdued to toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer ;  
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,  
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;  
Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
*Shall rise the glorious thought, I'm still with Thee !*

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## BRADING MEMORIALS.

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### Brading Church, Isle of Wight.

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“Thou hoary pile, majestic still!  
Memento of abiding fame;  
How many thoughts my bosom fill  
While pondering on thy honoured name:  
Here Richmond's voice, so rich, so clear,  
Proclaimed the Gospel, full and free:  
Here lies the *youthful cottager* :  
Thou, hoary pile, art dear to me !”

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## BRADING MEMORIALS.

“Time hallows what he leaves,  
And does to us endear memorials to the end.”

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and circumstance seem intimately connected in the mind. It might be, that circumstance has given  
nce to *place, or, on the other hand, that place has*

---

given importance to circumstance ; however this may be, we know there is an inseparable connection between them.

Speak of Waterloo, and is there a child even but what has its little head immediately full of soldiers and battles ? Speak of Smithfield, and who does not immediately see in mental vision the martyr faggots reared, the lurid flames ascending, and some devoted martyr yielding his life for the testimony of Jesus and His truth ? And does not the mention of Calvary immediately bring before the mind's eye the cross up-raised ? and does not the ear seem to catch the sentences, as they rise above the exclamations of the multitude, the groans of the dying, and the heaving of creation, " It is finished ! "—" Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit ! "

Something of this feeling will, perhaps, take possession of the minds of some of my readers at the mention of Brading. It may awaken remembrances of " Little Jane," the poor neglected, retiring child, who starts forth at once before us, rich in all the loveliness of youthful piety, and all the beauties of Christian attainment, although despised and ridiculed by her family. It may also bring to remembrance the useful career of Legh Richmond, and the numerous little incidents connected with him—his happy converse—his untiring zeal, his frequent visits, and his delightful descriptions and meditations, all combining to render it a place of more than ordinary attention and interest.

I remember perfectly well my first visit to this time-honoured town, for town it is, though in every respect more like a village, being one long street of irregular buildings. In itself there is little to admire. The houses are for the most part old, with here and there some new cottages erected *at a little distance* from the road, the distance being laid out

anted with choice and fragrant flowers, causing the  
r and excursionist to make frequent halts, as much to  
he pleasing sight, as to be refreshed by the sweet  
e.

aps it may be well for me before I proceed with its  
ials, just to glance at its history and position, it being  
the few places in the Island whose fame has spread as  
he English tongue is spoken, and extended as much  
as a work, circulated by millions, and translated into  
han twenty languages, can render it.

DING, or as it is termed in the ancient charter, the  
"s **Towne of Brading**," is a small borough town,  
d at the east of the Isle of Wight, and anciently re-  
members to parliament, a burden in those days from  
the inhabitants petitioned to be relieved, on account  
r inability to support them; *fourpence* per day being  
n apportioned to each representative. A small sum  
lays, but then equal to about fifteen times its present

Church, a representation of which is given on the  
age, is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, showing its  
1 origin. It is of very great antiquity, evidences of  
are still extant. It is the oldest church in the island,  
been built in the year 704; upwards of *one thousand*  
ago, by Wilfrid, then bishop of Chichester, who was  
ccessful in preaching the gospel to the inhabitants of  
and, at that time immured in pagan darkness. On  
ry spot where this church is built, it is said that he  
d nearly the whole of them, consisting of about twelve  
d families.

annot boast of much beauty of proportion, or elegance  
struction, but like other old structures, claims an

interest from its antiquated appearance, as well as its connection with the history of the past.

Skeletons of gigantic size have been frequently found when digging in the grave-yard, supposed to be the remains of ancient Saxons, as the graves in which they have been discovered have been invariably paved at the bottom with stone, a practice of Saxon origin; giving reason to conclude that this spot had been a receptacle for the dead long before the conversion of the islanders to Christianity; when the groves, and not a building, were the scene of their holy rites and worship. Ah! dear readers, it is not place the Lord looks to, except, indeed, it be the *heart*. There is the seat of worship, from which continually ascend to God in the heavens, as grateful incense, the overflowings of thankful souls, constituting that, and not groves or buildings either, the true place of worship.

The monuments of this church are very interesting and elaborate, especially those of the Oglander family, whose mansion is near the town, and has been inhabited by succeeding baronets of the family from the earliest accounts of landholders of the Island to the present time. A small private chapel, at the eastern extremity of the south aisle is appropriated for their reception.

But it is not these monuments, however elaborate, that constitute the attractions, or give such an undying and peculiar interest to this spot. Ah, no! these existed long before such an interest was known, and, for aught we know to the contrary, will pass away before that interest shall either abate or diminish. The secret is, that *grace*, and not *nature* or *art* has made it a memorable spot. Here commenced the ministrations of that eminent servant of God, *Legh Richmond*. Here he laboured, preached and prayed;

and here was born to him his first spiritual child,—“Little Jane;” as he says in her narrative, “her memory is particularly endeared to me from the circumstance of her being, so far as I can trace or discover, my first-born spiritual child in the ministry of the Gospel. I claim,” he continues, “this privilege, and crave permission in writing what follows, to erect a monumental record, sacred to the memory of a dear little child, who, I trust, will at the last day prove my crown of rejoicing.”

Previously to the settlement of Legh Richmond at Brading, a clergyman of the name of Mr. Gill, was settled at Newchurch, an adjoining parish. This gentleman possessed poetic genius blended with scriptural views of salvation, and many of the tombstones erected in Brading churchyard, at that time, bore verses from his pen, and which have since acquired much celebrity.

This may appear a trivial circumstance, and entirely disconnected from the subject of “Little Jane,” but one who is accustomed to recognize the hand of God, yea, and to search for it, in the minutest affairs of His children, or those who may be afterward such, cannot fail to see in this, one grand link in the interesting chain of events which ultimately resulted, so far as instrumentality is concerned, in the conversion of this little girl, without which the world would never have received that beautiful part of the “Annals of the Poor”—“The Young Cottager.”

It must be borne in mind, that Legh Richmond's method of teaching children, in which he greatly delighted and greatly excelled, was singular, if not original. For instance; on the summer evenings it was his custom to assemble a little group of them in his garden, which was behind the church, *and separated only from it by the grave-yard.* There,

under the shade of some outspreading trees, he would simply and affectionately address them upon the concerns of their souls. Sometimes he would send the dear children to the various stones which stood at the head of the graves, and bid them learn the epitaphs inscribed upon them, "I took pleasure," says he, "in seeing the little ones thus dispersed in the church yard, each committing to memory a few verses, written in commemoration of the departed. They would soon accomplish the desired object, and eagerly return to me, ambitious to repeat their task."

Amongst the number was "Little Jane." There was nothing particularly engaging in her. Indeed, she was of them all, perhaps, the least hopeful. Mildness and quietness, almost approaching to dulness, marked her general character. But God sees not as man.

At the close of the year. I think, 1796, or 7, Legh Richmond was struck with the ready attention of his little scholar to his wishes. He sent her into the grave-yard to commit to memory an epitaph he greatly admired, written by the gentleman before alluded to. On her return she told him that, in addition to the one required, she had learnt another on an adjoining stone, and added, "I think it a very pretty one."

The following was her appointed task :—

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,  
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;  
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,  
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,  
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,  
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,  
And trace thy journey to the realms of day."

Falling sweeter, doubtless, on the ears of that godly man, than they have ever fallen upon the listening ears of the thousands who have since heard them, now that they are immortalized by the elegant music of Dr. Calcott.

The following are the verses she voluntarily learnt, and spoke of with pleasure :—

“It must be so—our father Adam’s fall  
And disobedience, brought this lot on all.  
All die in him,—but hopeless should we be  
Blest Revelation! were it not for thee.  
Hail, glorious Gospel: heavenly light whereby  
We live with comfort, and with comfort die;  
And view beyond this gloomy scene the tomb,  
A life of endless happiness to come.”

These lines, especially the first and second of the second verse, were considerably blessed to her. In her own simple words, “They made me think and meditate a great deal.”

I could not, in visiting the scene of such sweet and varied associations, but yield to the wish to retrace them over. There were the very tombstones still standing, and it did not require a very great stretch of the imagination to picture the little girl before them. But ah! one tombstone, since erected, excited particular attention—to *her own* memory. These are the lines inscribed upon it, from her beloved pastor’s pen.

“Ye who delight the power of God to trace,  
And mark with joy each monument of grace,  
Tread lightly o’er this grave, as you explore  
‘The short and simple annals of the poor.’  
A child reposes underneath this sod,  
A child to memory dear, and dear to God:  
Rejoice, yet shed the sympathetic tear,  
Jane, “*the young Cottager*,” lies buried here.”



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### BRADING MEMORIALS.

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It was her delight to learn the epitaphs on others' graves and now others, in their turn, delight to learn the epitaph on hers. She died in Legh Richmond's arms, January, 1799, saying, "God bless and reward you—give thanks me to Him—my soul is saved—Christ is every thing to Sir, we shall meet in heaven, shall we not? O yea, yea then all will be peace—peace—peace."



Leaving the spot, I proceeded to another place intimately connected with her memory—her cottage. It stands a li way up a lane, turning to the left from the road, as you en the town from the sea. It is a thatched cottage, as sh in the engraving, and but little altered in external appeara since Legh Richmond paid his first visit to it.

But I must hasten on to a conclusion.

Leaving the cottage, I retired to the cemetery, whi though of comparatively recent date, has become the rep tory of the remains of many a young saint, and aged pilgr

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lovely place. Waving shrubs and fragrant flowers throughout, often marking the last resting place of a beloved one. Nor is the prospect less lovely. The view at the distance, in the south-easterly direction; the range of hills closing the landscape to the right; and the waters of the harbour reposing at a short distance from the shore. Here—I have often said,—here would I lie, if I be called hence, and known no more.

Here rest the remains of the author of the “History of the County of Southampton” Samuel Burrows. Here also, near the entrance of the New Cemetery, lies buried the wife of Sir Charles Brenton, the author of the New Translation of the Greek version of the Septuagint, with other valuable works, a Christian lady of much piety and prudence, at whose recent interment the beautiful Hymn by Mr. Keble, beginning—

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer’s ear,”

is sung by the many, who, surrounding her grave, mourned her departure. And near her is the grave of little Clara, to whose dear memory, the verses lately inserted in the Standard number were written.

Never can I omit to notice the tablet reared to the memory of Mary Emma Newman Westall, a child whose life, of more than ordinary interest, has been published by her father, under the title of “Another testimony to the power of God, in the death of a young lady.” The sweet book, as well as the stone tablet, informs us she “fell asleep in Jesus, April 1, 1851, aged 16 years;” only one year older than “Little Jane,” whose grave she visited but a few weeks before her own departure. “Her end was perfect.” “*Together on earth,*” her dear father concludes the

little work, " we can never mingle, but in a little while she said, we shall meet again, when all shall be praise, less praise."

Dear readers, is little Jane's, and little Westall's poem yours? Could it be said of you, if you were to be laid in grave *now*, that you " fell asleep in Jesus?" Ah! that the all-important question on which eternity depends. I with others to whom I have referred, " fell asleep *in* Jesus and are now happy *with* Jesus. You all would wish to Little Westall, previous to her departure, repeated the following verse, with which I close,—can *you*?—

" I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled ;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold !  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam ;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home !"

Newport, I. W.

A. MIDL



" I WILL TRY."—That's right. Try, and you will not to succeed in what you attempt. No matter if you with discouragements and head flaws every day ; with a spirit, these but strengthen your ardour. Obstacles incentives to perseverance, and the faster they collect your path, the stronger will be your zeal, and brighter prospect ahead. It was by trying that Columbus discovered America—that Washington and his coadjutors made Americans a free and independent people. " I will said Davy, Arkwright, Franklin, and Fulton—and what they not accomplish? Let this be your motto, and *cannot fail to succeed in what you attempt.*

## NON-INTERFERENCE.

ner of the village school called on Mrs. Marsh, and  
her that her son Edgar was not as punctual in his  
e at school as was desirable. Mrs. Marsh thanked  
er for the information, and promised that her efforts  
t be wanting to correct the evil.

[. had always taken great care to have her son ready  
at the appointed hour. She invariably caused him  
ome in time to be present at the opening of the  
[t was plain, therefore, that he loitered on the way.  
anding all her care, he had fallen into the sin of  
nce. She retired to her chamber and wept, and  
renewed her prayers for grace and wisdom to guide  
e management of the young immortal entrusted to

set, Edgar came home from a visit to one of his  
ns. He found his mother in her chamber. He  
she had been weeping. "Mother," said he, "what  
a look so unhappy?"

ve heard something about my son which is not  
o make me very happy."

t is it?" said he, in a tone of unaffected surprise.

you not tell?"

mother."

k over your conduct."

, moment's silence, Edgar remarked, "I know that  
t been as good a boy as I ought; but I cannot think  
ng very wrong that I have done: what is it mother?  
ll me."

have been disobedient—you have not gone directly  
, *but have stopped and played by the way.* Often-

times you have not reached the school-house till long after the proper hour."

"Mother, I have not been disobedient; I never stop anywhere but at the store, and father lets me do that."

Mr. Marsh often interfered with his wife's directions to her son, not from a desire to embarrass her, but from carelessness. He was absorbed in the cares of an extensive business, and when his son presented a request, he usually gave such an answer as would most speedily relieve him from interruption. Mrs. Marsh did not feel at liberty to set up her authority in opposition to that of her husband.

She had no reason to question the statement of her son and of course could not censure him for acting in accordance with the permission of his father. After reflecting for a moment on the course she should pursue, she asked, "Did your father, when he gave you leave to stay at the store know that it was school-time?"

"Yes ma'am; for he once asked me if the bell had no rung, and I told him it had, but he did not say anything but let me stay as long as I had a mind to."

Mrs. Marsh now saw that the case was not as bad as she had supposed it to be. Mr. M. had not given his son express permission to absent himself from the school-room but he had allowed him to remain at the store, without reproof, even after he had been told by him that the school hour had arrived. It was not strange, therefore, that Edgar should assume the fact that he had permission, and that his conscience should not convict him of disobedience to his parents. His father's authority had frequently neutralized the previous commands of his mother, and she had concealed from her son the pain thereby occasioned.

"*I am quite sure,*" said she, "your father did not intend

permission to be late at school."

mother, I thought he did, otherwise I would not  
1."

deemed it unwise to say anything further on the  
she was fearful of saying something which would  
appearance of censuring the habits of her husband.  
he had a convenient opportunity, she asked her  
'Is not Edgar in the habit of staying at the store  
ought to be at school?"

't know," said Mr. Marsh, "he is there a good  
ould think likely he is there in school-time."

u not wish to have it so?"

e ought to be at school. You had better tell him  
at the store."

d prefer to have you do it, and to see that he does  
his time there."

try to think of it. Where is Edgar now?"

gone to bed. Pray do not fail to think of it to-  
It is a matter of great consequence to the educa-  
child."

xt day brought its business cares, and Mr. M.  
ght of speaking to his son in relation to the mat-  
ned by his wife. If it had related to a note of  
the sale of goods, it would not have been forgot-  
r a few days, Mrs. M. said, "Have you thought  
Edgar about stopping at the store?"

rather think not; he has not been there much  
ou had better speak to him—you have the chief  
nt of him—I never interfere with you." He did  
e the sigh which escaped from the bosom of his

*riday afternoon, the boys were going to a distant*

hill, for blackberries. Edgar wished to go, but his refused her permission for two reasons; first, on account of the character of some of the boys who were going; secondly, because a stream was to be forded in going, and the late rains had rendered it dangerous.

Mrs. M. sent Edgar to the store for some articles. While he was there, the boys came in, on their way to the hill. "Are you going with them?" said Mr. M. to Edgar. "I wish to go very much indeed."

"You must ask your mother; she has charge of the house."

"I haven't time—they are going now."

"Well, take care of yourself, if you go." Of course Edgar joined the company.

"Where is Edgar?" said Mrs. M., as her husband came home at evening; "I sent him to the store at four o'clock, and I have not seen him since."

"Oh, I gave him leave to go with the boys after the berries. I referred him to you, but there was not time for him to come and ask you."

"He had asked me, and I had refused him permission."

"He did not say anything about that to me."

"Would it not be well, when he comes to you, to let him know that he had previously applied to me?"

"It would, if I could think; but I have so many things to think of." "I am afraid he will be ruined."

"My dear, I give you full authority over him in all second everything which you may do; but I am so overwhelmed with business that I cannot attend to him myself."

It was late in the evening before Edgar came home. Strange as it may seem, he met his mother without complaint. It was owing to the fact that she had not complained when he had acted under the authority of her.

## THE BLIND BOY.

rolled on, and Edgar approached to manhood. "I see," said one, "that it makes much difference what bringing up boys have. There is Edgar Marsh—his mother is one of the best women in the world, and took the greatest pains with him, and his father is a fine man, so he is one of the most unruly young men in the

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### THE BLIND BOY.

Ye think because I cannot see  
The beauteous things of earth,  
That I must sad and lonesome be,  
Nor e'er know what is mirth.  
I never saw the flowerets gay,  
That deck my garden rare,  
And yet I often hear ye say,  
How beautiful they are.  
I never saw my father's face,  
But oh I've often felt  
The tender, long, and fond embrace,  
Which made my young heart melt.  
I never saw my mother's smile,  
But oft I think I see  
The gentle tear that trickles while  
She bends in prayer with me.  
My sister 'tis—I cannot see,  
But list—I hear her call,  
A voice ye have well known to me,  
Ah! yes, I know ye all.  
And when ye twine your arms around  
The sightless boy to kiss,  
Methinks that if I were not blind  
Perchance ye'd love me less.  
Then think no more because I sit  
Thus silently, I'm sad;  
*Because no smile is on my lip,  
For oh, I'm often glad.*

B. A. R.



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## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

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## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

### PILGRIM IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

As soon as Pilgrim had heard the last heavy flap of yon's great wing, he started on his way in the valley of the shadow of death, where he had some distance yet to travel. The scene was very much to please him in this place. Sweet melodies were sometimes heard. The earth was covered with green grass. The beautiful lily was here and there seen, and occasionally a flock of sheep was seen feeding. All was quiet here. No jarring noises; no rattling of coaches; no rumbling with wheels; no screech of an engine. The few noises heard here were as the voices of the angels in heaven, to shepherds watching their flocks by midnight.

But this was not long to last. The scene began to Gloom creeps over every thing he saw. What does mean? There is not only darkness falling on all him, but there is night within. The horizon is shut gloomy mountains; his prospects are narrowing and dark confines touch him as though he were in a cell. The chill air penetrates his soul with images and desolation. What can he do? There is but one for him to do, and that is, to grope his way forward and trembling, remembering that God can, if he will, help him even here. "This is the valley of the shadow of death. 'Tis a dreadful place to be in. He can see no one before him; no one coming after him: he feels alone. Just as a volume of fire shot up through the darkness, almost beneath his feet. He was passing hard by the mouth of a cavern. Hideous noises, as of weeping and wailing, thrilled him with horror. And now Pilgrim feels his sword to be of no avail. There is no palpable foe before him. The power is much within him as without him, and he betakes himself to the weapon called all-prayer, and cries, "(O Lord I beseech thee, deliver my soul."

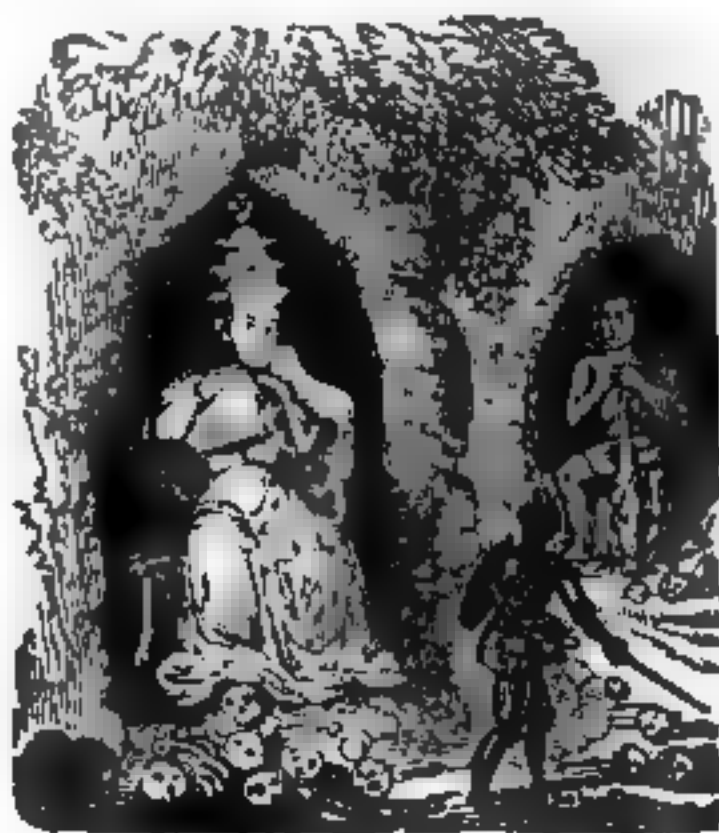
In this disconsolate situation Pilgrim was greatly encouraged, because he thought he heard the voice of another pilgrim singing before him. He called out, but received no answer, for this other pilgrim thought nobody was there but himself. Nevertheless, the sound of singing was a great comfort to Pilgrim, for he said within himself, whoever he be, it is clear that he fears God, and that God is with him; for he could not otherwise go singing through this dark valley; and if God is with *him*, why may he not be with *me*, though it is now so deep dark that I cannot perceive him; yet, by the time I have gone a little further I may

OF DEATH.

flap of a wing  
the valley of  
travel. There  
sweet melody  
covered with  
and there to be  
seen feeding  
no rattling of  
of railway  
the voice of  
midnight.

By and by, the day broke ; then said Pilgrim, he hath t  
the shadow of death into the morning.

Just as Pilgrim gets out of the valley of the shad  
death, he passed by a place of bones, skulls, images  
crosses ; the abode of Pope and Pagan. Pagan had be  
some time dead, and Pope occupied the place alone. P



passed by without harm, for now the living giant cou  
no more than grin and bite his nails, and growl at the p  
pilgrims, "You will never mend till some more of y  
burned." The blood and bones, and ashes, and me  
bodies of many pilgrims were scattered all about this  
looking abode.

After this, Pilgrim ascended a mount of vision, wher  
could see far off, over the prospect before him. The s  
*clear and bright*, its reflection of all images distinc

certain ; the mists of the valley of the shadow of death were far below him, and came not to this border ; the air was healthful and bracing ; he seemed nearer to heaven than he had been in all his pilgrimage, and so light and elastic for his journey, that it seemed as if he could have flown. Here, as he looked onward, he saw the pilgrim whose singing he had heard in the valley, and he shouted out to him to stay, for he would be his companion. Faithful (for that was his name,) replied, I am upon life, and the avenger of blood is behind me ; I may not stay. This nettled Pilgrim, and summoning all his strength, he ran so earnestly that he soon got up with Faithful : but not content with this, and being a little moved by spiritual pride, at his own attainments, he did run on before him ; so the last was first. *Then did Pilgrim vain-gloriously smile !* Ah, what a smile was that ! how much sin, not humble spiritual gratitude and joy, there was in it. But so pleased was he with this feat, that not taking good heed to his feet, Pilgrim suddenly stumbled and fell ; and the fall was such, that he could not rise again, till Faithful, whom he had vain-gloriously outran, came up to help him. Pilgrim had forgotten what was written on his roll,—“ Let each esteem others better than himself.” This, however, did not prevent Pilgrim and Faithful entering upon a most delightful converse with each other. They had both much to say of what they had met. The dangers, temptations, and enemies they had overcome. They were both from the same City of Destruction : they were now dear friends, going to the City of Immanuel. Faithful had escaped the Slough of Despond, but he had fallen into worse perils. Discontent beset him terribly in the Valley of Humiliation, and told him he was making a fool of himself, and setting all his friends *against him*. But the most bold of the enemies

## PRAYER.

that assailed him, was a fellow called Shame. This fellow stuck to him so close that it was very difficult to get rid of him. At last, however, he shook him off.

As they went along they overtook a man whose name was Talkative; a professor of religion by the tongue. Would talk about it by the hour, but never live for it. He could talk of things heavenly, or things earthly; things moral, or things evangelical; things sacred, or things profane; things past, or things to come; things foreign, or things at home. Pilgrim knew this man well, and so behaved towards him that they were soon delivered of his company. Pilgrim and his friend Faithful went on their way perfectly agreed, spending the time in delightful intercommunings, opening each the heart to his brother, and praising God for the deliverances he had wrought out for them thus far.



## PRAYER.

PRAYER has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rock gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the rapid sun in his great race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven. What has not prayer done?

## DOES THE MISSIONARY BOX SAY?

Our missionary box standing on the chimney-  
has got the middle place among the flowers and

You have another like it, only larger, at your  
elbow. It is placed by the door, that you may see  
it when you enter. Well, did you ever listen, when  
standing into the school, or sitting by the fire, to *what*  
*it says to you?* "Why, you do not mean to say that  
it speaks, do you?" Yes; it speaks, indeed, and says  
many things too. It does not require a *mouth* to  
say things speak to us without mouths. There is  
one, which you like so much to go and see when  
on holiday. I am sure it tells you many things. Did  
you not the last time you were there, when you looked  
into the gloomy *dungeon*, as if it told you how dreadful  
was the lot of the poor men who used to be shut  
in this miserable place? The very thought of it made

You remember also noticing one part of the  
wall much battered; which was done by the cannon  
who besieged the castle at one time. When  
you saw these marks, you could scarce help fancying  
the soldiers round the castle firing away with

It was the scars on the old walls that made  
them. As you went home from the castle, too,  
you thought you would go through the *church yard*.  
You saw the old grave digger at work, and you had a little  
look into the grave. You stood by seeing him  
dig earth, and going down deeper and deeper. He  
found some bones, and threw them up too—arm and  
leg and ribs. Then came the skull. When he cast

it up it rolled down the heap of earth until it stopped at the bottom, with the great empty holes, where the eyes once were, staring you right in the face. You could not bear to look at it. It seemed to say to you in a solemn voice, "You will be just like me some day, and your bones will be cast out of a grave, as mine are, by a grave digger." You ran out of the church yard, trying to banish the thought from your mind, and be as light-hearted as before. But just as you were jumping over the stile, your eye lighted upon a *head-stone*, standing near the wall. You stopped and looked at it for a while, and then walked slowly away. You felt very serious and thoughtful. What made you so? Ah, it was something the *stone* had told you. It was one of your school companions who was buried there. Many a happy day you and he had had playing together. But death came and took him away. You went along thinking about him, and thinking how soon you also might die, and a head-stone be placed over you. It was the stone in the church yard that called up these thoughts. And you know the *old blind man*, who sits by the cross in your town, seeking alms, does not need to speak. As he sits there, with his hat in his hand, the cold wind blowing upon his bald head the while, every one who passes feels as if his *blind eyes* cried, "Take pity on the poor blind man."

You see, then, how many things speak to us, and you will easily remember a great many more. "Well," you say, "tell us now *what the missionary box says*." It tells us you many useful lessons, and you might learn them for yourselves, if you would look at it, and listen, and think. Let us go to it. There it is, with the hole in the top for dropping in the money, and the name printed in large letters on the *side of it*, "*Missionary Box*." Now, you must stand still

about it, and hear. The reason why you never  
it said before was, you paid no attention to it.  
ake us to attend to what it says, for they are  
ings indeed which it tells us.

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. INFLUENCE.—Professors of religion often say  
ould be glad to work in the vineyard of the Lord,  
ght they had any influence. I am so humble,  
o timid, says another ; so afraid of not doing just  
ng, says a third ; and so christians excuse them-  
their unconverted friends press their way down  
the grave, unwarned, and uncared for. Lately,  
f a church appointed an enquiry-meeting for the  
ening, and requested every christian, every man  
present, to bring their unconverted friends. Said  
‘ Take this truth which I have presented to you,  
and all of you, and preach it over again, and  
impenitent friends to come to that enquiry-  
A female present, a member of another church,  
elf, “ Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ? ” She  
do what she could, and through her instru-  
eleven persons were induced to be present.  
n your pastor again asks your help, will you not  
hen God calls will you not obey ? Do you think  
o influence ? Are you afraid to work for Him  
mised to be with you always ?





## THE RECONCILIATION.

A GENTLEMAN was riding quietly up the avenue leading the house of a friend, when he was met by the whole family in carriages gaily adorned, and filled with smiling faces. He was immediately recognised, the carriages were stopped, and reining his horse at the door of one which contained the head of the cheerful party, a friendly greeting followed.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Meredith," exclaimed the bright specimen of an English country gentleman, whose countenance beamed with intelligence and pleasure.

"But you must turn your horse's head and join us, you will enjoy the celebration to which we are going as sincerely as any of us, and I can assure you an equally hearty welcome. It is a 'prodigal son' sort of affair."

After a short discussion, Mr. Meredith consented to the wishes of his friend, and the party proceeded towards the rich and beautiful domain of the proprietor, a man of good family and large estate, whose declining years were cheered by the occurrence of a joyous and unexpected event.

As they entered the grounds, sights and sounds of merriment and glee might be seen upon the green, and round many a stately tree. Games, music, archery, and tables laden with good cheer, while numbers of respectable yeomen, with their families, of all ages and sizes, clad in their best attire presented a scene at which any landlord might rejoice. In the crowning joy of the day, both to landlord and tenant was at the moment when Sir George, having summoned within hearing, by the flourish of trumpets, to the lawn, presented his only son, long lost to him, to them, and to the world—once more restored, it was fondly hoped, to all. The father's faltering voice, the son's repressed emotion and m

st bearing, the hearty cheers which rose from the full hearts of friends and neighbours, yeomen and peasantry, truck with exquisite rapture upon the kind and generous feelings of the man who had been instrumental in bringing his happy change to pass.

"Is it not a sight worth seeing, an event worth celebrating?" asked Mr. Perrin of his friend Meredith. "A little while ago the old man sat alone in his dreary old hall, meditating a deed of disinheritance, which would have transferred the honours and possessions of his ancient house to a distant relative, while the natural heir to his broad acres was reveling abroad in wickedness and disgrace to his honourable name."

"And how came about such a happy reunion?" asked Meredith, with lively interest.

"My father accomplished it, sir," whispered a daughter of Mr. Perrin, who stood near; and while her father stepped forward to receive the congratulations and compliments of some gentleman of the neighbourhood she continued: "Had you seen how anxiously he has laboured, how he has travelled, corresponded, entreated, argued, you would not wonder at his evident delight in the success of his efforts to reconcile father and son, so long and unhappily estranged from each other. But my father is not easily discouraged from persevering in a good action; and he was determined that this noble estate should not pass into the hands of a stranger, if any hope remained for the reformation of the heir. My dear father is a good man," she energetically concluded, as he returned to their side.

"Do tell me, Perrin," said his friend, "how you managed to restore this young man to his father's favour."

"Why, you see, though as the patron, the friend, and

landlord of a prosperous and happy tenantry, Sir George was resolved to save them (since it was in his power to do so) from the hands of a graceless spendthrift, who would never reside among them himself, but would probably place over them some hard griping agent, while he spent the produce of his rent-roll in dissipation abroad; perhaps cut down the fine old timber, and consign a venerable mansion to the hammer;—while, however, he, foreseeing this, could strike the name of his worthless boy out of a piece of parchment, he could not so easily erase it from his kind old half-broken heart. He still loved his son, his only child, and mourned over his ruin as only a parent, slighted, insulted, and forsaken, can mourn. I found out this, and then I set off in pursuit of the son. Long I travelled, tracing him from place to place on the continent, and never hearing of him anything but what was disgraceful to his country and himself. At last I found him, lost in dissipation, penniless, and deep in debt. A pretty hopeless case, thought I; I am thankful his father does not see him now. I got him to my hotel, and sobered him. He had no home; he was almost in rags, and was a little ashamed, I thought, of being seen by his father's friend. I detained him some time, supplying him with all that was necessary, and then requested him to return with me to England.

“‘Never,’ he said. ‘My father has refused to see me; refused to send me money. Let him disinherit me if he will; I care not. I have lived by dice, and can do so still. I will never appear a suppliant in his presence again.’

“‘Listen, young man,’ I said. ‘Your father refused to see you when you dared to come with effrontery and insolence to demand as a right what only his bounty and kindness had *too liberally* supplied. He only refused to send you money

in gambling and riot among your infamous com-  
You may have lived a little while by dice, but you  
them as surely as you persevere in such dis-

language is free, sir,' he fiercely exclaimed.

'Faithful,' I replied, 'and you must hear me out ;

' I went on to speak of the honourable position  
, and contrasted with it his present degradation.  
tched his lonely father, and all his wise reasons  
he was preparing to take.

he exclaimed, at last, 'you may spare me further.  
could not, and would not, receive me again, even  
p what has offended him. You may ask him to  
before he dies, or before I die.'

him yourself,' I earnestly replied. 'He yet loves  
not too late.'

me? Impossible !'

had got the right key ; and, following up my  
I pressed it home, till that obdurate hardened  
way, and the boy actually wept over my assurances  
r's love.

Did you come so far to tell me this ?' he asked, in  
tone.

and to take you back to enjoy proofs of it, unless  
infamy, starvation, and death.'

: them !' he cried, with animation ; 'prefer them  
happiness, and my father's love? I have been  
a coming to my senses. I will go with you.'

!' said I, with emphasis.

ere he is ! Look at them," continued the faithful  
he son, supporting his father on his arm, acknow-

*graceful humility the honest welcomes of his*

future tenants ; and, seeing Mr. Perrin and his party, they hastened to offer their grateful and affectionate attentions  
*The Tract Magazine.*

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## THE SINNER'S PASS.

The meaning of *Pass*, or *Pass-word*, (a military phrase) is, "a secret or countersign, by which a person gains access to any privileged place or position."

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"AND how is Mr. Campbell, this morning?" we enquired as we entered the house in which he resided. "Sinking fast" was the immediate reply of his sorrowing wife, who wished us to see and converse with him.

We accordingly ascended the narrow staircase, and found him stretched upon his bed, fast sinking under the influence of consumption. He had long been in this condition, and though he often flattered himself that the remedy administered would be beneficial, it was evident to all, as expressed by his wife, that he was "sinking fast."

Mr. Campbell had been a serjeant in the British army, and from his appearance, though now reduced almost to a skeleton, must have been, when in health and vigour, a looking soldier. He had seen much active service, and on our frequent visits he would often recount the numerous hazards, hardships, and dangers, to which he had been exposed, and which he had endured ; the like, it is hardly possible for any but a soldier to experience. And often when his feelings well-nigh overcome him, in the confession of ingratitude for such signal deliverances. In various parts of the world he had been in service, especially in Jam

ight after night, he had, with his comrades, only  
th to lie upon ; and now he had retired to enjoy  
ension, to which his long and uninterrupted ser-  
ntitled him.

r. Campbell, and how do you feel this morning ?”  
l of him, as we entered his room.

but not worse, thank ye,” was his reply, given  
ong Scottish accent.

ow is it with regard to the soul ?” was our next

question an answer was returned, which plainly  
s the struggle within, and the doubts he enter-  
s being a Christian, although he was not ignorant  
of salvation by Jesus Christ.

e the opportunity of again taking the word of  
etting before him the full, free, and perfect work  
Jesus Christ, and of the Father's willingness and  
o accept any poor sinner that believes on His  
shing in the words of the tenth of Romans, “ If  
onfess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt  
thine heart that God hath raised him from the  
*thalt be saved.*”

is he assented, and seemed happy to hear it. But  
forgiven ? He who had so long been enlisted in  
—yea, in the active service of Satan,—and who  
such open warfare against all that is good ; and  
had been so unthankful ?—

ear friend,” said we, “ you are a dying man, and  
y one way of salvation : reject that, and you are  
tably lost. It is not what *you* are, or have been,  
*hrist* has done, and is. You, like ourselves, need  
r we are *all poor lost sinners*, and in Christ alone

is salvation. Believe, then, in the name of the I Christ! Do you believe?"

He paused—and then with a face beaming with confidence, he looked up and said, "I believe that *of Jesus* is the only pass-word for poor sinners—*sinner's pass!*"

Dear readers, you who know any thing of military can readily enter into the beauty and simplicity of this expression. 'Twas a renunciation of all works as a means or help toward, his salvation, and an acceptance of the sacrifice of Jesus, for acceptance with the Father and preparedness for heaven. May you all, like the dying soldier, be able to realize, and act faithfully upon this, that the name of Jesus is the only pass-word for poor sinners—**ONLY SINNER'S PASS,**"

" 'Tis finished *all*,—our souls to win  
His life, the blessed Jesus gave."

Newport, I. W.

A. T.

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## THE SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

I SAW a little child, so gentle and so bright, he was like a star upon the earth, and wheresoever he went light shined with him. And the light rested upon all things that he touched—and it was a wondrous light. I saw him beside a brook, and the waters gleamed in a new beauty; in his little dimpled hand, and the drops that he let fall from his rosy fingers glittered with *such* a sparkling light that he *laughed with a glad laugh*. Oh! the beautiful v

nerry with them. And the light fell upon the  
er the water, and they shone like diamonds and  
d the little child gathered many of them, and felt  
and he seated himself upon the green earth, and  
ng time with his beautiful pebbles. Presently a  
ame along, and the light from the child fell on the  
fly. And, oh, such beauty! The child thought  
ad seen anything half so beautiful; he watched it  
idrous love; he would not move; but his large,  
s rested on it, full of hope and desire, for he saw  
flower to flower, sipping the honey-dew. And a  
ercup bloomed very near to him, and his light  
upon it; and he hoped that the bright butterfly  
e and drink out of that yellow cup, and then he  
er see those beautiful wings. And the butterfly  
ht that was around the little boy, and so it feared  
me and rested in the pleasant flower so long, that  
esire was satisfied.

w he heard a bird sing, and such a song! It  
if the light from the little boy fell upon the bird's  
it was the merriest and sweetest that a child ever  
d now the child's mother came; and he sprang to  
uch a loving joy,—clasped his arms around her,—  
little sleepy face on her bosom,—and the angel  
passed over his face in dream-smiles. And the  
e child rested on the good mother, and she, too,  
ful, because she had a good child.

aw another one, and I looked in vain for the light.  
none; but wheresoever he went a dark shadow  
im. All tried to please him,—to make him happy,  
shadow fell upon the costly toys they gave him,  
*became broken, useless fragments; and on the*



cakes and candies, and changed them to hurtful which, when he had eaten them, made the shadow more black. And then he, too, was taken out into the beautiful country, but the pebbly brook, with its pretty stream, became a mere muddy stream, with earthy stones that dark shadow. The happy butterfly was chased every flower upon which it lighted, till at last its wings gave out, and it was snatched by a rude hand, and a loathsome mass. Oh, it was hideous in that black shadow. The birds flew trembling away,—they could not sing, if they did, the shadow would not let the boy hear their sounds. Even the flowers did not look at all beautiful, he whipped off their delicate heads with a switch.

And now the mother came for this tired boy, too, and struggled and cried, and the shadow fell upon her, and made her so unbeautiful that I could look no longer at her.

Little children,—the sunshine was Love, and the shadow was HATRED.

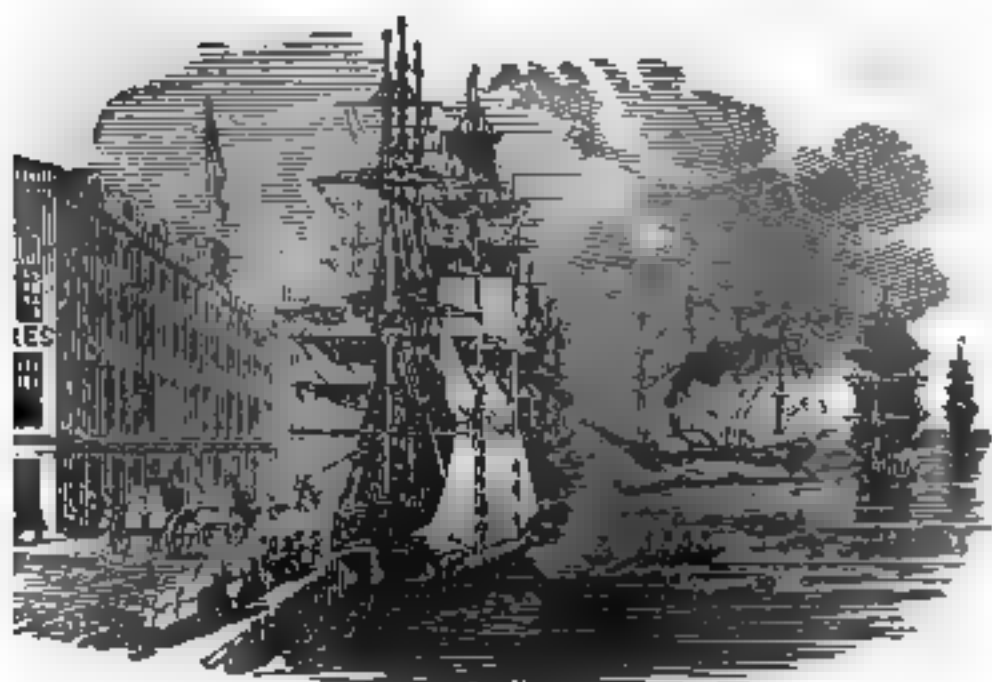
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**ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THOSE WHO CAN GIVE LITTLE.**

THE drop which from the sky distils,  
The stream which gushes from the hills,  
While single, both descend in vain ;  
But drops combined form fruitful rain,  
And streams with other streams allied,  
Swell to the mighty river's tide.

So Christian, here, each mite of thine  
Shall with unnumbered mites combine  
To multiply those streams of grace  
Which fertilize the barren place ;  
Shall freshen many a thirsty sod,  
And swell the river of our God.

## SHIPS AND CUSTOM-HOUSES.



## SHIPS AND CUSTOM-HOUSES.

If our readers have never seen either a Ship or the Custom-house, we can well remember when we had never seen either before taking a long sea voyage, many years ago, when we never seen any vessel intended to float on the water, but only a boat on a canal, we often wondered how could people live in a ship, thousands of miles from home, and where they were? Whether at night the ship could get along, or travelled only by daylight? How many people slept on board? What they had to eat; whether there was a fire to cook by, and any body to wash the dishes, bake bread, and get the tea ready. A thousand questions puzzled us, which nothing but actual seeing could put to rest. A few days let us into the story.

fastened on deck was a comfortable pen for the sheep, and she was fed with hay and other food, just as if she

had been in a farm-yard, only there was no room for good-natured creature to walk about. There was another pen for sheep, another for pigs. Coops for fowls and ducks. They were fed several times a day. There were also appropriate places for turkeys and geese, and a large place, with a complete cooking apparatus, and a fine black fellow for cook. Well, we thought, people don't starve when they are at sea. Down below was a standing bed place, something like a child's cot, only longer, and fastened to the side of the ship, with mattress, &c., for sleeping. There was a side to the crib, twelve or fourteen inches deep. What was that for, we thought. We are not children to need a board to keep us from falling out of bed. We were, however, very shortly very grateful for this same side to our beds for had it not been there to hold hard on by, we should have been thrown right out on to the floor; the ship rolled and pitched at so fearful a rate. Then there was a pantry, where crockery and glasses, and raspberry jam, and wine, biscuits, and soda water, and lemonade, and almost anything you could get at home were to be had for asking. The ship in fact proved to be a little floating town, with many conveniences we had never expected.

But all ships are not intended to carry passengers. Each has its commander and crew, and sails under certain conditions, and for a certain purpose. There is the large Indian ship of fifteen hundred tons burden, with its rich stores of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, silks, indigo, and cotton; while the West India ship is laden with sugar, molasses, rum, and coffee. The splendid vessels from America, bring to our shores, tobacco, cotton, and corn. Those from South America have a more miscellaneous cargo, including cotton, coffee, sugar, rice, spices, skins, hides, guano, and tal-

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## SHIPS AND CUSTOM-HOUSES.

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Gulf of Mexico we receive mahogany, fancy timbers, tar, hemp, tallow, and cochineal. From the West we get timber, tar, hemp, tallow, with wine, oranges, &c. from the Peninsula. From Western Africa we receive gold-dust, ivory, palm-oil, and cocoa nuts. Almost every ship that visits our shores is placed under the inspection of the Custom House authorities. There are tide-surveyors, pilots, inspectors of the river, landing officers, landward officers, officers of the coast department, searchers, &c. The Custom House are collectors, surveyors, assistant clerks, who transact business with shipowners, and merchants.

In the last year, 1852, there were imported into this country from other countries, no less than 90,000,000 pounds of cotton; 90,000,000 pounds of wool; 7,000,000 pounds of silk; 150,000,000 pounds of flax; 66,000,000 pounds of tea; 54,000,000 pounds of coffee; 750,000,000 pounds of sugar; 36,000,000 pounds of tobacco; 16,000,000 pounds of wine and spirits; 160,000,000 pounds of tallow; 110,000,000 pounds of rice; 7,000,000 bushels of corn; 400,000,000 pounds of flour and meal; 100,000 pounds of leather and hides. We exported to foreign countries nearly a *million miles* of woven cotton goods; threads and yarn altogether to the value of £30,000,000; woollens, £11,000,000; linen and flax goods, £10,000,000; coal, 4,000,000 tons; earthenware, 90,000,000 pieces; metals and metal goods, £13,000,000; salt, 100,000 bushels. Thirty thousand ships entered our ports, and as many left them.

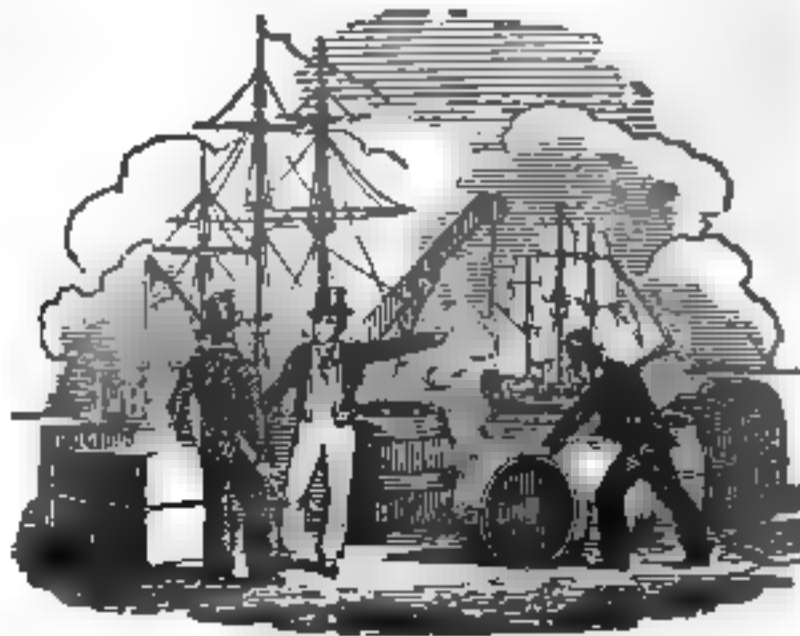
No goods can be brought into our ports, or be taken out of them, without the *sanction* of the Custom-house officers. No goods are *permitted* to be smuggled, or on which the Custom-

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PARAGRAPHS.

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dues have not been paid, are put up by auction, and



the highest bidders. We have had to pass the Houses several times during our life, but have mostly the authorities there respectful and business like. A tempt to elude their search is almost certain to be detected. We could relate one or two instances of apparent success which we thought we witnessed, and at which we smile when they are called to mind. But on the whole, now when travellers meet with so much courtesy and integrity from Custom House officials as in our own beautiful land, by the righteousness of the Bible above any other law under heaven.

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If you would avoid great sins, beware of little ones

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Love is great and powerful, an excellent virtue  
*mighty advantage* in well-doing.

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**LINES AFTER READING "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."**

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**WRITTEN AFTER READING "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."**

I read of bitter wrongs and scorn,  
Of cruel stripes by bondmen borne,  
Of heavy chains by manhood worn,  
    Of sad hearts crushed and broken;  
I read of woman scorned and wronged,  
And in my inmost soul I longed  
For power to utter, trumpet-tongued,  
    Words from the full heart spoken.

Men, women, God's own children, sold!  
Mind, heart, and soul, exchanged for gold;  
Form, feature, muscle, marked and told,  
    Labelled as goods for sale;  
Beings who may with angels stand  
Around God's throne, a shining band,  
In heaven's own glorious spirit-land,  
    Sold like a cotton-bale.

Oh! is the white man's heart a stone?  
Can he not hear the bitter groan,  
Wrung from the souls that pine alone,  
    Robbed of their earthly all?  
No father, mother, wife, or son,  
No sweet home-sights to look upon;  
No hope, no rest, till life is done,  
    And the death-angel's call.

Oh, God! shall beings formed by Thee  
For life, and love, and liberty,  
Still drink this cup of misery,  
    Of utter shame and wrong?  
Oh! listen to the suppliant's sigh,  
Hear, Lord! the sufferer's bitter cry,  
Judge of the earth! arise on high,—  
    How long, O Lord! how long?

**E. B. P.**

**" CONQUERING"**

**May be as lordly and complete a thing,  
In lifting upward as in crushing low."**

**Mrs. E. B. BROWN**

**EVERY** one who permits himself to have an enemy is a  
in the destruction of good, both of himself and in and  
It is thy duty, therefore, as it ought to be thy delight  
conquer thine enemy.

God created thee and him, and He has set upon him  
clearly as upon thee, the stamp of the Divine Maker ;  
as He never made anything out of harmony with the rest  
his creation, it is evident that if thou and thy fellow-man  
at warfare, God's laws of harmony are broken, and sin enters.

He has no right to be thine enemy, thou hast no right  
be his ; thou must take some means of restoring harmony  
of tuning again the strings of fellowship which God  
tuned when he created you. There is only one way of doing  
this. How, then ! Is it to be done by breaking the strings ?  
Will that restore the music ? Is it by losing one note  
the song of fellowship first sunk in Eden can again be  
a melody acceptable to God ? Will not there still be a  
ring ? Yes, and a more fearful jarring, if the note which  
God first struck should be stopped, and a place become  
vacant in the full chorus of humanity.

For remember, that by every malicious thought or  
thou art aiding in thine own and his degradation, in  
severing of those chords of fraternity and love which  
man to man. God, when he created man, gave to each  
*key, a golden key of charity, that will tune every unstrung*

## THE VICTORIOUS LITTLE BOY.

hat is out of harmony with his own, if in the first e is careful to tune his heart in unison with that note n heaven is ever swelling its hallelujah of love. Hast t seen a lyre, when one string is broken, how as it er the other wires it turns them all to discord? So th man. Here, then, is the incompleteness of con- y destruction—now, where is its nobility? Ah, where, that by fostering hate in your own bosom, you have wering the better man within you.

k not by stooping to raise a brother you have degrad- self; on the contrary, in his exaltation you are ex- nd your conquest is completed. H. S. N.

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## THE VICTORIOUS LITTLE BOY.

he following anecdote from a gentleman of veracity. boy in Connecticut, of remarkably serious mind and was ordinarily employed about a mechanic's shop, nearly all the hands were addicted to the common intoxicating liquors. The lad had imbibed temper- principles, and though often invited, could never be l to partake with any of the shop's crew. At length, cher in the Sunday school, in conversation on certain istant texts of Scripture, had awakened his mind to bject, and he very conscientiously avowed his deter- on to try to live in accordance with this great Chris- trine. Three or four of the harder drinkers in the somewhat piqued at such precocious piety and scru- ness of conscience, resolved to humble the lad, or at ut his *new notions* to the test. They resolved to



force a dram of rum down his throat by some means. Seizing an opportunity when he was left in the shop with themselves, they invited him to drink. He refused. They then told him they should compel him. He remained calm and unmoved. They threatened him with violence. Still he neither seemed angry or attempted to escape, nor evinced the least disposition to yield; but insisted that it was wicked, and he could not do it. They then laid hold of him, a man at each arm, while the third held the bottle ready to force it into his mouth. Still their victim remained meek and firm, declaring that he had never injured *them*, and never should, but that God would be his friend and protector, however they might abuse him. The man who held the fatal bottle, up to that moment resolute in his evil purpose, was so struck by the non-resisting dignity and innocence of the lad, that, as he afterwards confessed, almost with tears, he actually felt unable to raise his hand. Twice he essayed to lift the bottle, as he placed the nose of it in the child's mouth, but his arm refused to serve him, Not the least resistance was made in this stage of the proceeding, otherwise than by a meek, protesting look; yet the ringleader himself was overcome in his feelings, and gave over the attempt, declaring that he could not, and would not, injure such an innocent, conscientious, good-hearted boy. Such is moral power. Such is the strength by which evil may, sometimes at least, be overcome with good.

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The greatest hypocrites are those who affect to be worse than they appear to be. Do they really wish to be thought what they say they are?

*Experience is too often purchased by suffering.*

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## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

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## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

### PILGRIM IN VANITY FAIR.

Pilgrim and his friend Faithful now drew near the great  
f Vanity Fair. And it was thought by them they  
stand in need of great special help in this place. They  
urgely entered the town before strange looks were cast  
hem by persons they met in the streets. The gar-  
of the Pilgrims were the subject of remark and ridicule.  
i Pilgrim and his friend appear to care much about  
rchandise for sale, of which the fair was full. Many  
hem to purchase, but they refused in every instance.  
was nothing *they* wanted, nor would they join in the

simple amusements of the place. This gave great umbrage to the votaries of the fair. And at last a crowd was gathered round the strangers, who were thought to be out of their senses, and they were taken and confined in a cage, and made a spectacle to the crowd, and afterwards they were grievously beaten, as being the authors of the disturbance. But their patience, forbearance, and gentleness of deportment did win some friends even among the men of the fair, which they of the contrary party, being very much enraged at, it was at length resolved that the men should be put to death. They were, however, first brought to a kind of trial. Faithful was very heroic and courageous during his trial, and his replies to his accusers full of manly boldness, and Christian truthfulness. "As to the charge of Mr. Superstition against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith, but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, can not be done but by human faith, which faith will not be profitable to eternal life. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say, (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like) that the principal of this town, and all the rabblement, his attendants, by the gentlemen named, are more fit for being in hell, than in this town or country; and so the Lord have mercy upon me."

Then was Faithful, after dreadful torments inflicted on him, burned to ashes at the stake, in the midst of the multitude. But from the torturing flames Faithful looked forth and beheld a band of bright shining angels waiting for him with a chariot and horses, in which, while the flames were yet crackling in the faggots which consumed his flesh and ashes, he was conveyed with the sound of trumpets and

through the clouds to the celestial city. This sight was enough to make Pilgrim wish that, instead of being taken back again to prison, they had burned him also on the spot.

After a long imprisonment Pilgrim was set at liberty, and on his starting anew on his pilgrimage was joined by Hopeful, a character that sprung out of the ashes of Faithful. The martyrdom of Faithful had kindled a light in Vanity Fair that could not be put out, and many there were, that, by his example, would themselves, as Hopeful did, become, pilgrims. One of them was called Mr. By-ends, a man of considerable influence. He got his estate by looking one way and rowing another; and he and his family, friends and relations, differed from the stricter sort in religion only in two small points; first, never striving against wind and water; and second, being always for religion in his *silver slippers*, loving much to walk with him in the streets, of a sun shiny day, when the people applauded.

There could not be much communion between this man and Pilgrim and Hopeful, for By ends would hold to his own principles, they being, as he said, harmless and profitable; whereas, the principles of Christian and Hopeful were, in his view, unnecessarily strict and rigid, compelling them to walk with religion in rags and contempt, as well as in sunshine and silver slippers. When, therefore, they had met and conversed a little, they soon separated, and specially after Pilgrim had asked Mr. By-ends what was his name.

Pilgrim and his friend Hopeful had now a short interval of pleasant going over a plain called Ease, but it was soon passed, and again they entered into danger, for they came to a silver mine in the side of a hill, and were invited by a very gentlemanly man, Demas, to turn aside for a little while and *examine this mine*, telling them they might undertake a

small speculation for themselves. Hopeful was for going, but Pilgrim held him back, while he examined Demas, who declared that the working in this mine was not very dangerous, except to those who were careless. By divine grace the vigilance of Pilgrim carried him and Hopeful past this danger, though By-ends and all his company went right into the mine at the first invitation of Demas, but these men were never more seen on their pilgrimage.

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### THE SUNBEAM AND THE SNOWBALLS.

THERE was a boy called Tom, who took it into his head, that his schoolfellow, James, had done something on purpose to insult him ; and in spite of all James could say or do to make him friendly again, he seemed determined neither to forgive nor forget, but did all he could to make the other uncomfortable ; for he said he was resolved to pay him out, as he called it. Now James tried to bear it all with patience and gentleness, for he was a good boy, and his mother had shown him, that we ought to imitate Christ's example of bearing injuries and unkindness with meekness and forbearance, and forgive those who offend us, and love our enemies, and try to change them into friends. Although it was spring-time, the weather was very cold, and there was some snow on the ground, and Tom resolved to make a lot of snowballs to pelt James with, as he came by his father's garden, on his way to school the next morning. " 'Tis freezing hard," said he to himself, as he made the snowballs ; " they'll be as hard as stones by to-morrow ; I shall give it to him well, and teach him not to go insulting me any more. It's all because he is a coward and afraid to fight, that he *says he's sorry he did it ; such apologies won't do for me.*

I told him I would pay him out before another week was over, and so I will."

These were the thoughts Tom had, as he pressed the snow together to make it hard and round. He never stopped to think of all the kind, good-natured things James had often done for him. One little bit of fun, or "insult," as he chose to call it, had made him forget all his old friendship, and now he was coolly preparing to pour out the angry feelings that filled his heart. Poor Tom! he had not learnt the meaning of the prayer his lips uttered that very night ere he went to bed, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us." And when he woke the next morning, almost his first thought was of the snowballs and his revenge. He said nothing to any one about it, but got ready to start for school as soon as he could, and went off to the garden to watch for James.

But whilst Tom had been sleeping in his warm bed, the weather had changed; the frost had gone, and the thaw was come; and the warm bright sunbeams had taken a peep at his heap of snowballs, and left nothing of them but a little water. "How provoking this is," muttered Tom, half-angry with the weather for changing so soon; "how very provoking! But I'll think of something else for you, master James, never fear."

"Good morning, Tom! are you ready to start?" said a pleasant voice outside the hedge. Tom knew who it was before he looked up and saw Jem's good-natured face peeping in at the garden-gate. "We shall have no sliding on the mill-pond to-day, for 'tis thawing fast; but father says we may play in the old barn if we like. I hope you'll come over, Tom, and have some famous games."

*Before now, Tom would have been all in a hurry to say,*

"Yes, to be sure I will;" but, somehow or other, he felt very queer and awkward. There was such a look of kindness and good-will beaming in Jem's face, that he did not like to look at him, and the very tone of his voice seemed to Tom to reproach him for having felt and behaved so unkindly to him. He hardly knew what to say, and would far rather have walked to school alone, but he had no excuse for lingering behind, so they went together.

I cannot tell all the thoughts that came into Tom's mind that morning, but he could not help thinking a great deal about the sunbeams and the snowballs, and about his conduct to James, and James's behaviour to him. He learnt a lesson that day besides those he said to the schoolmaster. In the evening he went to play in the old barn with James and the others, and when the next morning came, he was at the garden-gate watching for James again, not to pelt him with snowballs, but to tell him what he was going to have done, and to ask him to forgive him. "I shall never forget," he said, "the lesson I learnt yesterday. I see how it is now; love can melt hard hearts and angry feelings, just as the sunbeams melted the snowballs. And for the future, Jem, I hope I shall always obey the law of kindness, instead of the law of revenge."

"I hope we both shall," replied James; "it is hard work sometimes to keep from saying and doing cross things, but every time one keeps one's anger down, and gains a victory over one's self, it grows easier and easier. How happy we might all be," he added earnestly, "if our hearts were but filled with love to God and to each other, for then there would be no room for a single unkind thought or angry feeling. So, Tom, let us always pray that 'the love of God *may be shed abroad in our hearts.*'"

TO THE LOVER OF NATURE.

Go! gaze on Heaven's blue vaulted skies!  
Go worship at fair Nature's shrine!  
And let thy hymn of praise arise,  
To God,—the God of peace Divine.

'Tis He who rolls the orb of light  
Along it's bright etherial way;  
With stars he gilds the gloomy night,  
And He commands pale Cynthia's ray.

His power the rugged mountains piled,  
He bids the clouds their summits crown,  
He clothes their heights with grandeur wild,  
And pours their torrents thundering down.

He makes the stream sweep through the vale,  
He decks it's banks with flowrets gay,  
He bids the songster's of the dale,  
To chant on every blooming spray.

He gives the trees their living dress,  
Luxuriant, lovely, tinted,—fair;  
The waving, yellow fields express,  
His kind, His universal care.

He holds the waters in his hand,  
The angry surges "wait His nod,"  
Air, mountain, valley, sea, and land,  
Proclaim their great Creator, God.

Then let us join the song of praise,  
Which Nature pours, from pole to pole,  
The God of providence and grace,  
Demands the worship of the soul.

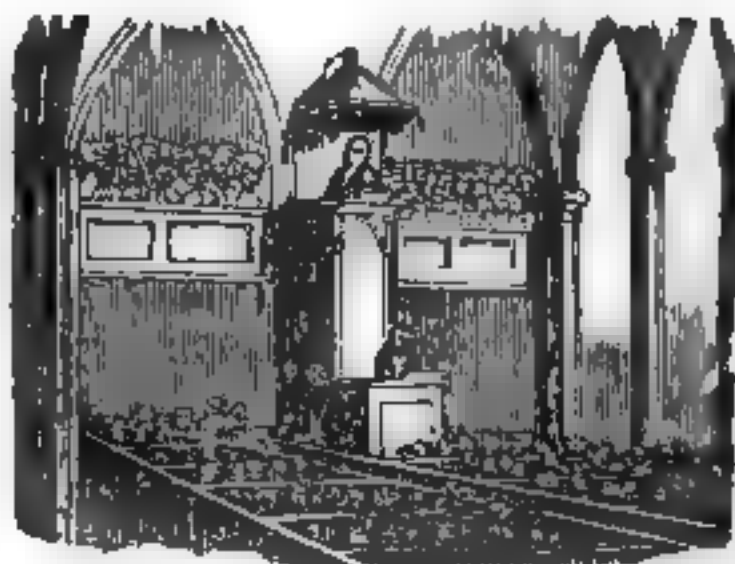
*er, July 27th, 1853.*



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## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

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## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see,  
A whole assembly worship Thee."

ANNIE'S parents were Christians. Not only when the eyes of their city friends were upon them, but also the seclusion of the Retreat. Still they sought to be by the same principles, actuated by the same motives to pursue the same line of conduct. Christian them was a living reality, and not a mere display power, and not empty show. Its seat was the heart, the affections. Thus, whilst it regulated their behaviour in the sight of God only, it had also the happy effect of amplifying the Christian walk before men.

In the epistle of Paul to Titus, we read, "That thou adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," that is, *beautify* or *decorate* the doctrine of God. Things are we in any measure to do this. But God *given us this* exalted privilege, and has promised

## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

the doing of it, by a consistent Christ-like walk, to *beautify* the doctrine of God our Saviour in *all*

May we, who know the Lord, remember this, when, we are tempted to act differently from what we should be surrounded by others, and may the blessed Spirit ever to maintain, in public and in private, in the quiet, as well as in the greatest transactions of life, of the holy requirement of God—to *decorate* the doctrine in all things.

It came, and not as it were, by the force of habit, hearts sincere, the family at the Retreat, as soon as possible, were seated round the table, each having their portion before them. Here, truly, were "two or three" gathered together in the name of the Lord, and here, as if the promised presence of Jesus realized. That was a hallowed spot to each therein, that morning. When they were around the Father's table to break the remembrance of Jesus, their Lord.

the sweet hymn,

"With Jesus in our midst,  
We gather round the board,"

When sung, Annie's father read, and remarked upon, the beautiful sentence recorded by Luke, as coming from our Saviour, on the institution of the supper, the night on which He was betrayed, chap. xxii, v. 15, "With desire I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer," reads in the margin, "I have *heartily desired* to eat the passover with you before I suffer." "'Tis not," said Annie, "that the disciples heartily desired to eat it with Jesus, but we could naturally expect, the lesser desiring to eat it with the greater. No, it was the greater, seeking, with

heartly desire, the fellowship of the lesser. Here how great a value the Lord set upon the fellowship disciples, telling them that *He*, and not they, was the leged one. "Still," continued he, "does the Lord desire to have fellowship with His disciples, whose are we. May it be ours, beloved, to retain and prize fellowship above all things else, and anticipate with full measure thereof which we shall yet realize in allness, when He will introduce His beloved Church Father, "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing then may it be ours to attend to His dying request. do in remembrance of me. For as often as we bread, and drink this cup, we do show the Lord's death. He come." (1 Cor. xi. 26.)

The singing of that beautiful hymn—

" Oh how pleasant thus united,  
To surround the sacred board !  
Whilst the hosts above, delighted,  
Sing the praises of our Lord ;  
Let us join them ;  
Be the Saviour's name adored."

concluded the interesting, solemn, and profitable meeting.

In the after part of the day they again assembled, and meditate upon the Scriptures.

Prayer having been offered for instruction and guidance, Annie, breaking the silence, said: "I should like Father, to read about the fig-tree, which yielded our no fruit, and which afterwards withered away, as recorded in the twenty-first chapter of Matthew's gospel."

"Yes, dear girl," he replied, "that chapter is very interesting, and may afford us much seasonable instruction. *us turn to it.*"

The little party soon found the portion, and having read in turn, until the chapter was concluded, the conversation began.

"Father," said Annie, "how astonishing it appears, that Israel could not behold in Jesus the fulfilment of Zechariah's prophecy, recorded in the ninth chapter, where it is written, 'Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion ; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem, behold thy King cometh unto thee, He is just, and having salvation, lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.' You see how minute is the prophet's description, and not only here, but Isaiah, often to the very letter, describes the condition and circumstance of the expected one—a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Moses also, and *all* the prophets, bore testimony of Him. How astonishing it is, that when He came they *could* not recognise, and *would* not receive Him."

"Yes, dear child, it is astonishing, especially as our Lord often quoted and applied to Himself the Scriptures, which even modern Jews take as applying to their Messiah ; and here we see what the unsubdued heart of man is, how that in spite of evidence that cannot be gainsayed, it ever refuses to acknowledge God, or His claims upon us, in the person of Jesus. Hence, when telling them to search the Scriptures, He adds ; 'They are they which testify of me,' or in other words, 'If there is eternal life in them, and you *think* there is, they must testify of ME, for eternal life is inseparable from ME. Reject ME, and you reject eternal life, receive ME, and you receive eternal life. All your boasted love for the Scriptures is mere hypocrisy, and of nothing worth, if you fail to recognise their testimony concerning ME.' "

"But, dear father, *all* Israel did not reject Him?"

"No, in *God's due time* He was presented to the nation,

the long looked-for object of their national expectation ready, had they been ready to receive Him, to be the fulfilment of their national hopes; but as it regarded the nation was in vain. When they saw Him, they discerned beauty in Him, that they should desire Him. They saw and rejected Him. A little band of disciples was, in fact, gathered around Him by the power of divine grace. All who had heard and learned of the Father came to Him. how few they were! and how many, who at first, seemed earnestly to follow Him, fell back, and went no more to Him. The issue was, that after a patient ministry of lasting for more than three years, He was delivered into the hands of the Jews, who consummated their guilt by putting Him to death. With wicked hands they crucified King!"

"But, dear father, there does appear to be a more royal reception of the Lord in the chapter we have been reading, at least, as some great one."

"There does, dear Annie. The Lord, wishing to learn a method untried to gain their allegiance, when within a distance from Jerusalem, prepares for a royal entry in the ass on which never man sat, is willingly granted by the owner, when told the Lord had need of him. The reception is favourable and unanimous; and now, at the descent of Mount of Olives, it becomes enthusiastic, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God, with a voice, saying: 'Blessed be the King which cometh in the name of the Lord!' Till now there was no opposition seemed borne along in one acclamation of joy at the coming of the King; but, as is ever the case with the natural science, truth only *partly* asserted may be borne with *when pressed* in all its reality, then opposition is at

ed forth, and so here. The Pharisees cannot endure, at entrance of Jerusalem, such plain and public testimony the title of Jesus—they were shocked at the idea of giving such honours to Him, and in their zeal, requested the Lord to rebuke His disciples. Not being able to accomplish this, we find them soon after wishing to destroy Him. Here then we have all those in authority seeking His overthrow, and unanimous in His rejection.”

But, dear father, it is said that the ‘common people heard Him gladly!’ Here also we have the multitude in His favour.”

Yes, dear child, the rejection was not yet national. But, seeing the time when all the springs of society would be polluted by the spirit of envy, which moved the heads of the people,—when they should *all* cry, ‘crucify him! crucify him!’ he introduces the fig-tree, as we have read, showing a Israel full of appearance, but without fruit, and consequently condemned. Full of religion also, for when the chief priests were instigating the multitude to ask for His death, they would not go into the judgment hall, lest they should be defiled! Could wickedness go farther than this, religiously putting the Son of God to death! Well does the Lord, in the twenty-third chapter of this same gospel—a chapter containing the most terrible language that Jesus ever uttered—denounce them as every thing vile and corrupt: ‘whited sepulchres’ — ‘hypocrites’ — ‘serpents’ — ‘offspring of vipers,’ and the like! Dear child, let us ever remember that God looks at the *heart*. Hypocrisy cannot stand before Him!”

Thank you, dearest father, for these remarks. I trust the Lord will lay them upon my heart and conscience, and may *He never permit me in any way to resemble the*

barren fig-tree, may I before Him, before you, my parents, and before every one, only appear what I am, have now I trust, learnt the meaning of what I was recently, that 'God requireth truth in the inward parts,' at those sweet lines—

“For God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.”

At the conclusion of the little meeting, Annie retired to her arbour in the garden, to meditate upon the past conversation. She there again prayed, that hers might be the fruit of sincerity and truth, for the thought had entirely possessed her soul.

All at once she remembered her teacher, and the thought struck her, that, in the evening she would answer her letter, for the time of their meeting again was rapidly coming near, and unless she did it now, she could not do all.

So after tea Annie might be seen tripping over the path with her writing case under her arm, and there, sitting down in her bower, commencing the letter, which was as follows :—

“Beloved and much esteemed teacher,—I received your kind and faithful letter with much joy. Do not think me unkind in not answering it before, for I can truly say that I am most thankful to you for it. Dear teacher, I hope to reciprocate your love. I feel, day by day, that I love you more and more. In my absence, I can now see many things in which I have continually acted towards you as I should not have done. Thoughtlessness and inattention have much marked my conduct. Forgive the past and join in prayer with me, that the future may be spent more as in the presence of God.

"I rejoice, dear teacher, that in the midst of so much that is engaging and delightful around me, I can, nevertheless, turn from them to things divine. The bible is my constant companion. Salvation my constant theme. With them I often say—

"O the sweet wonders of the Cross,  
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!  
Its noblest life my spirit draws,  
From His dear wounds and bleeding side."

what an immensity of blessing for us poor sinners there in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!

"I trust soon to see you. Remember me most affectionately to all in the class, and believe me to be yours in much love and affection, ANNIE."

"P.S.—I have some shells and sea weed for you which I picked up on the shore. Adieu."

On the following morning she rose early to take the letter to the village post office. The sun just emerged from the horizon was shining in all his native loveliness and brightness, reflected in the thousands of sweet dew-drops, which as it sparkled upon the hedges, and bathed the flowers around. The sky lark was up on high, chanting its matin song, and innumerable birds were filling the expanse, with diversified, but harmonious music. The air was filled with sweetness, and the breezes which came from the sea were fresh and vigorating. Pleased, yea, almost enchanted, she tripped along, and succeeded in reaching the office, just before the ringing sound of the rural post boy's horn had given its last signal of departure. To his care the letter was delivered, and little Annie, on her way home, traced, in imagination, its transit to her teacher, with whom, though separated



so widely, she now seemed in close and happy converse. *Christian love* is not a visionary thing. It enters the recesses of the soul. It is divine in its origin—sootl its operation, and eternal in its duration.

“ This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease,  
'Tis LOVE shall strike our joyful strings,  
In the sweet realms of bliss ! ”

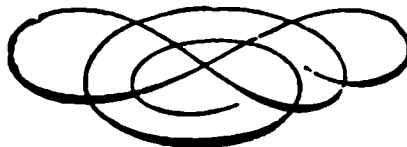
At the breakfast table, Annie presented her fond ] with a beautiful nosegay of flowers, she had gathered return from the village. Wild, indeed, but fresh a grant, and rendered acceptable to them, from the their being plucked by the hand of one who loved the as the poet says, and oh, how truly,

“ 'Tis the heart turns all to treasure,  
With it nothing can be mean,  
Not the gift, whate'er its measure,  
'Tis the giver's heart that's seen.”

---

TRUE STAR.—There is one star that will never disa the hopes that it awakens ; its ray is never dimmed, knows no going down ; its cheering light streams on tl ages of tempest and change. Earth may be dar systems convulsed, planets shaken from their spher this star will pour its steady and undiminished light—

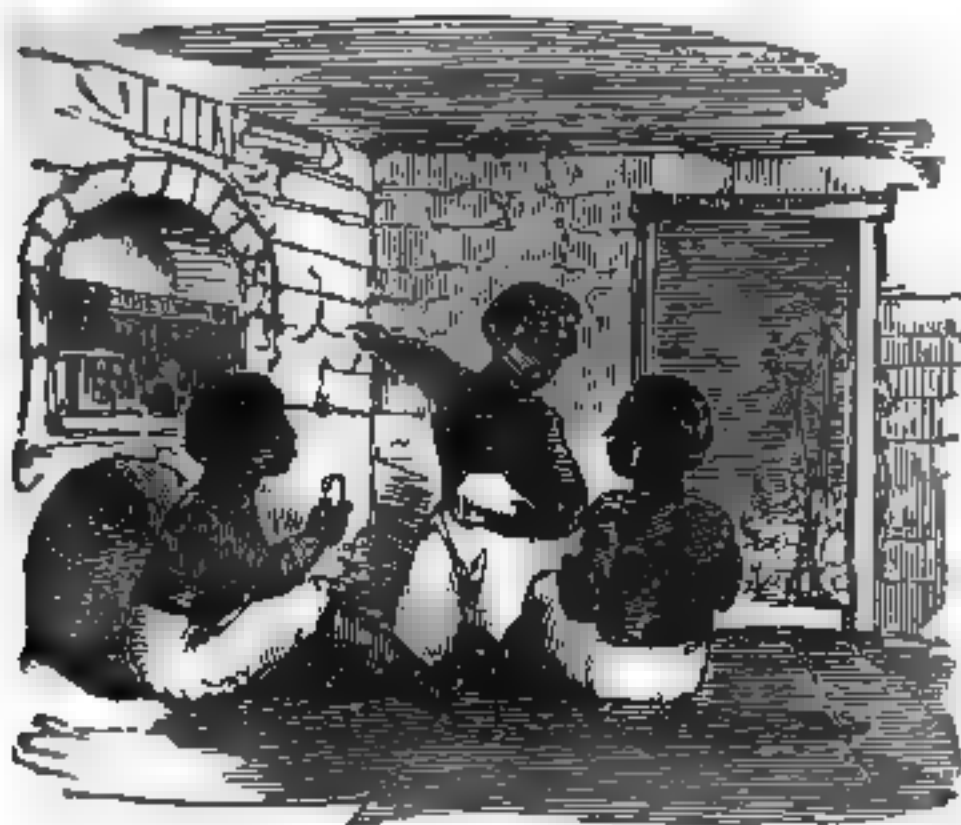
“ First in night's Diadem,  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.”



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## THE LITTLE BLACK BOY THAT STOOD IN THE GATE.

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## THE LITTLE BLACK BOY IN THE GATE.

our the time Friends of Virginia Yearly Meeting thought per to change their discipline, requiring Friends to liber- their slaves, there resided, in Caroline County, a young ried man, a Friend, with three small children. He had menced the world poor, and by his industry had got d of considerable means, which he laid out in the pur- se of slaves, for the benefit of his growing family. His res were the principal property he possessed, and to liber- them would be depriving himself and family of nearly all had—so he concluded he could not do it; and would suffer self to be disowned before he would liberate them. After me, *there was a committee* appointed by the monthly

ting to visit him, and, if possible,  
 and inconsistency of slavery, as being in  
 a Christian religion. The committee visited him  
 a time, I think, for more than a year, without effecting a  
 change in his mind, he being determined to retain his slaves.  
 He requested Friends to disown him, and not to trouble  
 any further on the subject. Friends at length made a  
 favourable report to the monthly meeting, of which he  
 member, stating, that he was not in a disposition of to  
 liberate his slaves. The meeting being about to ay  
 committee to prepare a testimony against him, C. J.  
 minister, arose, and observed, he thought it might be  
 use in continuing the committee a month longer, in  
 addition, and to pay him another visit, which he  
 agreed to, and C. J.'s name was added to the nur  
 information reached the young man; he felt  
 and told his wife, if Friends came when he wa  
 call him, for he did not intend to see them  
 passed before Friends visited him. At len  
 He was out in the fields, but dinner bein  
 called, and finding Friends there, "Well,"  
 self, "Friends have come again to try me  
 of slavery; I am determined to give  
 I'll not let the slaves  
 youth, and may as  
 him pleasant

## THE MYSTERY OF CHILDHOOD.

friends, I reckon we had as well ride." They said  
ell," without speaking one word on the subject of  
isit, to his great surprise and mortification. After  
s mind was wholly taken up with the visit Friends  
id him; and, after revolving it over, he concluded  
ey must, surely, have had a clear sense of the state of  
id, or they would have had something to say to him.  
n after became deeply exercised on the subject, and  
dream, in which it clearly appeared to him, that him-  
th some Friends, were taken up to heaven, to the  
gate, which was opened for their entrance by a little  
boy; and while Friends were entering, he made  
attempts to go in, but the little black boy always  
ed himself right in the way, so that when the Friends  
tered, the door was shut, and he was left on the out-  
Just at that time he awoke, much distressed, and told  
am to his wife, and said, "If I live till morning, I  
and liberate every slave I have. I am determined I  
be kept out of heaven by a little black boy." And  
ngly he arose early, went to the office, and liberated  
slaves, and then went to his friends and told them  
e had done; and afterwards said, he never had any  
o regret the act, but believed it had been blessed to  
d his family through life.

## THE MYSTERY OF CHILDHOOD.

A little child is unto me  
A mystery, that leads my mind  
To depths from which I cannot find  
A way to guide and set me free.  
I think of all the lust and crime,  
The jealousies, the hates, and fears,  
The sad despairs, the sighs, and tears,  
That seem the heritage of Time;

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## THE MYSTERY OF CHILDHOOD.

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And then I looked upon a child,  
Sitting in sunshine at the gate  
That leads into life's sad estate—  
Sitting with clear soul undefiled;  
I think upon the words of Him,  
Who, with the child upon his knee,  
Said, "Suffer such to come unto me—  
Of such my Father's seraphim."

Is not the legend sometimes true,  
That when a fair child comes to earth,  
Before a tear has drowned its mirth,  
Or grief hath paled its blooming hue,

A spirit comes with stealthy pace,  
And to its unwatched cradle creeps,  
Stealing the fair one as it sleeps,  
Leaving a demon in its place?

Sad toiler 'mid the sulphurous breath,  
Where hammers clang and engines roar,  
Fighting a battle ceaseless, sore,  
To keep small space 'twixt thee and death.

Lone woman in the drear midnight,  
With hollow cheek and garment thin,  
Handmaid of poverty and sin,  
So fallen that morning loathes thy sight!

Slave toiling in the fever damp,  
Where, carelessly, the red lash swings,  
Toiling, until thy master flings,  
Thy corpse, as carrion on the swamp!

Forlorn old man, from door to door  
Beseeching for a bite of bread,  
When summer skies are overhead—  
When snows are blocking up the door!

I see ye all with looks so wild—  
With weary heart, and hand, and foot;  
And unto each, this question put—  
Oh! hast thou ever been a child?

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## A TRUE HERO.

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## A TRUE HERO.

and James were brothers, one nine and the other twelve of age. They attended the same school. James, the eldest, was ill-tempered and obstinate, but much beloved of all. The teacher, one day, was about to punish James,

Paul stepped up to him and said,—

"I wish you would punish me, and save my little brother."

"My dear Paul," said the teacher, in surprise, "you are one of my best boys. You have done nothing to deserve punishment. I cannot punish you, my boy."

"But," said Paul, "I shall suffer more to see my brother disgraced and punishment than I should from anything you can do to me."

"Why, Paul," said the teacher, "what do you mean? I will not punish you."

"My brother is a little boy, younger than I am," said

"Pray, Sir, allow me to take all the punishment. I will bear anything from you, Sir. Do take me, and let my little brother go."

"Well, James," said the teacher, "what do you say to this noble offer of Paul?"

James looked at his brother, and said nothing.

"Do let me be punished, and let my dear brother go," urged Paul.

"Why, Paul," said the teacher, "do you wish to receive stripes instead of James?"

"Jesus gave his back to the smiters," said Paul, "and received stripes for the good of his enemies. James is my brother. Oh, Sir, do forgive him, and let me be punished."

"But James does not wish me to forgive him," said the teacher. "Why should you feel so anxious about it? Does he not deserve correction?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," said Paul, "he has broken the rules, and is sullen and wilful, and somebody must suffer. Do take me, and spare my brother."

Paul threw his arms around his brother's neck, and wept as if his heart would break! This was more than James could bear. His tears began to flow, and he embraced his generous brother.

The teacher clasped both in his arms and forgave James, for he was more sorry for his conduct than if he had been punished ten times.

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I WILL SPIN ONE MORE HANK.—At a meeting held with the view of forming an auxiliary society in aid of Christian Missions, the following anecdote was related. A woman of Wakefield, well known to be in very needy circumstances, offered to subscribe a penny a week to the missionary fund. "Surely you," said one, "are too poor to afford this." She replied, "I spin so many hanks of yarn for a maintenance; I will spin *one more*, and that will be a penny for the society." "I

ather," said the speaker, "see that hank suspended in  
r woman's cottage, a token of her zeal for the triumph  
ospel, than military trophies in the halls of heroes,  
id memorials of victories obtained over the physical  
n of men!"

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S AND THE MESSIAH.—"Christianity saves men; war  
s them. Christianity elevates men; war debases and  
s them. Christianity purifies men; war corrupts and  
them. Christianity blesses men; war curses them.  
rs, thou shalt not kill; war says, thou *shalt* kill. God  
essed are the peace-makers; war says, blessed are the  
kers. God says, love your enemies; war says, hate  
God says, forgive men their trespasses; war says,  
them not. God enjoins forgiveness, and forbids re-  
war scorns the former, and commands the latter.  
ys, resist not evil; war says you may and must resist  
God says, if any one smite thee on one cheek, turn to  
other also; war says, turn *not* the other cheek, but  
the smiter down. God says, overcome evil with good;  
s, overcome evil with evil. God says, if thine enemy  
, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; war says,  
supply your enemies with food and clothing, you shall  
as a traitor. God says, they that take the sword,  
erish by the sword; war says, they that take the  
shall be *saved* by the sword. God says, beat your  
into ploughshares, your spears into pruning-hooks,  
rn war no more; war says, make swords and spears  
nd continue to learn war, until all mankind have  
from learning it,—or fight, all of you, until all of you  
hting.



SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARY.

*Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London, by R. W. VANDERKISTE, London City Missionary.*

This work, with a copy of which we have been favored by its esteemed author, is a book of real life. Not on opinions, but of facts. Many of them of a novel character such as no one but a city missionary would likely to be acquainted with. Take the following bit of a housebreaker's conscience, speaking its hidden woe, as a specimen of book :

"It ain't no go, as it used to be," said a housebreaker to me. "How is that," said I. He replied, "Why, if you get inside a house quietly, don't you see, just as yer a con out, there's some policeman a waitin' to ketch you in arms, and they put such *lots* on at nights so thick, it's no use a trying."

This young man attended my meetings, and appeared to have given up his habits of depredation. He told me lately, "Mr. Wandecum, you may believe me, or believe me not, but I sees things werry differently to what I used to do. I rather live upon a penn'orth of bread a-day got honest than have lots of *grub* the other way, that I would ; not that there's a deal to be made, particularly by hand-chiefs, but you're always in fear, yer conscience won't give yer rest, every sound you hears, may be on the passage on the stairs ; when you're a bed, any how, you start up and thinks it's some *peeler* (policeman) come to take you. It's a miserable life, that it is, there ain't no luck in it. Please the Almighty, I've done with sich ways altogether and means to get my bread honestly."



### COUNTRY LIFE.

have often wished we had a farm, and had cows to sheep to count, and horses to pet. We love dearly the friends of dumb animals; they seldom fail (at least in England) to reward the kindness and gentleness with which they are treated. We were once in a position in which we had more to do with these creatures than we have now, but we could not make friends of them; they would not be civil. A friend gave us a cow; it was the first we possessed; it had a large hump on its back, and was as cross-tempered a brute as ever wore horns; we could not approach nearer to it than the length of its tether, and could have had a hoist, for the creature seldom saw

us without making a dash at us. When the cow's failed, we were of course obliged to purchase milk for family. Milk-sellers, in other places than in London not sell *all* milk, so to prevent being cheated we insist (as is common in the country referred to) that the dairy should bring the cow to our door. Now cows, very new to their credit, are remarkably fond of their young, and not, in many instances, allow their milk to be taken from them unless the calf is present, perhaps as a consoling party; the mother cow perhaps thinking, well, if the calf has no objection, let the milk go. Sometimes the young was left at home tied up in the shed, the cow would protest against this separation in a strange manner; she would kick and strike, and turn, and twist about, and seeing her opportunity, would suddenly dash away, and run home with streaming, her head shaking from side to side, and tossing aloft her horns, as if making fun of the poor fellow who stood staring at the milky mother's freaks as though he could not help it. No more he could, and the cow knew that very well, and off she ran, seeming to say to the man, You will know better next time than to leave your darling calf at home, and drag me away against my will to get all the milk out of me, and leave nothing for the young thing's breakfast. Serve you right.

We might just as well say that we bought another cow, the funniest looking creature we ever saw; we gave five shillings for it, but it was not of much use.

We were also obliged to keep sheep, or to submit our teeth to a piece of old tough goat, which the butcher strangely given to cheating, contrived to dress and make *look as like* mutton as he could. The sheep cost two

gs each before being fed. Goats also formed a part of  
r pet stock.

We love the looks of pastoral life very much ; whether  
a work of pastoral life would suit us as well as its appear-  
ce we cannot say ; but certainly there are charms about  
ral life which do not attend a more artificial state. We  
re to look upon ruddy cheeks. To hear the clear healthy  
ice. To inhale the sweet breath of morn in the hay-field  
the meadow. There is something pleasing in the sight  
the large and rich cheese, the sweet butter, the hamper  
new laid eggs. There is music in the chucking of the  
n, the quack of the duck, the cackling of the goose, and  
ring of the dove. We love to watch the dull heavy look-  
g calves, who seem one moment as though they never  
ought of such a thing as frolic and fun, and the next are  
umping away at almost railway speed ; and how they  
ow where and when to stop nobody but a calf could tell.  
e love the country, and a great deal that pertains to it.  
d made it. There is less dust, and stench, and noise,  
d smoke, and smut ; and we bless the Father of mercies,  
at He has given us so sweet a retreat, in which we may  
asionally lose sight of the bustle and strife that belong  
more thickly populated spots. The shady lane, the green  
ld, the wooded park, the gentle stream, will always possess  
charm for the lover of the beautiful, the innocent, the free.

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VARIETY OF MERIT.—Not uniformity, but variety of merit  
stitutes the highest charm of human society. There may  
complete identity and unity of faith and principle on all  
portant topics, and yet the utmost difference in their out-  
rd manifestation,—a noble harmony, though each note be  
fferent.

IF YOU KNEW ALL.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

“WHAT a noble tree!” said I to a farmer, who was taking me over his grounds, when to my surprise he broke into a loud laugh, saying, “If you knew all you would hardly say so.” In this he was quite right, for when we came up to the tree, and I went behind it, I found it quite hollow.

Many reasons may be assigned for the infirmity of human judgment. We are influenced by pride, blinded by passion, and warped by self-interest; but one of the principal is this, that we rarely have before us the whole of the necessary evidence to enable us to form a correct opinion, and judge according to the little we know. Did we know all we should oftentimes, as I did in the instance of the tree, arrive at a very different conclusion.

“If we knew all!” How much is involved in the expression! Did we know all we have to enjoy, it would render us more thoughtless than we are; and did we know what we have to endure, it would alarm us, and disturb our peace.

Well do I remember one who was envied on account of his position and the pleasures he enjoyed. His house, his grounds, his horses and his dogs, were his delights. “There be a happy man upon earth,” said a thoughtless labourer, “he is one.” But when he said this he did not know all. At that very time the “happy man” was overwhelmed with debts, and an execution was in his house. I found him in the King’s Bench prison, and all he had left was a scanty supply of furniture and a few pictures hung

the horses and dogs in which he had so greatly  
We should envy no man his possessions, for we  
are aware of the tenure under which they are held :  
sures, for they may be short-lived, even if they  
1.

In his wisdom our heavenly Father has hidden  
signs, he has made known enough to call forth  
praise and praise. We know a little if we know  
we know a part if we know not all ; be it ours  
to consider, gratefully to profit, and diligently to

For all we should see clearly that every sin, sooner  
is punished with its punishment. In common pru-  
dence as well as from higher motives, should we not  
avoid every evil act? When Balak, the Moabitish,  
saw the growing power of the children of Israel, and  
what he had done to the Amorites, he would try to bribe  
them to curse them. " Come now, I pray thee," said he,  
to curse this people : for I wot that he whom thou blessest  
thou shalt bless, and he whom thou cursest is cursed." If he had  
known he would hardly have taken this useless trouble ;  
Balaam, the son of Beor, the man whose eyes God  
came, and took up his parable, a part of his  
" How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob ! and thy  
O Israel ! Blessed is he that blesseth thee.  
and he that curseth thee." No marvel that Balak's  
was troubled.

Why, if Belshazzar knew all, he would never have  
partaken of a feast, nor drawn down on his guilty head the  
curse of his pride and impiety. He could see, in his  
behind, his princes and his lords, his wives and  
daughters, *dressed up in all the bravery of their attire,*

drinking wine from the golden vessels of the house of the Lord, to the "gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone;" but he could not foresee the handwriting on the wall: when that met his eyes, the joints of his loins were loosed.

What errors are made in the attainment of worldly possessions! how lynx-eyed we are to every prospect of success and how blind to the disasters which may occur! I knew a young man, well brought up, who, disliking the slow method of making money by business, and in a hurry to be rich, rushed off to California to get gold. Had he known all he would have been less sanguine and more cautious. I saw him before he set off, with his outfit for his enterprise and I saw him after he came back, without a shirt or a shilling.

When we envy the strong man his strength, the wise man his learning, and the rich man his wealth, we know not what we do. Did we know all, and were we acquainted with their several trials and infirmities, often, perhaps, our envy would be suppressed, and we should humbly seek after that godliness which is great gain, "having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," 1 Tim. iv. 8.

Notwithstanding the information given to us, that the "heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, we generally give ourselves but little trouble to know it. Had we a more extended knowledge of ourselves than we have, the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," would be much more frequently offered up by us all.

We know but little of those around us; if we knew all we might judge them more forbearingly than we often do. *There are many who would be liberal, yet have nothing to*

many who would be lenient whom duty compels to  
 a, and many whom we take to be churlish, entertain  
 elings for us in their hearts. From day to day we  
 ng these mistakes, and judging others unjustly.  
 ollow tree in the grounds of the farmer, which at  
 uch deceived me, was not more hollow than the  
 deceits of the world. Seen on one side they are  
 ed; but what are they when examined on the other?  
 now all, we should surely regard them more warily.  
 ittle do we seek to know of the love of God, and of  
 nding grace of the Redeemer! Could we reckon up  
 ies, they would far outnumber the hairs of our head.  
 it, then, that our prayers are so much longer than  
 ses? and that our desires so much exceed our  
 ness?

ed Christian, "tossed with temptest, and not com-  
 you are cast down by trouble; but if you knew all  
 in store for you, your harp, taken from the willows,  
 sound with unceasing hallelujahs. If you knew all,  
 nt grief would be lost in the future joy; for "Eye  
 seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the  
 man, the things which God hath prepared for them  
 e him," 1 Cor ii. 9. Take courage; it is because  
 v but little that you are so fearful: did you know  
 heart would be bold as a lion's.—*Tract Magazine.*

hurries on without a rest; he seeks constancy.  
 , be thou steadfast, and thou bindest him in ada-  
 chains.





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## THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

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### THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

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"He lives, who lives to God alone,  
And all are dead beside."—COWPER.

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"For what dost thou live?" I accosted the miser,  
Who *lived* not, but only *existed*:

"I live in the hope of increasing my treasure,  
In this my whole soul is enlisted."

"For what dost thou live?" I accosted the pleasurer,  
Whose equipage rolled on before me:

"I live in pursuit of enjoyment, and Oh!  
How pleased when I grasp it, I shall be!"

"For what dost thou live? I accosted the drunkard,  
Sunk far 'neath the brutal creation:

"I live my desire for drink to appease,  
Though life be the fearful oblation!"

"For what dost thou live? I asked the ambitious,  
So lofty, so proud, and pretending,—

"To acquire a name, and a lasting fame,  
For this, all my powers I'm spending."

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas! what is wealth but glittering earth!

What is pleasure but subsequent pain!

What, sensual enjoyment, but momentary mirth!

What a bubble is high sounding fame!

So I turned to the Christian, "For what dost *thou* live,  
O tell me, good Christian. I pray?"

"For the glory of God, and the good of souls,  
And a crown which will never decay!"

I answered, "Good Christian thy choice has been wise,

Thou hast much in possession while here,

But far more in prospect; look up to the skies,

Thy reward is reserved for thee there!"

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## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

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## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

### PILGRIM AND DOUBTING CASTLE.

PILGRIM and Hopeful went on their way to a pleasant river, which David the king called the River of God, but John, the River of the Water of Life. Now their way lay just upon the bank of the river; here, therefore, Pilgrim and his friend walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits. Besides, on the banks of the river, on either side, were green trees with all manner of fruit; and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits, and other diseases that are incident to those who heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie down safely. When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the

river, and they lay down again to sleep. Thus they continued several days and nights. They were so pleased with this beautiful part of their journey that they did not like to leave it. But presently the river and the way, for a time parted, and the road became rough. This they did not like. They looked back to the green fields and pleasant fruit and gently flowing stream they had just left. And then they began to feel dissatisfied, and to find fault. They said, "How very rough is the way now. How painful; how fatiguing. Can we not find an easier, a pleasanter way than this?" They had no sooner wished for another way than they came up to a stile leading into By-Path Meadow. "Ah," they say, "just what we wanted. We'll leave this dusty broken road, and walk upon grass and flowers." They fancied it was just the same thing whether they went by the rough path, or over the soft grass. The meadow and the road go on together. They had not gone far in the meadow before they saw a man going before them at a great rate. This man's name was Vain Confidence. Pilgrim and Hopeful, like simpletons as they were, asked this man whether they were in the way to the Celestial City. "To be sure," said he; "don't you see I am straight in the way myself. Do you think I am likely to be mistaken." Night came, a deep dark night; a storm arose; they could not see the way. By and by they heard Vain Confidence fall into a horrible pit. They heard him groan, but could see nothing. And now they bemoan their folly. Pilgrim's heart is full of remorse because he has led his friend Hopeful out of the way. They had to splash through mud and water. Presently they reached a rising ground, above the waters, and being thoroughly tired, and fearing they could not reach *King's high way* that night, they there lay down and slept.

**It** would have been better for them to have struggled on in the storm than to have gone to sleep here, for these grounds belonged to Giant Despair; and here Giant Despair found them fast asleep from sorrow and weariness, and carried them right away to his castle.

Now Pilgrim and Hopeful were in a dreadful case: deep down in darkness, the bars of the earth and of death around them. No food, nor drink, nor light, nor comfort, and in this dungeon they cried as out of the belly of hell, bemoaning themselves to one another with groans and lamentations. They were both sad, but Pilgrim seemed more completely miserable than his friend. Giant Despair came to Pilgrim and told him that as there was no hope for him now, and he would never be allowed to leave the dungeon in which he then was, he had better destroy himself, and put an end to his misery. Hopeful will not hear of this, but tells him not to give up yet. Deliverance may come. In this state they remained day after day, and night after night, though it was all night with them, and no light but to discover sights of woe. Yet after all, they would not give way to the bad suggestions of Giant Despair.

They began to pray; and all at once Pilgrim bethought him of a key which had been given him at the Wicket Gate, and he said, "What a fool am I to be in this filthy dungeon when I have a key, and can let myself out with it. They were both most anxious to try the key. They trembled with fear and eagerness as the wards of the lock were passed, and the bolt flew out of the socket. The rusty hinges creaked, and they felt as if the fiery breath of the Giant was reaching them, and as if his grasp was about to be laid upon their shoulders, and it was not till they had got out into the clear light and open air, that they dared believe they were really

escaping. How sweet and refreshing to breathe the reviving air once again. The world looked like a new world, so great was the contrast between heaven's own light and glory, and the ugly darkness of the Giant's dungeon. They made for the nearest way back to the stile over which they had wandered. They had no sooner got out of the Giant's territory, than they proceeded to write, and nail up that famous inscription for a warning to others, "Over this stile lies the way to Doubting Castle, kept by Giant Despair." Escaped from the Castle, Pilgrim and Hopeful began to ascend the



delectable mountains. Here were gardens, and orchards, vineyards, and fountains of living water. Here were the shepherds of Christ, appointed to feed and keep his flock on these mountains, holy men named Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere. These good shepherds took the pilgrims to the top of the Hill Clear, from whence on a fine day, they could see the Celestial City, through the telescope which the shepherds kept by them. Through this they managed to see something of the glory of the City.

## AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

One of our western towns, a minister of Jesus Christ one morning told by his wife that a little boy, the son of a neighbour was very sick, near to death, and asked if he would not go in and see him. "I hardly know what to say to the good man; his parents, you know, do not wish me to go to my congregation, and are, besides, opposed to the doctrines which I preach. I fear my visit would not be well received." "But," rejoined the wife, "when you were sick, at that time since, the mother of the little boy sent in a messenger every day to inquire how you were, and I think you will expect you to come and see their son." This was a powerful inducement, and he was soon on his way to the place of sorrow. The mother was hanging in anguish over her precious and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever. The minister, after watching him a few moments, turned to the lady, and said, "This poor little fellow should be kept perfectly quiet, and he should not be excited in any manner." "Sir," she said, "will you offer a prayer?" At first he hesitated, considering the effect upon the child, but on second thought knelt by the bed side and uttered a few petitions in His name who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." The mother, as he commenced speaking, the little sufferer, who till then seemed unconscious of his presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his large dark eyes upon the minister listened intently to every word. The minister rose from the bed, said a few words to the mother, and went home, leaving the child in a perfectly tranquil state. The next morning which greeted him was, that little Frank had died *the night*.

He had become extremely interested, and the apparent effect of the voice of prayer upon the dying boy had surprised him. He went again to visit the family, attended the funeral, and at length learned from the mother the following facts:—

She had two children. Frank was the oldest, and the second was a daughter of five years. A few months before, little Alice had gone to spend the night with some companions in the neighbourhood, whose parents were Christians, and were training their children to follow their steps. As they were about retiring to rest, these little ones said to their visitor, "Come, Alice, kneel down with us and say 'Our Father' before we go to bed." The child, bewildered by their words and kneeling attitude, answered, "But I do not know what 'Our Father' is?" "Well, don't you want to learn it?" said one. "Oh yes," said Alice; and, being a bright little girl, she soon committed to memory the precious form of prayer which has gone up from so many lips since our Saviour first uttered it. The next morning, full of animation, and delighted with her new acquisition, she returned home; and the moment her brother Frank appeared from school, she began to tell him all about her visit, and beg him to learn "Our Father," and say it with her. From that time, the mother said, kneeling together, they had daily repeated the Lord's prayer, with great earnestness and delight, and had also learned other prayers, in which they seemed much interested. A few days before he was taken sick, Frank had come to her with a book in his hand, and said, "Oh, mother, here is a beautiful prayer, will you let me read it to you?" It was the remembrance of this which induced her to make the request that the minister *would pray by the bed of the suffering boy, and this was the*

of the calming influence which that prayer exerted. continued thus tranquil a long time, but at length his ass returned, and the hour of death drew near. About eight, suffering and agonised, he begged of his mother and for the good minister to pray again. He must have nobody to pray. The parents disliked to call him at that hour of the night, and knew not what to do. At last, the mother went up stairs, and taking the little sleeping Alice from her bed, brought her to her brother's bedside, and told what Frank wanted. Immediately she knelt down, and solemnly repeated the prayer which they both so loved, and then, unasked, said—

“ Now Franky lays him down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord his soul to keep ;  
If he should die before he wake,  
I pray the Lord his soul to take.”

Her first words soothed the sufferer, and with the last his soul fled.

Witnessed earth ever a sublimer spectacle? At the dead of the night, in the chamber where waits the king of kings, surrounded by weeping friends, the infant of five years, roused hastily from the sweet slumbers of childhood, kneels in her simple nightdress, and, undisturbed, unaided, lisps in childish accents the prayer which Heaven sends, and on whose breath missioned angels bear upward the unsundered soul.

How could we learn a lesson. They labour not in vain who sow the good seed in the fresh soil of youthful hearts.

Religious and an enlightened people are better preservers of the nation, *than an army of soldiers and policemen.*





### ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

"Transient as the hues of morning,  
Earthly joys like shadows pass;  
Forms, the brightest life adorning,  
Fade and wither like the grass:  
O may we, each fetter breaking,  
Cling not so to things below,  
But to heavenly visions waking,  
More abiding pleasures know."

EVERY new position in which we are placed affords  
*another proof of the rapid flight of time.* All is trans

here. This ever has been, and still is, the character of every thing earthly, and it is well to know this; it will save us from much disappointment, from much sorrow, if we can but realize the fact, that *earthly joys are fading*.

Annie had realized this, not so much from her having experienced the mutations of earth, which of course, though young, she had, but from her having laid hold of those unfailing joys which spring from the consciousness of sins forgiven through the blood of Jesus, and from the certain knowledge that there was laid up for her, in heaven, a crown of glory, which the Lord would give her at that day, and not only to her, but unto all those who love His appearing. 2 Tim. iii. 8. She was thus enabled to see her visit to the Retreat drawing to a close without a sigh, and happily to converse with her dear parents upon the great contrast between their present secluded, rural position, and the noise and confusion of the neighbourhood of their city home, to which they were shortly to return.

But there was one claim upon them as yet unanswered. The village at the distance, though small, was yet the residence of many who needed help and consolation. As yet they had only seen it from an eminence in their own grounds; but now, as their sojourn was daily contracting itself, it was agreed that they should, during the day, visit the cottagers to render them advice, consolation, and assistance, as the Lord should direct, and as they should find opportunity.

Annie was to accompany them, at her own special request, for she delighted to imitate Him who went about doing good, whom now she called Master and Lord.

Among her selection of tracts there were some that she valued much above the others, on account of, in her judgment, their *meeting the mind of the Lord as contained in*

His written Word, more fully. It was not every tract which fell in her way of which she could say this, and consequently she felt the importance of perusing them before distribution. With a good selection of these, and whatever else of her little store she could with propriety part with, she joined her parents in their visiting excursion.

Cottage after cottage was entered, and Annie grew deeply interested in the conversations which ensued. Often, too, would she take part in them, and by her respectful bearing and prudent observations win the admiration and love of the cottagers, who listened with deep attention to her remarks, and received with much gratitude the expressions of her benevolence and sympathy; so that she could not help remarking to her parents the truth of that familiar quotation, where charity is spoken of as

“Twice blessed,  
It blesseth him who gives, and him who takes.”

From the remarks of some dear old christians she also gained much useful instruction; especially from one whose hoary head and venerable appearance at once won the deepest respect of Annie, who said when conversing upon the faithfulness of God, “Ah! God will never leave His own work unfinished: fifty-six years with me have proved His faithfulness, and eternity will confirm it. Praise the Lord!”

“And have you been happy all that long time?” said Annie.

“Happy so far as I have closely followed the Lord, but miserable when I have listened to my own deceitful heart; for fifty-six years’ dealing with it have not altered its likings for sin; it is as bad as ever. Grace—grace alone can curb it. Dear young lady, never trust your own heart, for be sure

It, the word is true which says, 'He who trusteth to his heart is a fool.' "

These were weighty words in Annie's ears, and the desire of her soul was, that they might not soon be forgotten.

Passing through the village they entered the church-

Struck with its rural simplicity and novel situation, they were not far distant from the sea, and upon very uneven ground, they lingered awhile, admiring the sweet and nicely arranged flowers which grew upon the graves, and marked resting place of many a village favourite; and also reading the inscriptions upon the head-stones and grave-stones. For the most part, they were sorry to see, laudatory of the deceased, had reached to a sickening degree.

Then her father repeated an appropriate verse or two from an Elegy written in a country church-yard," to the great delight of his little daughter:—

" Perhaps in this romantic spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray:  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

"And I remember," said Annie, "a remark I heard some time since, which, perhaps, is appropriate here, and will exalt our minds far higher than the thoughts contained in the verses. It is this. The speaker was remarking upon the burial place where a christian had been interred, and said of it,—'Part of its dust belongs to God, and is destined to shine in immortality.' "

Then pensively looking up to her dear mother, she said, "Mother, were I to fall asleep ere Jesus comes, and my body be put into the silent grave, let no such epithets as these we mostly see around us mark the spot where it lies. Let it be, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin;' 1 John, i. 7. or some such simple declaration of God's grace to poor sinners, as may be blessed with the Holy Spirit to the living."

"Ah, it matters little, dear child, where we lie, or above us, for should the grave receive us it would be but for a little while. But such a verse as you have just said would make us, like Abel, though dead, still speaking."

"Do you remember," continued her mother, "the story of a little girl like yourself, that no roses should be put round her head in the coffin?"

"I do indeed, dear mother, and the verses written by Montgomery on it. They are these:—

" 'Mamma,' a little maiden said,  
Almost with her expiring sigh,  
'Put no sweet roses round my head  
When in my coffin dress I lie.'  
'Why not, my child,' the mother cried,  
'What flower so well a corpse adorns?'  
'Mamma,' the innocent replied,  
'They crowned our Saviour's head with thorns.

Their walk homewards was a happy one. Every thing seemed to smile upon them. The birds sang sweetly, the flowers looked more beautiful; the air was more fresh and balmy; the breeze blew more refreshingly, and their own hearts were lighter. They had diffused happiness around them, and now it was returned in full measure to *their own bosoms*.

## ANNIE'S FIRST COUNTRY VISIT.

t night was the last but one they were to spend at the  
t; so Annie, on retiring to her chamber sat for some  
y her window, still open, to gaze on the surrounding  
s, lit up as they were by the softened rays of a beau-  
all-orbed moon. Creation was still, save in the dis-  
the rippling wave among the cliffs, the occasional cry  
owl, and in the grove near the Retreat, the nightin-  
rapturous song. The bees had ceased their honey  
. The linnet was nestled with its young, while the  
orms, now waking into life and energy, spangled the  
a glittering array. 'Twas a fit hour for contemplation.

“ Yes, all is still,  
The dew descends, the air is balm ;  
Unruffled is the glassy deep,  
While moonbeams o'er its bosom sleep ;  
The gale of summer mildly blows ;  
The wave in smoothing murmur flows ;  
Unclouded Vesper shines on high,  
And every flower has closed its tearful eye.”

t the sight, she continued her meditations without  
tion.—

autiful,” thought she, “ must have been the evenings  
neval innocence, which our first parents knew, alas,  
a little while. Peace reigned undisturbedly within  
osoms ; they knew not the sorrow of a solitary pang ;  
s there cause for one heaving sigh. The pulse of na-  
oo, fresh from her Maker's hands, beat in harmonious  
thy with theirs—all pure and peaceful ! That sea,  
which I now gaze, knew not the rapacity of the shark,  
a devourer of its kind. It witnessed not the horrors  
whirlpool, nor was it the crimsoned highway of the  
hip. *Those cliffs were not the resorts of devouring*

eagles, hawks, and birds of prey. That heath knew no barrenness, those fields no draught. All was plenty without toil: all was beauty without contrivance.

“ But sin has marred all this—has offended God—and cursed creation, animate and inanimate. But happy thought! it has done more than this. It has opened a paradise *above*, and given opportunity for the deep display of God's matchless love in the awful price he has paid for the redemption of that church which is destined to inhabit it. A paradise which knows no change nor fear of banishment,—which sin can never mar. ‘And there shall be no more curse.’ Surely it was worth the loss of the first paradise and all the misery of the fall, to be put into such a permanent place of blessing! O Adam, what hast thou done? O thou second Adam, what hast thou not done? The first Adam found all sinless and purity, and brought death and misery into the fair scene. The second Adam found all death, and brought life,—found all a wilderness, and is engaged to make all things new,—to take fierceness from the lion, and rapacity from the wolf—to dissipate barrenness, and make the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose,—to banish want, care, sin and misery, and ultimately, death itself. Then will every thing which has breath praise the Lord.

“ But ere that time—the restitution of all things—comes He is gathering out a people to be peculiarly his own through whom, in the ages to come, He will show forth the exceeding riches of His grace, even His beloved church,—His bride,—to sit with Him on His throne, and not only to *see*, but also to *share* in His glory. O, thou blessed Jesus when wilt thou thus take to thyself thy great power and reign?

“ Why are thy chariot wheels so slow ?  
O haste the cloudless morn ;  
Creation groans, thine own are sad,  
All wait, O Lord, for Thee ;  
Return and make thy people glad,  
Let earth keep jubilee ! ”

thus that Annie meditated until the setting moon  
less brooding over that which had been so bright  
iful. A signal for her to retire to rest.

hilomel ceased not her strain, but soon wafted the  
spirit of Annie over scenes of unearthly sweetness,  
ed her ears to notes of unearthly cadence. Thus  
the Christian even here, he is often privileged in  
sterious manner to get a glimpse of the happy land,  
orious destined home.

ow, having accompanied our little girl through her  
s holiday,—having sympathised with her in the  
of her soul. and had fellowship in her joy,—having  
rust, been instructed and pleased with her conver-  
us bid her farewell, and ask ourselves the ques-  
ald we spend such a happy holiday as did this dear  
ould we so sweetly blend things heavenly with our  
k, and things divine with our daily occupations ?  
r souls be so occupied with God, in the midst of so  
delight the eye and ear ? Ah ! we could not unless  
Christians, nor even then, unless we had a deep  
our defilement, and a deeper sense of God's unfaill-  
n Jesus In the possession of this, our souls would  
d to run with patience the race set before us. We  
enabled to say in the consciousness of all things  
together for our good,—

“ He as the Refiner, all the process views,  
*He as the Designer, all the journey knows.*”



And view the beautiful and sweet in nature only our souls into the perception of what is more beautiful and sweet in grace.

Dear reader, are you a Christian? that is, do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are you resting on Him for salvation? Ponder this question! Heaven and earth are proffered you, embrace them. Happiness is before you, embrace it. Jesus is present to you, believe in Him. Then will you spend not a moment for an *earthly* Retreat with Annie, but eternity in the mansions, with all who are saved in Jesus with Him for ever.

“ What will it be to dwell above,  
And with the Lord of glory reign,  
Since the sweet earnest of his love,  
So brightens all this dreary plain;  
No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
What joy 'twill be with Christ to reign.”

*Newport, I. W.*

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RARE UNION.—The great error of active life is rashness and want of thought; of meditation a brooding, sombre tone of mind. Perhaps the perfection of character to which a human being is capable of attaining is the union of the contemplative and the practical mind to think, a ready, active power to perform. It is a model which, though few perfectly arrive at, all should do well to strive after.

Happy, sleeping babe, thy cradle is to thee a vast space; but when a man, this vast world is to thee a point.

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GOD MADE THEM.

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GOD MADE THEM.

JUST Mary, do look at this beautiful little green beetle that I have just found," said Harry, as he let it quietly creep over his hand. "Did you ever see such brilliant colors?"

"Where? where?" shouted George, pushing roughly past his little brother, and in his eager haste brushing by the treasure among the long grass.

"Oh George, you are so rough, you have lost my beetle,"

and I never saw one like it before—do come and help find it.”

“There are plenty more, just as pretty, but I have time to spend in seeking such small things,” and she ran.

Henry's little sister was sitting on the grass near where he heard his distress, and was instantly upon her knees in the search, and presently she screamed with joy—“here, Harry, *it is beautiful*; but *you* catch it, because I told me I should spoil the blue butterfly's feathers—its feathers, too?”

“No, no, Annie, but still you must be *quite* as gentle as you would be with the butterfly, for I dare say it feels as much pain when hurt—don't you, Aunt Mary?”

“Yes, Harry, I think it does; do you remember what Mr. B. said, when you were a little boy, and not very careful of living things? He told you that God sees everything that happens; and the Bible says that even sparrows cannot fall without His knowledge, and that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered; so that I am sure God would be displeased, if He saw children hurt any thing that is made to look so beautiful upon the earth.”

“Then, aunty, how naughty it is of Betsy to kill as she does, and everything that creeps upon the ground; floor; Harry, let us tell her about it when we go to school.”

“Yes, I think you had better ask her always to put out in the garden; there is plenty of room there.”



"But she always crushes snails with her foot, when they are crawling upon the gravel walk."

"I *am* sorry to hear that, Annie; if she liked them as well as I do, she would be kinder to them."

"Do you really like them?"

"Yes, indeed I do; you will believe it when I tell you, that once, a long time ago, I brought some edible snails, nearly 200; their bodies were nearly white, and they had four semi-transparent horns. I kept them for more than a year in the garden, under a bell-glass; they were very shy at first, and drew in their horns when I went near them, and at the end of the longest two a pair of eyes might be distinctly seen; they are very quick-sighted. They used to eat a great many lettuce-leaves, and after I had had them for some time they would go on eating while I watched them, and I could see their mouths, and the green leaf quickly disappear; no wonder they got on so fast, for they have eight teeth."

"Can you show me some snails like them, aunt?"

"Not here, dear, because they are not found in the North of England; it is too cold for them, and they like a chalky soil, and to live under beech trees. In the autumn they give over eating food, nearly bury themselves in the earth, and make beautiful white doors to their shells which exactly fit the opening, and these curious doors are called operculums, by naturalists."

"But, aunt, who *are* naturalists?"

"They are persons who love to watch the wonderful things in nature which God has made. I have read somewhere, that the Romans first brought their snails into England; they used them as food, and thought them very good food to eat, if they were cooked upon a silver gridiron."

"*Why, really, aunt, I begin to like snails too; but I wish*

they did not so often get their shells broken."

"Do you, darling? But even that is provided for by the Maker, 'whose tender mercies are over all His works;'—they can mend their houses with a slimy substance contained in their bodies; and if you carefully observe snail shells, you will see where they have been broken, because the piece supplied is of a lighter colour."

"And had you ever any young snails?"

"Yes, a great many; at first, small eggs appeared, which changed into most perfect little snails, with nearly transparent shells upon their backs."

"And where are they now, aunt?"

"At last I took them to a wood where there were many beech trees, because I thought they would like to be at liberty again, but I have never been to seek for them; shall we go some day?"

"Oh, yes," they both exclaimed at once, "do let us go to-morrow!"

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## SONG-BIRDS IN CAPTIVITY.

FOR very many years has our pen been unceasingly employed in pleading hard for the unrestricted freedom of our sweet singers among the feathered tribe; but, alas! the human heart is a perplexing curiosity. People read what we say, pretend to enjoy it, aye, applaud us to the skies; yet do they act in direct opposition to our advice, and disregard all our remonstrances! Nothing daunted, we shall continue to persevere, and see if we cannot at last break the heart which hitherto has only bent. Our cause is a good one. We do not deny having made *some* converts, but we are desirous of *making many more*, and through them, of doing good:

ound interest. It appears that people *will* keep birds, whether suited for a cage or not. The practice, too, is going on the increase! Hence the greater necessity for pointing out all that will conduce towards making them happy! the word is a mockery when applied to a bird in confinement. If we could but read the heart of a bird and enter into his feelings at this season, whilst imprisoned in a room, or a prison of wire, we should, or *ought* to, shudder at our "cruelty to animals." We rail loudly against it and yet practise it daily! Is it not so? Conscience, be it what it will! Accustomed as we are to range the fields, and to acquire the language (certainly the feelings) of the "songsters as they revel in delight around us—we speak in vain on this matter. Oh! that all "admirers of our Song-Birds" could join us in our walks; letting us lead the way to them by the way as we wandered through the growing corn, in shady lanes, by brooks and rivulets, meadows, and leafy woods, we would try and convince them of what they are so slow to learn, so unwilling to believe. Nay, more; we are vain enough to believe that our argument would prevail with many—for we should be far from the noise of cities, buried in Nature's lovely bosom. We feel sure that the influences of this sweet season, and its undying charms, could not *but* melt the heart. Each time we took we could "illustrate" our argument; for we could point to everything having life, and address ourself to every soul of each listening ear. We love to reason in the fields! And why? Simply because we always get our way. Nature is such an all-powerful special pleader!—*from the Journal of Nature.*



THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

“THERE are many doors of holy teaching, which open to the key of love; and there is in love a marvellous of understanding, for love is a great reader of secrets. in earthly things, which are but a shadow of the truth may see this. What an interpreter of hidden meanings a loving spirit; how quick and piercing is it in reaching the inner wishes, feelings, and intentions of another! doubtless it is, where the love of God dwells in an open heart. The man is free, as it were, of the counsels of Heaven. He reaches on to great things at unawares. In common duties, as they seem to him, he is sowing goodness for a distant day; he is reaching out far beyond the present, anticipating God's future doings.

“What a wonderful instance of all this was that communion of the faithful woman—‘She hath done what she could, she is come beforehand to anoint my body to the burial.’

“She knew not of Christ's burial. Gethsemane, Calvary, the cross, the new tomb—over all these yet hung the shadow of futurity; but through it her love pierced; she did but love the Lord; she could not choose but love Him; she poured on Him the precious spikenard; she must bring Him the costly box, because it was her best, and lay it before her; and in doing this she did it for His burial. It was a secret attuning of her spirit unto the Divine communion, which made her act as if she had a gift of sudden prophecy. And so doubtless it is, in measure, with all who truly love the Lord and serve Him; they are continually reaching unto truths, even as it were unconsciously, because they are living and acting, and so moving onward upon the harmonies of truth and love. Such power has love—*then be earnestly sought, and ever carefully encouraged.*

## THE RESPONSE.

### THE RESPONSE.

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"COME UNTO ME."—Matt. xi.

Obedient to Thy gracious call,  
I come, my Saviour;  
Before Thy face I humbly fall,  
Inviting Saviour;  
Asking Thee to remember when  
Thou dwelledst among rebellious men;—  
To think on what Thou suffered'st then,  
Forsaken Saviour.

For me Thou suffered'st agony,  
Tormented Saviour!  
For me Thou bled'st on Calvary,  
Expiring Saviour!  
For me, ere yet the third day's noon  
Dispelled the dark sepulchral gloom,  
Thou didst triumphant leave the tomb.  
Victorious Saviour!

For me Thou interceded'st above,  
O pleading Saviour!  
Bear'st the memorials of Thy love,  
O glorious Saviour!  
Point'st to those wounds, which loudly cry—  
"Stay, stay, the thunderbolt on high,  
Let not the ransomed sinner die!"  
O loving Saviour;

And soon in clouds thou wilt appear,  
Majestic Saviour!  
And I shall meet Thee in the air,  
Descending Saviour!  
Ah! then I shall more *deeply* prove  
Thy great, almighty, deathless love!  
For from Thee I shall ne'er remove,  
O *matchless* Saviour!



## SIGNS.

I may forget all earthly friends,—  
But can't my Saviour!  
The pang which oft my body rends,—  
But not my Saviour!  
Th' emotions of my inmost soul—  
The bitter dregs of sorrow's bowl:  
But not, while hasting to the goal,  
My blessed Saviour!

*Newport I. W.*

**A MIDLAND.**

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## SIGNS

SOLOMON said, many centuries ago, "Even a child is known by his doing, whether his work be pure or whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary an observing eye sees, in these young creatures, the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a little boy slow to go to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his book, I think it a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for number one, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that that child will grow up a selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarreling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a little boy who never prays, I think it a sign that he will be both a profane and profligate man.

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## THE ZEBRA.

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## THE ZEBRA.

ily of horses, to which the Zebra belongs, consist of  
xds, whose form is altogether peculiar. They have  
gle finger or toe terminating each extremity; and  
er or toe is incased in a horny-hoof, or shoe. Mr.  
celebrated zoologist, divides the family of *equidae*,  
very distinct types of form; the one, the Asses, and  
as, which are always whitish and more or less band-  
blackish-brown, and always have a distinct dorsal-  
tail only bristly at the end; and the true horses,  
s never banded, have no dorsal line, and have long  
the tail from its insertion to its extremity. The

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## THE ZEBRA.

body of the Zebra is striped with black, brown, and bands. It is still found in all its native freedom. It lives only in the society of its own species. It lives in the society of its own species. It lives in the society of its own species. It feeds on hard dry herbs, and is incapable of being tamed unless taken very young. It ranges over mountainous tracts near the Cape of Good Hope, is found in Congo, and Abyssinia. At present it does not appear to be rendered any service to man; it will not allow him to ride on its back; it will not carry his burdens, plough, or draw him. It has immunity from working, and is determined to part with it, and in the right of it too. If Asses so sorely abused creatures of a wise and loving Creator revolt from the cruel treatment they very often receive, would encourage them in their determination not to be unless well used. When looking over the large field of creation, and taking up for description or otherwise, one of the numerous families of animated nature, we are struck at the greatness of the mind, that could design, and produce so countless a variety of form and beauty, exceeds expression. "These are but parts of his ways. The thought of his power, who can understand?"



THE WOODMAN'S TALE.

forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof."—PROVERBS, xxv. 8.

ly wandering in the most solitary part of Windsor  
t was evening and every thing around me looked

I had passed a small green, scattered with cot-  
my way to a yet unvisited part of the forest, and  
ked the happy looks of the children who were play-  
road side, and beheld many an honest labourer  
his cottage door, or weeding the potatoes in his  
garden. My road now led me from this cheerful  
ne of solitude: the sun was yet shining brightly,  
rest trees were so thickly planted, that his rays  
pierce their gloom. Here I was by myself, I could  
he tinkling of the sheep-bell, the low of the cattle,  
k of the watch-dog, all around was quietness. At  
y attention was directed to an old beech-tree, on  
re carved the letters T. D. and underneath the  
87; near the tree the grass was very high; no  
seemed to graze there, but in the midst of the  
was a spot about six feet in length, and two in  
which seemed to be carefully mown. I was curious  
ne cause of this, and even inquired at some of the  
ng cottages, but without effect, for none of them  
me. At last, walking along I saw an old man,  
red to be a woodman, and I took the liberty of  
n; he said he could inform me of all particulars,  
every year cut afresh the bark of the beech-tree,  
d the high grass as fast as it grew.

as in the year 1787," said he, "that a poor woodman

man met with a sudden death in this solitary place. a fine summer's evening as it may be now," continued the man, "that a dozen of us were sitting down beneath a beech-tree to cool ourselves after our day's labour; we had been cutting down some trees near at hand, and a hard work we had of it; our master ordered us some drink as we were returning home, we met the boy bringing it; we sat down in that high grass to enjoy it. We were thirsty and hot, and we drank freely; we began to talk about great doings, and one boasted how much money he could win and another how much beer he could drink. There was a quarrelsome young man amongst us whose name was Cooper, and he began to quarrel with one of his fellow-workmen named Thomas Davis, and teased him in a shameful manner.

Davis bore it very quietly for some time, for he was a harmless man; at last Cooper, who was filling the glass, threw one into his face; the poor fellow could not endure it, and he told Cooper he would not endure his impertinence any longer! the other upon this grew savage, and gave Davis a blow in the face. I am ashamed, Sir," said the woodman, "of myself and my companions, when I think how, through the love of mischief, we helped on the quarrel, and made it worse for the two men to strive against each other, like brute beasts. They began to fight, and in about five minutes Davis received an unlucky blow, and never spoke afterwards; he fell where the grass is cut away, and breathed his last while the letters are carved. We carried him in our arms to his cottage, and it was such a sight for his poor wife that I never forget.

Cooper went out of the country. I saw him some time afterwards, and he slunk about like a ghost; I would rather have died in my youth, than have borne about

## THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

misery which that man had in his heart. I am the last now living of all that saw this frightful death, and I do what I can to keep up the memory of poor Thomas Davis. I have told my boys never to let the grass grow there when I am gone; the sight of the carved letters and the mown grass may lead some to ask about it, as you have done; and hearing of the dreadful effects of sudden quarrels, may teach their children to live in peace with all men." I thanked the woodman for his tale; it was simple, but an entertaining one. We often hear such terrible stories, yet they seldom lead us to think seriously or make us more careful to restrain our own quarrelsome tempers. Let us then sometimes meditate on the fate of poor Thomas Davis, and it will be a solemn lesson to us, to think how soon insolence and passion may bring us into the presence of an eternal Judge.

W. PRATT.

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## THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

ELEVEN commandments! That's a mistake. There are only ten given in the twentieth chapter of Exodus; and I wonder any one who has read the Bible, learnt his catechism, gone to church every Sunday, where they are written up in such large golden letters, should not know better."

You think I have made a strange mistake, do you not? Well, if I have, I am going to tell you of a bishop who made the same, for he always said there were eleven commandments; though he read them every Sunday, and they were written up in his church; and as for catechisms, he had heard more said than you or I ever saw. This good bishop lived in Ireland, many, many years ago. At the same time, there *was living in Scotland* a very holy man, whose name

was Samuel Rutherford. He wrote such beautiful letters, and prayed to God so earnestly, that it was a great honour to have a letter from him, or to pray. Now, though Samuel Rutherford was a minister, therefore had to pray in his church, yet he prayed at home in his own closet. I do not know how often in the day-time ; but he used often to rise in the night while it was dark and others slept, he would kneel and pour out his heart to God. He was like Enoch—walking with God. He used to pray aloud, and persons staying in the house had awaked and listened to him when they went away, they had told others what they had heard. So when they told this Irish bishop, who was against the eleven commandments, about Samuel Rutherford's prayers, he was determined he would get into some way or other, that he might hear too. Well, how was he to manage it ? If he had gone in all his robes to visit Samuel Rutherford, he would not have been likely to hear him pray in the night ; for they put him in the " best bed-room," I dare say, and were careful not to disturb him. So the Bishop dressed like a poor man, and then he left Ireland, crossed and journeyed through Scotland, till, one Saturday he knocked at Mr. Rutherford's door, and he took him in, and gave him a night's lodging. I think many people would do so, now-a-days, and whether it was praying so much to the God of love, that made Mr. Rutherford so kind and whether there were but few imposters in the world, and gave the poor stranger

when she heard there was a poor wayfaring man in her hen, went in to see him, and she began talking to him. She wished to do him good; and as she thought him very ignorant, she began to ask him questions. At last she said, "Do you know how many commandments there are?" "Adam," said the stranger, "I think there are *eleven*." "What! not know how many commandments there are! Have you never heard or read that there are *ten* commandments?" And then the good lady began to teach and to instruct him, because she thought him so very, very ignorant. At last, they showed him a room where he might sleep. It was not far from Mr Rutherford's, and he laid awake listening, oh! so eagerly, to hear Samuel Rutherford begin to preach; but no, that night Mr. Rutherford slept on. Then the good bishop, to make up for his disappointment, got up, went on his knees, and began to pray himself. This waked Samuel Rutherford; he got up, and came, and listened. The bishop prayed for his people, his vicars, and his curates; so Mr. Rutherford found out it was a bishop, and not a stranger, he had lodged. He slept no more that night; early in the morning, he went to the bishop's room, and found he was guessed right. Then he begged the bishop to preach for him, and he said he would, if Mr. Rutherford would lend him some clothes, and not tell poor Mistress Rutherford that he was there, as she had reproved in the kitchen, the evening before. So they agreed to do so. The bishop left the house the next day, and Mr. Rutherford told Mrs. Rutherford that the minister would preach for him that day. Well, the next day, with Mr. Rutherford's gown on, looked very different from the poor beggar. So Mrs. Rutherford did not recognise him in the pulpit at first. He gave out his text, "*By this shall ye know ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.*"



## THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

She looked up, she knew she had seen him before somewhere, and when he said, "This may be called the *eleventh* commandment," she remembered that the preacher was the very man whom she had taught in the kitchen. She had taught *him*, now he had taught *her*. He told them, that Moses gave us *ten* commandments, and Christ gave us *one*; for he said, "*A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.*" Was he not right? Are there not eleven? It is a long, long time since that sermon was preached; but the eleven commandments remain. And what a sweet and easy commandment is the last! It is the golden key to all the rest. There is the same difference between this eleventh commandment and the other ten, that there is between our Sabbath day and the six days of toil and labour. This one is the fulfilment of all the others. For if we love one another, can we kill one another, or rob one another, or covet each other's things? If you keep this eleventh commandment, you will not break the others. We cannot keep the commandments singly; for if we transgress one, we transgress against all. We can only be made perfect in love. Do you wonder, when you see a Christian happy, even if he is poor and sorrowful? It is the love of God shed abroad in his heart. Do you want to know what it is they do in heaven that makes them so blessed? they love. "For love is heaven, and heaven is love." Would you wish to be happy and holy? Then let your heart, dear child, be full of love, and let your hands obey your heart. Love everybody, and everybody will love you; and if you find it sweet and easy to love everybody, how dearly will you love Him who has given you this commandment, and how you will long to dwell for ever with Him of whom it is written, "God is love."



### THE GENTLENESS OF CHRIST.

r an expression! How much is there in that short  
nce! How much to admire! How much to imitate!  
t performed great deeds—such as no other one ever  
but not that we should imitate *them*. He spake to  
mpet, and stilled the rolling billows—but not that we  
d lift up our voices when the wind blows, and the  
lers roll, and the waves are piled mountain high, and  
pt to hush them to peace. He stood by the grave and  
, and the dead man left his tomb, and came forth to  
-but not that we should place ourselves by the graves  
dead, and *attempt* to restore them to life. He opened

## REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE OF A MISSIONARY.

the eyes of the blind, and taught the lame to leap as a lamb, and the tongue of the dumb to sing—but not that we should imitate him in this, or attempt, by miracle, to give vigor to the feeble, or health to the diseased. But Christ was not angry and gentle, that we might be so too. Christ was benignant and kind, that we might be so too. Christ patiently reviled, that we might do it also; he was not irritable, uncharitable and fretful, and envious and revengeful—in all these we may imitate him. His was a life of benediction, diffusive, like the light of a morning without clouds; a life undisturbed by conflicting emotions, unbroken by a harsh and dissatisfied temper; kind when others were kind; gentle when the storms of furious passions rage in their bosoms; and tranquil and serene while all around were distracted by anger and ambition, and envy and revenge. To us may the same spirit be given; and while the world around us is agitated with passion, and pride, and wrath, in our hearts may there reign evermore “the gentleness of Christ.”

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## REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE OF A MISSIONARY.

The following account from the American Journal of Missions will show our young readers what dangers Missionaries are sometimes exposed to in their journeys among heathen. The Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Butler, who labored among the Zulus, attempted to re-cross a river on his return from a visit to the interior, found the tide rising, and so in vain for prompt assistance. His narrative thus contin-

*“At last I sent a native into the water, to ascertain*

ent in a few rods, and not finding it very deep, ng. 'Let us go, I think we can cross; let us e is coming in.' I hastened to saddle my horse, y pants, boots, and stockings, which I put into r sack, and gave to the native who was with ted my horse and rode into the river with the t of me. When near the middle of the stream, an to swim, and the native remained behind e swam with me finely until he was very near ace, when he began to plunge, and kick, and seemed to be trying to throw me off his back. to his mane with my hands, as I could not ew, if he threw me off, I might be drowned. ething take hold of the lower part of my leg. hard. I could not tell what it was, but from f the pull, and the pain it gave me, I thought hind feet of the horse brought together against pposed he was trying to pull me off. Presently ite a little below my knee, and one tooth went ee-joint that it is a wonder it did not enter it. itten again higher up on my leg, and then I n alligator. My horse plunged and struggled ightened very much, and made great exertions off, and, with the alligator's help, finally suc- ngaging my feet from the stirrups, and threw ack; but I still held fast to his mane, because at, if I lost my hold, the alligator would take om and devour me. While I remained in this ion, my horse swam off into the stream with ued plunging and kicking, and at every plunge beneath the water.

*2 in the situation above described about fifteen*

minutes, and from loss of blood, and exertion to save my strength was fast going, and I felt that none but an potent hand could save me from being destroyed by a hungry and fierce animal which now had his teeth firmly ened in the fleshy part of my thigh. I felt that my many work was probably done; but calling to mind that was One who once delivered Daniel from the mouth of and the same Being still had power to deliver me from mouth of an alligator, I prayed to Him who alone was refuge and strength, and, blessed be the Lord, I then heard my prayer, for immediately after I had uttered the horse turned and swam towards the shore. As soon as was close to it, I put out my left foot, which was not in the alligator's mouth, and ascertained that I could touch bottom; and as he swam along by the bank, I caught hold of the reeds, and let go my hold of the horse, and jumped myself out of the water a short distance, I called to a native who was near on the bank, to come to me. He immediately came and pulled about half my body out of the water. While him an alligator was biting my leg, and he took a large log about three feet and a half long, which the natives called an 'Induka,' and struck him on the head, and, afterwards told the native who accompanied me, opened the alligator's mouth by using his stick as a lever. When he had got off the alligator, he pulled me upon the bank, and set me upon my feet. My leg was shockingly torn, and I felt that I could not walk, I was fifteen or twenty rods from the waggon-road, and it was difficult for me to raise my foot from the ground. I tried to persuade the native to pull me out to carry me, but he said I was heavy, and had not strength enough to lift me, so I walked as well as I *could*, though it distressed me very much. When

hed the road I was cold and shivered, and tried to borrow unket of a native woman, but was refused. Immediately I saw a blanket lying upon the ground, which belonged to the man who pulled me out of the water. At my request he gave me this, and I put it on. Though it was very old and greasy, it was as good to me as the nicest velvet could be sometimes, and I was quite comfortable.

In a few minutes my horse was out of the stream, and the natives brought him to me, and helped me on, and I immediately started for Mr. Ireland's station. My hat was in the river, and my boots, stockings, and pants, were in a travelling sack, which was in the possession of the native who accompanied me; and, of course, all the covering I had on my limbs was a blanket. My native came up to me when I was about half the distance from the Umkomazi river to the station, and he wept so much he could hardly speak. On my way I met many natives who knew me, and manifested a great deal of feeling for me, and wondered how I could have been saved.

My ride was a most distressing one. The horse shook me, and I grew so weary, that when I reached Mr. Ireland's I was so fatigued that I could go no farther. Some natives took me to the station, and I laid myself upon a bed. A doctor was immediately sent for, who reached the station the next day in the afternoon. My wounds recovered as fast as we could expect, and on the seventeenth day, when, by permission of my physician, I was dressed, and lay upon a settee.

It was extremely doubtful whether I should recover; but by the mercy of God I was preserved, the means used for my recovery were blessed, and soon the fever left me, and the wounds assumed their proper appearance, and healed rapidly. *The fact that I have been saved from death, after having*

been in the mouth of one of those fierce and voracious monsters, has filled all the natives who have become acquainted with the circumstances with wonder. The converted natives say, 'God's strength, and his alone, has preserved me,' The alligators are powerful animals, and no man has strength to master them in the water. They wonder and exclaim, 'Truly you were taken from the grave.' The unconverted natives say the reason I was not killed was because I was a Missionary. They say no native or white man ever escaped death after having been bitten as I was. Many people came from their huts and gardens to see the wounded teacher, as I was going from the river to the Ifumi station; and the next Sabbath, and even for six Sabbaths, and perhaps more, Mr. Ireland's congregations were twice as numerous as they had been for a number of Sabbaths before.

"I am said to be the first white man who has been bitten by an alligator in this colony. Natives are frequently either killed or wounded, and one native has been killed since I was seized. It is rarely the case that a man escapes, when the water is deep, and an alligator gets hold of him. There were thirteen wounds and tooth-marks in my flesh, the scars of which, I think, will never be effaced. But I do a thousand times prefer to be wounded in trying to do what I can to teach these natives the way to heaven, than to receive all the honours of those who were wounded in the battle-field."

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Wickedness may justly be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is far easier to keep oneself from falling, than having fallen into it, stay oneself from falling infinitely.

## THE RUSTY OLD LOCK.

Sabbath evening, returning from a village about five  
miles from my home, I was accompanied part of the way by  
a country man, who had been one of my hearers that  
week while preaching from Ezek. 18. 32, "For I have no  
pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God ;  
but ye will turn yourselves and live ye." He appeared to be  
impressed with what he had heard, and said, "*he could  
not turn his heart to nothing else but an old rusty lock which  
would not turn either way.*" The remark made a deep im-  
pression on my mind, and being concerned for the spiritual  
condition of the man, before we separated, I again exhorted  
him earnestly to seek that change of heart, without which  
he could not enter the kingdom of heaven. I am sorry to add,  
that it is near seven years since the above remark was  
made, and the man has felt strong convictions under other  
preaching since then, yet he has given no evidence of a changed  
heart and is still an unconverted man. Whenever the cir-  
cumstance recurs to my mind, I feel that it was truly said  
by Watts in one of his hymns for children,

" 'Tis easier work if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes."

Young, then, take care to seek the Saviour whilst  
heart is yet tender, and before it becomes like a "rusty

port, I. W.

JOHN DORE.

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UNION WITH GOD.—Communion with God maintains  
our hearts, a sense of blessedness in His presence, and  
draws us on from the world.



BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.



PILGRIM AND THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

On the Delectable Mountains Pilgrim and his friend had sight of the Celestial City. It was but a glimpse, still saw it, there it was. They could not be mistaken. There it was in all its glory. There, through the rifted cloud for a moment the gates of pearl were shining, the jewelled walls, the lofty domes, the jewelled battlements. The splendour of the city seemed to pour down upon them where they were standing. The sight almost dazzled them. They could not look steadily through the glass. And he remembered it was written in the roll: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." But this was too good to last. Pilgrim and Hopeful must go down from the Delectable Mountains, and take to the common road again. So now bade the kind Shepherds a loving farewell.

*They had not gone far before they overtook Ignorance*

the Town of Conceit, and Little Faith. This latter had story to relate. He had been unwise enough to sleep in Dead Man's Lane, not far from Broadway. He had certainly no business in a place like that, so many murders had been committed, and to sleep was above all unsafe. So three desperate villains,



Heart, Mistrust, and Guilt, set upon him, and robbed him of his ready money, and left him half dead. He never, however, found some costly jewels about him, which they did not find, or else did not know their value, these they did not take. Hopeful seemed to think if he had been in Faith's place he would not have given up so easily: he bade him beware of self-confidence, for it was a sad thing to hear of these villains who attacked him, and to be attacked by them one's self.

By the Flatterer overtook Pilgrim and his friend. He led them in leading them out of the right way. This it took for some time find out; for the way was so straight, that they thought it was the right way. It was only when they had this man deceived them, that at length

their faces were turned from, instead of towards, the Celestial City. At length, however, the white robe which he wore fell from his back, and disclosed his native blackness and deformity. Just now, also, he threw a strong net over



them, and left them to struggle in it, unable to get out. While Pilgrim and Hopeful were struggling in this net, there came a bright Shining One, with a whip of small cords in his hand, who questioned them as to how they came there, and what they were doing. When they had told; and had been reminded that if they had diligently perceived the note of the way given them by the Shepherds, they would not have fallen into this snare; this Shining One made them lie down, and submit to a sore, though long chastisement. He then conducted them back again to the right path.

Now the Pilgrims enter on the Enchanted Ground. The air was heavy, and a great drowsiness fell upon them, so that they were disposed to lie down at once and sleep. Hopeful would have done so, but for the warning of Pilgrim. *Still Hopeful* was for risking all in a sound sleep, and

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## BENEFICENCE OF GOD.

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lie down and take a short nap, I can scarcely be open." Pilgrim, however, would not hear of leaving them to throw off their drowsiness they began to talk. And while thus singing and talking, they were less inclined to sleep. Their hearts glowed with gratitude to the Great Master of the way, who would have them to be destroyed. Thus far they had come. And though they had been disposed to listen to the voices on the road, they were as determined to reach the Celestial City. The Enchantment that was laid over them was now broken up, and they were awakened. Things appeared as they really were; and singing this song,

' O Lord, each day renew our strength,  
And let us see thy face at length  
With all thy people yonder;  
With them in heaven thy love declare,  
And sing thy praise for ever there  
With gratitude and wonder."

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## BENEFICENCE OF GOD.

Is it possible that base and selfish principles can actuate a man, who, in contemplating Nature, everywhere perceives traces of the infinite beneficence of God, not to propose less the felicity of every individual than the universal good of the whole creation?

God make "His sun to rise on the evil as on the just and send His rain on the just as on the unjust?" Men, learn charity on that extensive and liberal scale which knows no bounds but those which the Omnipotent has fixed to the human capacity.

“ TRY HIM AGAIN.”

At a teachers' meeting, a few months ago, in the village of L——, a youth of about sixteen was reported for bad conduct. His teacher having borne his ill manners a considerable time, saw it to be highly necessary, for the good of the school, that some extraordinary measures should be adopted for his reformation; accordingly his name, in connection with his character, was brought before the teachers, who thought it best to bear with him a little longer, pray for him, and give him another trial. The next teachers' meeting, which was held a few weeks ago, the same youth was present, soundly converted to God, and a consistent and promising member of society. Another youth had to be reported at this meeting for ill behaviour, and the teachers had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing this young convert pray with great fervency, that God would enlighten his mind, and lead him to the same Saviour who had so recently turned him from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. May his prayer be effectual! We also observe with pleasure, that, since this now happy youth has been brought to God, a sister, and a mother, and a father, have all been led to the lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. “ In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good; ” and “ He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”



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## RESIGNATION.

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## RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mourning for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;  
Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,  
*May be heaven's distant lamps.*

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## RESIGNATION.

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She is not dead—the child of our affection—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian Angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her  
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW

A MEMENTO.

In the village church of Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, there is a small wooden tablet hanging against one of the pillars, bearing an allegorical representation and inscription painted on it, which, however fanciful, has the merit of being suited to the profession of the person it commemorates. At the top is the figure of a ship with a man sitting on the deck, a crown of glory suspended over his head; *fides* is written on the mast, *verbum Dei* on the compass, and *spes* on the anchor, &c.; and under this ship is the inscription:—

Here lyeth the body of the right worthy William Keeling Esquire, Groom of the Chamber to our Sovereigne Lord King James, General of the Hon. East India Adventurers, where he was thrice by them employed, and dying in this voyage at the age of 42, An. 1619, Sept. 19, hath this remembrance here fixed by his loving and sorrowful wife, Ann Keeling.

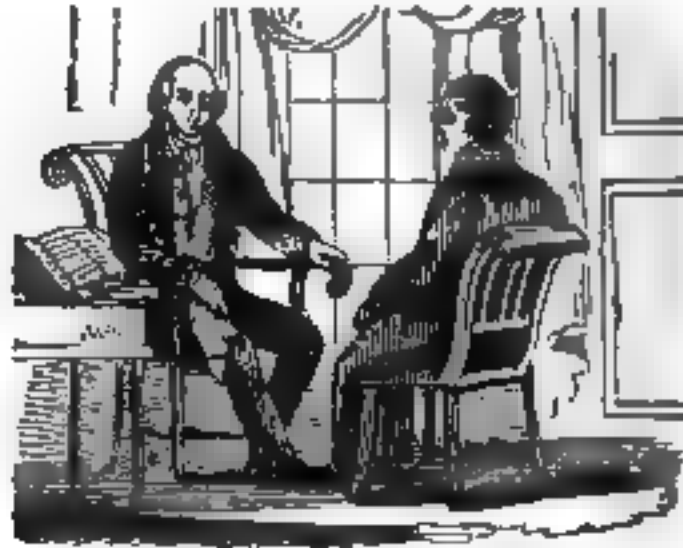
“Fortie and two years in this vessel fraile,  
On the rough seas of life did Keeling saile,  
A merchant fortunate, a captain bould,  
A courtier gracious, (yet alas) not old.  
Such wealth, experience, honor, and high praise,  
Few winne in twice so many years or daies.  
But what the world admired, he deemed but drosse  
For Christ; without Christ all his gains but losse.  
For him and his dear love, with merrie cheere,  
To the Holy Land his last course he did steere:  
Faith served for sails, the sacred word for card,  
Hope was his anchor, glorie his reward;  
And thus with gales of grace, by happy venter,  
Through straits of death, heaven’s harbour he did enter.”

The tablet is still fresh, and the letters so well painted in oil, as to appear carved in relievo.

J. DORE.



## THE SOFT ANSWER.



## THE SOFT ANSWER.

"I'll give him law to his heart's content, a scoundrel!" said Singleton, walking backward and forward, in an angry state of excitement.

"Don't call harsh names, Mr. Singleton," said lawyer Trueman, looking up from the mass of papers before him, and smiling in a quiet, benevolent way, that was peculiar to him.

"Every man should be known by his true name. Williams is a scoundrel, and so he ought to be called!" responded the client with increasing warmth.

"Did you ever do a reasonable thing in your life when you were angry?" asked Mr. Trueman, whose age and respectability gave him license to speak thus freely to his young friend, for whom he was endeavouring to arrange some business-difficulty with his former partner.

"I can't say that I ever did, Mr. Trueman; but now, I have good reason for being angry, and the language I use, in reference to Williams, is but the expression of a sober

and rational conviction," replied Singleton, a little more calmly.

"Did you pronounce him a scoundrel before you received this reply to your last letter?" asked Mr. Trueman.

"No, I did not; but that letter confirmed my previously formed impressions of his character."

"But I cannot find, in that letter, any evidence proving your late partner to be a dishonest man. He will not agree to your proposed mode of settlement, because he does not see it to be the most proper way."

"He won't agree to it, because it is an honest and equitable mode of settlement, that is all! He wants to overreach me, and is determined to do so if he can!" responded Mr. Singleton, still excited.

"There you are decidedly wrong," said the lawyer. "You have both allowed yourselves to become angry, and are both unreasonable; and if I must speak plainly, I think you are the most unreasonable in the present case. Two angry men can never settle any business properly. You have unnecessarily increased the difficulties in the way of a speedy settlement by writing Mr. Williams an angry letter, which he has responded to in the like unhappy temper. Now, if I am to settle this business for you, I must write all letters that pass to Mr. Williams in future."

"But how can you properly express my views and feelings?"

"That I do not wish to do, if your views and feelings are to remain as they now are; for anything like an adjustment of the difficulties, under such circumstances, I should consider hopeless," replied Mr. Trueman.

"Well, let me answer this letter, and, after that, I promise that *you shall have your own way.*"

"No, I shall consent to no such thing. It is the reply to that letter which is to modify the negotiation for a settlement, in such a way as to bring success or failure; and I have no idea of allowing you, in the present state of your mind, to write such a one as will most assuredly defeat an amicable adjustment."

Singleton paused some time before making a reply. He had been forming in his mind a most cutting and bitter rejoinder to the letter just alluded to, and he was very desirous that Mr. Williams should have the benefit of knowing that he thought him a tricky and deliberate scoundrel, with other opinions of a similar character. He found it, therefore, impossible to make up his mind to let the unimpassioned Mr. Trueman write this important epistle.

"Indeed, I must write this letter, Mr. Trueman," he said. "There are some things that I want to say to him, which I know you won't write. You don't seem to consider the position in which he has placed me by that letter, nor what is obligatory upon me as a man of honour. I never allow any man to reflect upon me, directly or indirectly, without a prompt response."

"There is, in the Bible," said Mr. Trueman, "a passage that is peculiarly applicable in the present case. It is this:— 'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.' I have found this receipt, in a life that has numbered more than double your years, to be one that may be safely and honourably adopted in all cases. You blame Mr. Williams for writing you an angry letter, and are indignant at certain expressions contained therein. Now, is it any more right for you to write an angry letter, with cutting epithets, than it is for him?"

"But, Mr. Trueman——"

"I do assure you, my young friend," said the lawyer, interrupting him, "that I am acting in this case for your benefit, and not for my own; and, as your legal adviser, you must submit to my judgment, or I cannot consent to go on."

"If I will promise not to use any harsh language, will you not consent to let me write the letter?" urged the client.

"You and I, in the present state of your mind, could not possibly come at the same conclusion, in reference to what is harsh and what is mild," said Mr. Trueman; "therefore I cannot consent that you shall write one word of the proposed reply—I *must* write it."

"Well, I suppose, then, I shall have to submit. When will it be ready?"

"Come this afternoon, and I will give you the draft, which you can copy and sign."

In the afternoon Mr. Singleton came, and received the letter prepared by Mr. T. It ran thus, after the date and formal address:—

"I regret that my proposition did not meet your approbation. The mode of settlement which I suggested was the result of a careful consideration of our mutual interests. Be kind enough to suggest to Mr. Trueman, my lawyer, my plan which you think will lead to an early and amicable adjustment of our business. You may rely upon my consent to it, if it meet his approbation."

"Is it possible, Mr. Trueman, that you expect *me* to sign such a cringing letter as this?" said Singleton, throwing it down, and walking backward and forward with great irritation of manner.

"Well, *what is your objection to it?*" replied Mr. True-

man, mildly, for he was prepared for such an exhibition of feeling.

"Objection! How can you ask such a question? Am I to go on my knees to him, and beg him to do me justice? No! I'll sacrifice every cent I've got in the world first, the scoundrel!"

"You wish to have your business settled, do you not?" asked Mr. Trueman, looking him steadily in the face.

"Of course I do—*honourably* settled!"

"Well, let me hear what you mean by an honourable settlement.

"Why, I mean—"

The young man hesitated a moment, and Mr. T. said,

"You mean, a settlement in which your interest shall be equally considered with that of Mr. Williams."

"Yes, certainly, and that——"

"And that," continued Mr. Trueman, "Mr. Williams in the settlement shall consider and treat you as a gentleman?"

"Certainly I do, but that is more than he has done."

"Well, never mind. Let what is past go for as much as it is worth. The principal point of action is in the present."

"But I'll never send that mean, cringing letter, though."

"You mistake its whole tenor, I do assure you, Mr. Singleton. You have allowed your angry feelings to blind you. You certainly carefully considered, before you adopted it, the proposed basis of settlement, did you not?"

"Of course I did."

"So the letter which I have prepared for you states. Now, as an honest and honourable man, you are, I am sure, willing to grant to him the same privilege which you asked for yourself, viz.—that of proposing a plan of settlement. Your proposition does not seem to please him; now it is but

that he should be invited to state how he wishes the amendment to be made, and in giving such an invitation, a gentleman should use gentlemanly language."

"But he don't deserve to be treated like a gentleman. In he has no claim to the title," said the young man.

"If he has none, as you say, *you* profess to be a gentleman, all gentlemen should prove by their actions and words; they are *gentle-men*."

"I can't say that I am convinced by what you say; but, you seem to be bent on having your own way, why, here, I'll copy the thing and sign it," said the young man, suddenly changing his manner.

"There, now," he added, passing across the table the brief which he had copied, "I suppose he'll think me a low-spirited fellow, after he gets that; but he's mistaken. After it's all over, I'll take good care to tell him that it didn't contain my sentiments."

Mr. Trueman smiled, as he took the letter and went on to read and direct it.

"Come to-morrow afternoon, and I think we'll have things a pretty fair way," he said, looking up with his usual pleasant smile, as he finished the direction of the letter.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Singleton," he said, as that gentleman entered his office on the succeeding day.

"Good afternoon," responded the young man. "Well, have you heard from that milk-and-water letter of yours? I'll call it mine."

"Yes, here is the answer. Take a seat, and I will read it to you," said the old gentleman.

"Well, let's hear it."

"DEAR GEORGE,—I have your kind and gentlemanly letter of yesterday, in reply to my harsh, unreasonable, and

ungentlemanly one of the day before. We have been playing the fool; but you are ahead of me in becoming so. I have examined, since I got your note, more carefully the tenor of your proposition for a settlement, and it accords with my views precisely. My foolish anger kept me from acting before. Let our mutual friend, Mr. Trueman, arrange the matter according to the plan mentioned, and I shall heartily acquiesce.

“Yours, &c.,

“THOMAS WILLIAMS

“He never wrote that letter in the world!” exclaimed Singleton, starting to his feet.

“You know his writing, I presume,” said Mr. Trueman, handing him the letter.

“It’s Thomas William’s own hand, as I live!” exclaimed Singleton, on glancing at the letter. “My own dear Thomas Williams, the best-natured fellow in the world,” he continued, his feelings undergoing a sudden revolution. “What a fool I have been!”

“And what a fool I have been!” said Thomas Williams, advancing from an adjoining room, at the same time grasping his hand towards Singleton.

“God bless you, my dear friend?” exclaimed Mr. Trueman, grasping his hand. “Why, what has been the matter with us both?”

“My young friends,” said old Mr. Trueman, the kindest-hearted men in the world, rising and walking towards them, “I have known you long, and have esteemed you both. This pleasant meeting and reunion, you perceive, is of my arrangement. No wonder, *you a precept that will make friends and ke*

**" THY WILL BE DONE."**

been my motto through life, and I don't know that I  
any enemy in the world. It is, '*A soft answer turneth  
wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.*'"—*Bond of  
herhood.*

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**" THY WILL BE DONE."**

'Tis easy when the current tide  
Of life is gliding smoothly on ;  
When friends are near, and all is fair,  
To say, oh God, " Thy will be done."

'Tis easy when no clouds arise  
To dim the glory of our sun ;  
When nought of sadness, shades our gladness,  
To say, oh God, " Thy will be done."

'Tis easy when the path we tread  
Is not by thorns or briars o'ergrown ;  
When nought of harm doth ever alarm,  
To say, oh God, " Thy will be done."

But oh ! 'tis hard when hope is high,  
To have it crushed, and sorrow come ;  
The dreams long cherished, quickly perished,  
And still to say, " Thy will be done."

But oh ! when lonely hearts are sighing  
With griefs too bitter to be borne ;  
Then we would pray, teach us to say,  
Great God in all " Thy will be done."

B. A. R.





## GLORY.

A PROUD blockhead can have no pretences to glory; but he knows not what glory expresses. Virtue alone can win true glory, and it can never be attained by pretending. It is the love of glory which has made so many conquerors, in other words, so many scourgers of mankind.

It is the love of glory which forms pretended heroes and sanguinaries, who have ravaged the world, and whose thirst for power has produced only death and desolation. Of all passions, a love of glory has produced the greatest of evil. Through the influence of this passion, Alexander has been surnamed "the great."

This extolled Alexander has caused the shedding of merable tears, and occasioned the loss of incalculable blood. He has committed more injustice, murder, and enforced penalties, than those wretches called highwaymen were able to commit, if uncontrolled, in several ages.—*De*

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## SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARY.

"*Motherless Mary,*" and "*The Better Home,*" I  
JANE. Leicester: Chew and Brooks.

WE have been very much pleased with "*Motherless Mary*." One beautiful extract we had marked for our present use, but our space is filled. We strongly recommend it to purchase the book, as one which will instruct them good. The interview between Mary and her son "Bob," on board an emigrant ship, is full of striking touching beauty. 'Tis that of a little girl trying to convert an old sinner to the Saviour, and he is willing to be

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'TIS A MERE TRIFLE.

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'TIS A MERE TRIFLE.

was such a *little* thing to ask, too ;—it's very unkind of . Sara—very unkind, indeed ! " said Jessie Hall, as she . d my window on her way to school. And I wondered had happened to make my little friend forget to look and nod her " Good morning ! " to me, when she went and talk so loudly to herself in the street. So, as I could not find out by all my thinking, and as I loved the girl too well to wish to see her unhappy as she was,—for I was persuaded that she had set her heart upon something that was not right,—I put on my bonnet and mantle ; and when she returned at noon-time, I stepped out and was soon with her.

Well, Jessie, shall I find Aunt Sara at home ? " The child's face had lost its clouds,—all, except one tiny thing in the *expression* of her usually bright and trust-

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ful eye, which told me she was conscious of not having right in the morning ; but she answered briskly enough " Oh, yes ! cousin, and I am sure she will be glad to see

Chatting as we walked along, I learned that Jessie that very morning gained an object she had for a long set her heart upon,—she had reached the top of her and she knew that it was by honest and patient study was glad that the cause of the change in her happy countenance was such a one as this ; for I thought she would more willingly listen to what I wished to say to her more easily see what I meant.

" And what was the matter this morning, Jessie ? " I, after some more talk, and with her hand in mine ; " *little thing* did you ask, which Aunt Sara could not grant

Jessie opened her eyes with amazement at my question but I saw the trouble in them more plainly, and it grew she mused over her own question, which she put in place an answer to mine :—" Why, cousin !—how did you that ? "

" You told me, yourself, Jessie ! as you passed my window

" Why, cousin ! I declare I didn't even see you this morning."

A very few words drove away the mystery ; and the whose hand had shown all the changes in her feelings sometimes trying to slip away, at other times pulling hand quite sharply, and now folding it close and still,—me in quiet tones, and with an humbled manner, she had wanted very much to finish dressing her doll, so have it ready against her birthday party ; and that Sara would not let her stay away from school that day that afternoon, nor would she consent to her leaving *before the school usually closed in the afternoon.* " A

" she continued, with an expression that showed as not entirely of that opinion now, " I *did* think kind ;—but I did not mean to tell everybody, so have done, if you heard me speak so loudly." And gazed as she fancied how droll she must have appeared as she went along in the morning, talking to herself.

Wonderful creatures children are, I thought ; and much we who are older, are like them,—especially seems most unreasonable in them. Poor little Jessie felt as if there was nothing in the world except play party, and that even *that* would not be worth her doll were not newly dressed from head to foot her companions might love it as much for its fine ; she did for its amiable qualities and accomplishments and there was almost a whole week before this high there would be plenty of opportunities for paying attention to the great rosy-faced Miss Ada, that was to make her the most admired doll in all England, stealing an hour from lessons, or from school. Poor me !

I thought this, I said in a cheerful voice,—“ It is well I did not agree to your stopping from school this morning, is it not ? ”

And Jessie readily assented, and I went on ; “ You are able to finish Miss Ada’s dress by your birthday, saving this afternoon from your lessons, would not you ? And you could scarcely finish it in the hour you have last, to take from your school-time to day, I should think. Jessie still agreed.

You live with Aunt Sara, on purpose that you may be at *Simpson’s school*, you know, dear ; and your

father and mother, every day, when the hours for going to school, and for leaving school come, think—'Jessie is now beginning her lessons,'—'Jessie is now going home to Aunt Sara;' for they feel sure that Aunt Sara will do exactly as they wish about you, and that,—"

"Oh, yes, dear cousin," exclaimed Jessie, "I know it all—I know what mamma would say,—it was very wrong; very, very wrong, to wish Aunt Sara to let me stay from school. But do not *you* tell Aunt Sara, cousin; let *me* do it; pray do, cousin dear!"

I assured her that I would not say a word about it, but leave it entirely to herself; and all the trouble seemed at once to leave her face and her heart;—for when we know we have been wrong, there is only one way to bring peace into our souls again, and that is, to own that we have been wrong, and get back to the right road without a minute's delay. I have seen children, and some that were not children, too, argue that what they knew was wrong was not wrong; or they would give it up quietly, and pretend never to have been out of the right way at all. This is a very false sort of shame; and as it is itself wrong, nothing good can come of it. My little friend was ashamed of having been wrong; and she was too honest and truthful to try to deceive either herself or any one else, about it.

"But," said I, "dear Jessie! what did you mean by saying, as you walked past my window in the morning, that it was *such a little thing to ask*? Do you think that anything that is really wrong, can be a trifle?"

The innocent perplexity with which she listened to me, and pondered my question, pleased me, for I saw that she had not been trying to delude herself.

"What would you think, Jessie, of a child who should

what she knew was wrong, and should fancy that what you meant by a little thing, was a good reason?—Surely, dear, its being a *little* wrong would be right."

cousin!—I—I can see what you mean; but I can quite properly—"

"What is this, Jessie?" said I, "what is *wrong* NEVER right, whether it be a little thing or a great one. I know, dear, that those 'little things,' those 'trifles,' are the worst things of all;—for real dangers, which we do not look out for, are more dangerous *by* those we are always watching against, because we are afraid of them. Indeed, if you live to be a hundred, you will find that *there are no trifles* amongst the things that can be called *right* or *wrong*; and I think I can understand this now, without much trouble."

And she did not care for trouble, if I thought it was worth understanding; and I assured her it was.

I am going to tell you, Jessie, really happened.—In the north of England was a village, where were a great many mills, or manufactories, of cloth and other useful things. The machinery in them was turned by a stream of water coming from several huge reservoirs, that were made to collect very great quantities of water, to supply the mills. The people often noticed that when the water in the reservoirs was very high, it used to run through cracks in the thick banks of earth which formed the reservoirs. And the children would make little water-barges at their little barges upon these rivulets. Some of the village fancied that all was not right, and they said, 'there ought to be no cracks at all in the banks; and every drop of water that runs through

these crevices, makes them deeper and wider.' But others only laughed at them for their fears about such trifles. 'Why, if those cracks in the bank would do harm,' they declared that would have been done long enough ago.' The others were not satisfied ; but they did nothing to stop the crevices, nor to have the banks made sound. And on the fourth of February, in the year 1852, after there had been very heavy rains, and great floods, too, in many parts of England, the banks of one of those huge reservoirs gave way, and all the water in it rushed down the stream in a mass, sweeping before it mills, and houses, and bridges, and destroying everything that stood in the way. How many of those unhappy people perished, I cannot tell you ; but I know that some who escaped understood, in a way they never had before, *how terrible a mistake it is to suppose that things which ought not to be, may be called 'trifles', and thought no more about."*

"How very dreadful!" said Jessie.

"It was more dreadful than I can imagine ;—and, Jessie, just in the same way as the people might have known that the banks of the reservoir were not sound, by the little streams of water that trickled through them, so can they tell by the little wrong things we do without concern, *the great wrong* there is in our hearts."

My little companion walked on in silence beside me ; and I told her, when I said good-bye to her, after a little chat with Aunt Sara, that if she really could not get Miss Ada's dress ready in time, I would help her ; and, if she would let me, would, on her birthday, play the piano to her little companions *all the evening.*—*Teacher's Offering.*



## DOES THE MISSIONARY BOX SAY?

## DOES THE MISSIONARY BOX SAY?

to tell my young readers what the missionary  
us listen.

### THE BOX SPEAKS!

good in the highest, and on earth peace, good  
!"

*and pity upon poor lost sinners."*

left them to perish in their sins. He has not  
like the devil and his angels. They deserved  
might have cast them all into that lake of fire,  
upon them. They were lost and undone,  
save themselves; and he sent his Son Jesus  
He sent him from heaven to earth, that he  
ers from earth to heaven. He sent him to  
might live.

*t, the Son of God, has died for sinners."*

rather sent him to save sinners, he did not  
also pitied poor lost sinners, and was glad to  
them. He came into this world, then, on  
mercy. He came as a little child, and he  
grew a boy, then a youth, then a man. For  
rs he was in the world. And all this time he  
by which sinners might be saved. It took  
r he had much to do for them, and all must  
y could not have made up any deficiencies.  
d's holy law, and in the room and stead of  
*all that it required of them. But they had*



broken it, and it demanded their *death*. If Jesus takes *their* place, he must *die*; and so he did. It awful day, that, when God the Father turned against his own Son, and not only gave him into the hands of sinners and wicked men, to do what they would with him, but drew his great sword of justice, and smote him with his hand! Ah! it was an awful day—Jesus trembled and was in great agony. But he did not draw back. For the poor sinners, and he was willing to *die* for them, that they might be allowed to live. They laid Jesus in the grave, and they thought all was over with him now. But the Father raised him from the dead, and took him to himself. The Lord Jesus, who loves sinners so well, is risen again. He is at the right hand of God in heaven now.

*“Poor sinners may now be saved.”*

The door is open, and all are welcome. God invites you to come and be saved. He sends out his servants to call them to come, for all things are ready. The blood of Jesus is ready to cleanse them. The Spirit of Jesus is ready to give them new hearts. The righteousness of Jesus is ready to clothe them. *All* things are ready; all that is needed to deliver them from their wretched state,—to bring them back to God,—to the enjoyment of peace with him,—and to make them truly happy for ever. All may be saved, whosoever will, sinners of all nations, and of all colours,—young sinners and old sinners, poor sinners and rich sinners,—all may come, even the worst of sinners, and be saved. The blessed God will forgive them, bless, and save them all, for his dear Son's sake.

Now, all these things the missionary box tells you. *truly they are good news.* Oh, forget them not!

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what it says about the love of God and of Christ. Think how you may be saved; and resolve *at once* to go to God for pardon and salvation through Jesus. If you do this, you will like to listen again to the missionary box. It has other things to tell us, and it is chiefly about them that it speaks. Then look at it and listen.

THE BOX SPEAKS AGAIN!

*"Many poor sinners do not know about Christ and salvation."*

Christ has died for sinners, and opened the door of salvation; but they have never heard these glad tidings. Their minds are dark as midnight. They know not how they may obtain peace with God. When their consciences tell them how sinful they have been,—when their guilt presses like a heavy burden upon their hearts, so that they are fearful and sad, they do not know of that blessed Saviour, who calls upon all who are weary and heavy laden to come to him, and he will give them rest. They do not know of his shed blood, or of his glorious righteousness, or of his renewing Spirit. They know about none of these things. They do not feel happy, and they know not where happiness is to be found. Ignorant are they, that some of them pray to pieces of wood and stone,—idols they have made with their own hands. Others pray to beasts of the field, birds of the air, fish of the sea. Others worship the sun, the moon, and stars. They cry to these things to save them! Ah, they do not know that God alone can hear prayer,—that the blood of Jesus alone can wash away their sins.

*Have pity upon the poor heathen, who do not know about it."*

## THE ROBIN.

A CURIOUS instance of the familiarity and sagacity of this little bird is to be seen at a house near Roseneath. A young gentleman occupies one of the upper room as a bed-chamber. In one corner stands his clothes box, and at the mouth of it the owner found one day a robin's nest, and filled with eggs—the little pair had taken advantage of the window being left open to occupy such a singular spot for their breeding place. The eggs are by this time hatched, so that the parent birds have to be early astir to find their little ones; indeed, much earlier than the owner's part of the room. The young robins can't wait for early breakfast until their fellow-lodger gets up, and the birds are driven to the necessity of awakening him. They do, at an early hour every morning, by flapping their little wings in his face, when he gets up and unlocks the window for their free egress and ingress. We tell this story on such undoubted authority, that there is no need left for questioning it; and we should be sorry, if it were not true, as it is such an interesting feature in the history of these little pets of all young folks.

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## LAME AND LAZY—A FABLE.

Two beggars, LAME and LAZY, were in want of food. One leaned on his crutch, the other reclined on his back. Lame called on Charity, and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker he received a loaf.

*Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed “V*

and receive a loaf? Well, I will ask for a loaf." Now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread.

"demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you a man of that class and character who *ask* and *not*; you ask amiss."

who always found fault, and had rather whine than complain of ill-treatment, and even accused Charity of an exceeding great and precious promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented his vision three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters. and that her right hand held a pot of honey, which was disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was in a whip to keep off the drones.

"understand it," said Lazy.

replied, "It means, that Charity feeds the lame and the lazy."

turned to go.

"said Charity, "instead of *coin* I will give you *Do not go and live on your poor mother, for I will give you to a rich ant*"

"aunt?" echoed Lazy. "Where shall I find her?" "I will find her in Proverbs, 6th chap. and 6th verse."

Instead of waiting and wishing a rich UNCLE, and see how a rich ANT *lives*.



## THE SYDENHAM CRYSTAL PAL

*(See Frontispiece.)*

THIS building, when completed, will be the greatest of its kind, if not of any kind, in the world. On Year's Day, we are given to understand, it will be handed over to the painters and decorators. It differs in many particulars from the Crystal Palace erected in Hyde Park. The nave of the Sydenham Palace has the same arches as the old transept. The height, as the old transept, is broken, and the effect made much more picturesque by the columns projecting at intervals. Instead of the galleries in the old building, there are light airy galleries that fly, as it were, all about the building at various heights, giving great variety of view to the promenaders. The centre transept, instead of being 60 feet wide, is, we understand, 100 wide and 17 feet high. The flooring—more than 200 feet from the ground at its eastern end. The decorations will be much more extensive than in the old building. The whole will be thoroughly ventilated so as to secure a comfortable, uniform, and healthy atmosphere, in which the strongest man, or the weakest, or the sickly child, may spend the whole of a day without injury. Sir Joseph Paxton himself has spent hours a day for three months in planning the building, which, among other wonders, comprises fifty thousand pipes for the passage of warm water, carefully regulated below boiling heat. The area will be laid out more ornamentally than that of the old building.

But the glory of the place, is its magnificent and endlessly varied contents. The Courts will very far surpass those in the old building, much as they were frequented and admired. There is a whole Pompeian house, an exact restoration. There is also the gorgeous hall of the Alhambra. And not less beautiful are the Grecian Courts. There is also an Assyrian Court, grand enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of the marbles in the British Museum. These Courts are vastly more spacious, open, and graceful in their arrangements, than any thing in Hyde Park. To speak of the Casts is, in fact, to speak of the art of sculpture, the art of wood and metal engraving, or rather the arts altogether, for the collection embraces almost every thing remarkable, beautiful, interesting, or curious in the world of these departments. Here are a vast number of statues, busts, and carvings, which people go thousands of miles to see, and which they often see under great discomforts. As to the quality of the casting, it is so exact as to give us quite a new version of some very familiar statues; while the casts of metal, and wood-work, especially of certain carved doors, are perfect marvels of minuteness and precision.

The sum-totals of money, work, and material, involved in this grand speculation, are almost incredible; more granite than ever was brought into London before, more iron-work than can be produced or delivered, the earth-work of a railway, besides three actual railways from the metropolis to the place; miles of public road to be diverted, fountains throwing up altogether two thousand gallons a second, every kind of poetical extravagance in iron and in water, temples glazed with films of water, colonnades under waterfalls, a botanical collection, as large and as complete as the climate will allow, *and a bit of the antediluvian world, with gigantic*

## THE SYDENHAM CRYSTAL PALACE.

Saurians and plants to the life size, all run up into an aggregate almost dizzying to think of. And all the expense, enormous as it must be, to be paid out of the tickets of visitors.

The entire slope of a lofty hill, comprehending great variety of surface, is being formed and fashioned, excavated, embanked, terraced, walled, stepped, and balustraded, almost into a paradise of gardening. When it is all done, a lady will be able to traverse the whole of the fairy region along furlongs of terrace, miles of gravel walk, thousands of steps, amid, and even under endless fountains and cascades, without wetting her satin shoe. At present, however, the surrounding space has everywhere the look and uncomfortableness of mud, excepting where a mountain of granite has already been reared, a graceful slope already turfed, or a long train of planks bends under processions of wheelbarrows. Here is a labourer floundering at the bottom of a huge tank, there the engineer spanning the sky with an arch of glass, under which the London monument would stand with some feet to spare. A great treat is in store for many of our readers in the New Sydenham Crystal Palace. But never let them forget, in the grandeurs and glories of this lower world, that there is a building so grand and glorious, that it has no type on earth, built by an architect so wise, that all the wisdom and ingenuity displayed by planners, and designers, and builders, and architects here, are but the faint reflection of his own infinite resources. Its builder and maker is God.

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Science may raise us to eminence, but religion alone can  
*guide us to felicity.*

## POWER OF THE SUN.

of the sun upon all things that receive his rays in a general way, a matter of common notoriety. But we at few persons are aware of the amount of that effect. We may view the surface of a lake under the sun's rays during a warm summer's day, and the whole scene may be seen to be one of the utmost beauty, so that we might naturally conclude that nothing of any importance was then going on. It will be ever that such in reality is not the case; for the sun exerts a force of which we can scarcely form an idea. Supposing the lake is only two miles square, it may be calculated that there will be raised from its surface in one day more than sixty-four thousand tons of water (64,821), by means of solar radiation. This is equal to the work of 10 steam-engines of 200 horse power for the same space of time, presuming that the water is only raised to an average height of between 10 and 200 feet. To balance that weight a hill of earth would be required 30 feet high, 100 feet wide, and 600 feet long.

In making the calculations which have led to the above statements, it has been assumed that, in a hot day of summer, a quarter of an inch of water would be evaporated from the exposed surface of a lake in twelve hours, and this for a lake of two miles square would amount to 2,323,200 cubic feet, which at 62½ lb per cubic foot, is equal to 64,821 tons. A quarter of an inch is not a good maximum for evaporation; it is but one half of that which, according to good authorities, has been actually removed by



evaporation, and under a temperature of from 75 deg. Fahrenheit. Instead of 64 thousand tons, justify us in stating that 130,000 tons might be one day from a surface of water not exceeding square.

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EXTRAORDINARY MATHEMATICAL POWERS.—boy, named William Marcey, who has been stop United States Hotel, has astonished all who have his demonstrations. He will add up columns of length, divide any given sum, multiply millions by within five minutes from the time the figures are and with such exactness as to render it truly Yesterday noon, in presence of a party of gentlemen added a column of figures, eight in a line, and making the sum total of several millions, in about 10 minutes. The feat was so astounding, and apparently incredible, that several of the party took off their coats, and did the sum, went to work, and in two hours after they had finished, they produced identically the same answer. The boy is quite seventeen years of age; he cannot read nor write in every other branch of an English education deficient. His parents reside in Kentucky, near

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COMPARATIVE SALUBRITY OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES IN EUROPE.—The following comparative view of the salubrity of different countries in Europe is given in the report of the Registrar-General:—England, 24; France, 24; Prussia, 24; and Russia, 36,

## GOING TO A SIGHT.

Rev. Mr. Venn once told his children that in the evening he would take them to one of the most interesting sights in the world. They were anxious to know what it was. Perhaps some children will guess it was a show, or a circus, or a ventriloquist, or some such thing.

Mr. Venn did not gratify their curiosity, he only told them to wait. When evening came, he took them by the hand, and led them to a miserable hovel, whose decayed walls and broken windows bespoke poverty and want. "Now" said he, "my dear children can any one that lives in such a wretched place as this, be happy? Yet this is not all; a poor young man lies on a miserable straw bed within, dying of fever, and afflicted of nine painful ulcers."

"Oh how wretched," they all exclaimed at once.

Mr. Venn led them into the cottage and going up to the poor dying young man, he said, "Abraham Millwood, I have brought my children here to show them that people can be happy in sickness, in poverty, and in want; and now tell them if it is not so."

The dying youth, with a sweet smile, immediately answered—"O yes, sir; I would not change my state with the best man on earth who had not the views which I have. Praise be God, I have a good hope through Christ of going to heaven, where Lazarus now is. He has a great while ago gotten all his miseries; soon shall I mine. Sir, this is long to bear while the presence of God cheers my soul. And, sir, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy through all eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has enabled me to enjoy the riches of his goodness and his grace through Jesus Christ."

*'d there be a more interesting sight than this?*

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## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

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## BUNYAN ILLUSTRATED.

### PILGRIM, THE LAND BEULAH, AND THE RIVER OF DE

PILGRIM and Hopeful having got over the Encl Ground, enter the Land of Beulah. The air was very and pleasant, and the way lying directly through it solaced themselves there for a season. Here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the sun appear on the earth. In this country the sun shined perpetually, night and day. The Valley of the Shadow of Death was far behind—Giant Despair could not reach them. Nor could they so much as see Doubting Castle. They were on the borders of Heaven. A flood of light such as they had never seen before pours down upon them. It falls on the leaf and shrub by the way side, and is reflected in the crystal streams, that between grassy banks wind on amidst groves of fruit trees, into vine-yards and flowery dens. These fields of Beulah are just below the heaven, and with the light of heaven falling upon them

me floating down to them the melodies of heaven. They went on, there met them two men in raiment that like gold, and their faces shone as the light. These led the Pilgrims whence they came. They also asked the dangers and comforts and pleasures of the way. They told the Pilgrims, "You have but two difficulties to meet with, and then you are in the city."

They now came in sight of the gate. But betwixt them and the gate was a river; and there was no bridge to go over. The river was very deep. At the sight of this river the Pilgrims were much dismayed. But it was said to them, "You must go through, or you will not reach the gate."

They asked if there was no other way to the gate; and they tried this way and that, in vain wished they could escape over the river. They wondered whether the river was so deep? But could obtain no satisfaction. They



in and try for themselves. They entered the river, and the first man began to sink. But Hopeful spoke encouragingly to him, telling him to be of good cheer, and saying,

“ I feel the bottom, and it is good.” After some struggles, and terrible fears, on the part of Pilgrim especially, they reached the other side. Oh how they shout and sing—“ We are safe now !” When they reached the bank on the other side they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them and saluted them, saying, “ We are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation.” Thus they went along towards the gate.

The city to which they were going stood on a mighty hill, but the Pilgrims went up the hill with ease, sweetly talking as they went, rejoicing because they had got safely over the river.

While they were thus drawing towards the gate, a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them ; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, “ These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name ; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy.”

Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, “ Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.” The very heavens echoed the rejoicings of the angelic hosts. The Pilgrims were then led forth, compassed on every side by rejoicing and glorious attendants ; some went before, some behind, some on the right hand, some on the left, as their body guard. In this triumphal way they came up to the gate. The King commanded to open the gate, that his servants might enter in. As they entered they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on them *which shone like gold ; harps and crowns were given to them ; the bells of the city rang again for joy, and it was said to*

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### TEMPERATURE OF SPRING WATER, &c.

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m, "Enter into the joy of your Lord." Then was sung  
h loud voices this anthem. "Blessing, honour, and glory,  
l power be to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to  
Lamb, for ever and ever."



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### TEMPERATURE OF SPRING WATER.

ry does spring water vary in temperature from the weather  
summer and in winter?—Because the water supplying  
spring comes from such a depth below the surface of the  
th, that the heat of the sun (in consequence of the earth  
ng a bad conductor) cannot penetrate far enough to affect  
neither can the cold of winter reach it; hence it contin-  
to send forth its limpid waters at the same uniform tem-  
ature during both summer and winter. In consequence  
the warmth of the weather in summer the water appears  
l, and because of the coldness of the atmosphere in winter  
water seems warm; though the real temperature must  
ain the same at all seasons, unless the fountain from  
*wh the spring is supplied* be near the surface of the earth.

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## GREAT METROPOLITAN RAILWAY TUNNEL.

FROM the crowded state of the London streets it has become a subject of serious importance to discover how a part of the traffic could be diverted and improved. The late cab strike has been a further inducement for the public to seek other methods of transit. The blue clay which underlies London suggested the facility of easily forming a tunnel, by which means passengers and merchandise could be transferred safely and rapidly from a station to be formed near the Great Western Railway at Paddington, taking a direct line to Blackwall, with intermediate stations to correspond with the different bridges—the passengers to ascend and descend by means of a geometrical staircase. The projector of this railway tunnel, Mr. Smith Evans, on his submitting his plans and sections to the directors of the Great Western Railway Company, was at once referred to their engineer, I. K. Brunel Esq. ; since which he has consulted several of the most eminent engineers and geologists in Paris, who confirm from their own knowledge of the geology of the Paris basin, (which is similar to that of the London basin), the practicability of the undertaking. As very few houses will be affected—the tunnel traversing beneath them—the expense of its construction will be comparatively small, and as the Paddington terminus is 80 feet above high-water mark, the tunnel will descend gradually to its terminus at Blackwall; which has further suggested the expediency of forming beneath the road large drains to carry off the sewerage into the Isle of Dogs, there to be manufactured into manure for various *agricultural purposes*. A company is now in course of formation, in order to carry out the above gigantic undertaking.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I KNEW a little maiden, than falling snows more fair,  
Her laughing eye was azure, and golden was her hair ;  
Her voice was sweetest music, for all she said was kind ;  
I met her in the meadows, where flowers she went to find.  
I asked her why she pulled them, she bade me come and see ;  
She led me to the grave yard, and showed a grave to me ;  
“ My mother's home is here. Sir, and every morn and night  
I come and spread her threshold with flowerets sweet and bright.  
“ And though I never see her, I know that she is here ;  
And, oh ! I am so happy, when with my mother dear !”  
I heard the little maiden her simple feelings tell,  
And on the narrow tombstone the tears of pity fell.  
I helped to strew the flowerets, and went upon my way  
In mingled joy and sadness, not sorrowful nor gay ;  
But, oh ! my heart grew heavy when tidings reached my ear,  
That she, poor little maiden, had joined her mother dear.  
She culled the fairest flowerets to deck her mother's bed,  
And now the brightest blossom, that little maid, is dead.  
But in a blissful Paradise, 'mid ever-blooming bowers,  
The mother and the daughter now gather fairer flowers.

P. J. ALLAN.

CHILDREN.

How much they suffer from our faults,—  
How much from our mistakes,—  
How often, too, misguided zeal  
On infants misery makes.  
We over-rule and over-teach,—  
We curb and we confine,—  
And put the heart to school too soon  
To learn our narrow line.  
No ; only taught by love to love,  
Seems childhood's natural task ;—  
Affection, gentleness, and love,  
*Are all its brief years ask.*

L. E. L.



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THE  
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AND

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## THE EDITOR TO HIS YOUNG READERS.

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MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

It is now thirty years since I commenced the publication of this little periodical, of which, for nearly ten years, I continued to be the sole Editor. I then resigned it, not without much regret at parting with it, into other hands; and after an absence of twenty years, I this year resumed the publication of it; and I hope that there will not be another separation until the messenger comes who shall summon me to go the way of all the earth. My prayer is, that for another ten years at least, my Heavenly Father will permit me to continue this favourite employment of writing for the young. Then it may be time for me to lay down my pen, for I shall have reached my "threescore years and ten."

The Editor is reminded that all the living young people who were his readers from 1825 to 1834, are become men and women. Many of them, he would fain hope, are now walking in the fear of God and the love of the Saviour, and will do so to the end of their life. Others are already in the eternal world. How many of them have entered into rest that day will declare.

## THE EDITOR TO HIS YOUNG READERS.

---

But you, my young readers, are strangers to me, as my name may be strange to you; for all of you have been born within the period of my absence. Let us hope, however, that we shall soon become well acquainted with each other. I shall do my best to make this magazine as interesting and instructive as I can. And here I may be permitted to say, that although I have not been engaged in preparing this periodical for the press every month, I have been diligently employed in preparing others. I come back to you, therefore, not with an idle pen that has grown rusty, but with one which, like a well-used gardener's spade, has been kept bright by constant use. My desire will be to make the BAPTIST CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE sustain a favourable comparison with any of the numerous little publications for the young which are now—and I rejoice that they are—issuing monthly from the press.

One thing I should wish to do with regard to you, and that is, to give you every encouragement to write and send original pieces of your own. Many of you can do this; or at all events you may try, and if you do not succeed in writing what will be fit to appear in print, yet the very attempt will do you good by the exercise of your minds and the practice of your pens.

I shall also, for your amusement and improvement, propose, from time to time, Bible Questions on various subjects; and I trust these exercises will cause you to search the fountains of truth in the Holy Scriptures, for I feel assured that the more you become acquainted with the records of divine truth, the more you will venerate the name of your

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THE EDITOR TO HIS YOUNG READERS.

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r, admire the grace of your Saviour, and seek the  
of the Holy Spirit.

thus, I trust, together with the blessing of God  
he prayers and instructions of your parents and your  
rs, many of you will be led, in early life, to devote  
lves, body, soul, and spirit, to the Lord Jesus—even  
who for your sakes left the glories of the heavenly  
and came down to earth to suffer, and bleed, and die  
1. And when you have thus given yourselves to the  
like a fragrant flower, in all the freshness and beauty  
r morning hours, then how great our joy to hear of  
iving yourselves to his people according to his will.  
y dear young readers, my hearts desire and prayer to  
r you is that in early life you may know and love the  
r, put on Christ by being buried with him in baptism,  
king your place at the table of your Lord, shew  
ttachment and devotion to him who redeemed you  
by his blood.

then, in the spring-time of your existence on earth,  
the world and its vanities, and give yourselves to

Take up your cross and follow him. Let each one  
say to his own heart, should it shrink from the  
le :—

“Come, my fond fluttering heart,—  
Come, struggle to be free :  
Thou and the world must part,  
However hard it be :  
My trembling spirit owns it just,  
But still lies cleaving to the dust.



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## THE EDITOR TO HIS YOUNG READERS.

---

Ye tempting sweets forbear,—  
Ye dearest idols fall:  
My love ye must not share;  
Jesus shall have it all:  
Though painful and acute the smart,  
His love can heal the bleeding heart.

Ye fair enchanting throng,  
Ye golden dreams adieu!  
Earth has prevailed too long;  
Too long I've cherished you;  
Forbidden joys of early years  
Demand my penitential tears.

In Gilead there is balm,  
A kind Physician there,  
My fevered mind to calm,  
And save me from despair:  
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free;  
My all I would resign to thee.

O! may I feel thy worth,  
And let no idol dare—  
No vanity of earth  
With thee, my Lord, compare:  
Now bid all earthly joys depart,  
And reign unrivalled in my heart."

Thus early consecrated to God, a course of usefulness and honour will be before you on earth, which will be found faithful, in a glorious immortality.

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**THE RIVER JORDAN, WHERE JOHN WAS BAPTIZING.**

## THE FIRST BAPTISTS.

As this juvenile periodical is designed for the information of the children and youth of baptist families, schools, and congregations, there can be no impropriety in giving them, from time to time, some brief historical sketches of the people whose name it bears. We propose, therefore, to give their history, not in every number, but at intervals, and as opportunities offer. We think this will be the better way ; as we would not weary our young friends with long historical details, but rather present the facts in an interesting and pleasing form.

First, then,—for we begin at the beginning—JOHN THE BAPTIST, the herald of the MESSIAH, was the honoured individual to whom this distinguished appellation was first applied. A man of abstemious habits, stern manners, and rigid virtue, he reminded the people of their ancient prophets. The scene of his ministry was the solitary wilderness ; and crowds were attracted to him there by curiosity or expectation. He called upon all who heard him to repent, and baptized those who professed repentance. At length the Son of God himself appeared and demanded baptism ; which, after a modest protest, he administered, by immersing the Messiah in the waters of Jordan. Heaven sanctioned the act—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, were here united to stamp with divine authority this sacred rite !

JOHN withdrew into comparative obscurity, as the morning star retires before the rising sun, and we hear

little of him, except the message of inquiry he sent by his disciples to our Lord, who spoke of him in high terms of commendation. For his faithful reproof of an abandoned woman, he was sacrificed by a voluptuous tyrant. He was a prophet, and more than a prophet, and he met with the prophet's reward—a martyr's crown!

Having noticed the first baptist, we proceed to remind the reader that christian baptism was instituted as a divine ordinance by our Lord Jesus Christ, after his resurrection, when he gave this memorable commission to his disciples: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, *even* unto the end of the world." Those devoted and faithful men thus received their instructions from the lips of the Son of God himself. They could not misapprehend him, and being themselves under a divinely spiritual influence, their words and actions are to be regarded as clear indications of the will of the Redeemer respecting the administration of the affairs of his kingdom.

We assume this position,—THE FIRST CHRISTIANS WERE BAPTISTS. But "to the law and to the testimony."

The Acts of the Apostles, written by Luke, may be regarded as the first book of Church history, and contains many passages sufficiently descriptive of the practice of the first christians. "They baptized," say the Magdeburg Centuriators, "only the adult or aged, whether Jews or Gentiles, whereof we have instances in

Acts ii, viii, x, xvi, and xix chapters; but as to the baptizing of infants, we have no example. As to the *manner* of baptizing, it was by dipping or plunging into water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, according to the allusions contained in Rom. vi. and Col. ii."

Indeed, it is admitted by the learned of all ages, that the language of the New Testament, respecting baptism, is fairly construed when we say that it means, as applied to primitive practice, immersion. It may be sufficient to name Dr. Wall as an authority upon this point. He was vicar of Shoreham, Kent, and wrote a book in favour of infant baptism, for which he received the thanks of his University, and a diploma creating him D. D. The following is his language:—"The general and ordinary way of baptizing in ancient times was by immersion. This is so plain and clear from an infinite number of passages, that one cannot but pity the weak endeavours of such pædobaptists as would maintain the negative of it; and wonder that any individuals are to be found who can treat with ridicule or contempt the English Baptists, merely for their use of dipping; and more especially, when it is considered that it was in all probability the way by which our blessed Saviour, and most certainly the usual and ordinary way by which the ancient christians did receive their baptism."



### THE DECEIVER DECEIVED.

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### THE DECEIVER DECEIVED.

Look at this picture, and try if you can find out who these are. Here is an old man who could not see, his aged wife, and their youngest son. What are they doing? You will find all about it in the twenty-seventh chapter of the book of Genesis.

That book of Genesis is a wonderful book; it is not only the oldest in the world, but the most interesting. I never knew a boy or a girl who was fond of reading at all, that was not fond of reading it. There you may read about how the world was made, and about the first men and women who lived in it.

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## THE DECEIVER DECEIVED.

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And when you read it, you feel that it is all true. And it is this which makes the Word of God so good. When men write books they often tell us only the best things of those they write about; but the Word of God truly tells us all about their faults too.

You have read the chapter. Well, now you see that the fond mother of Jacob persuaded him to do wrong; and that was very wrong of her to do so. Mothers ought always to teach their children to do right. Jacob did not like to do as she advised him, for he feared that his aged father would find him out, and then, said he, 'I shall seem to him as a deceiver.' But his mother said she would bear the blame; and so he did as she wished. Now see how when we do one sinful thing we must do more. Jacob had not only to be a deceiver, but a liar too.

For if you read the rest of Jacob's life in the following chapters, you will find that he had to pay dear for what he had done. First he had to flee from home done for fear of his brother, whom he had cheated. Then he was himself deceived by his uncle Laban. Then, when coming back, he was in great fear of Esau, and had to humble himself before him. And then, in his old age, he was again cruelly deceived by his own sons, who made him believe that an evil beast had devoured his favourite boy Joseph. What trouble he was in too when his sons went backwards and forwards to Egypt to buy corn—when Simeon was a prisoner, and his little Benjamin must go too, or they must perish of famine! Indeed his whole life was a life of trouble

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through that bad beginning ; and it was not until Joseph sent for him to Egypt, when he was a very old man, that he had rest and peace.

Is not a lesson to be learned from all this ? And is it not this ? Never to attempt to deceive. Nothing can be more wicked. By this the world was ruined ; for the serpent deceived Eve by his subtlety. Jesus Christ, who came to destroy the works of the devil, was truth itself. He never deceived. Imitate him. Should you, however, listen to your own deceitful heart, or the persuasions of others, and turn deceiver, "be sure your sin will find you out," and you will have your reward as poor Jacob had, by being deceived in return.

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## CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

THE population of our globe is computed at above nine hundred millions, three hundred millions of whom are in China ; and therefore this great country contains one-third of the population of the whole earth. China is on the other side of the globe, nearly as far off from Great Britain as it can be.

For many ages our fathers knew little about China, except that they were a very curious people, and remarkably jealous of all strangers. Many singular tales were told about them, especially of their buildings and boats. Specimens of beautiful porcelain were sometimes brought over ; and we were told by travellers that they had seen towers of many stories high covered with porcelain tiles.

Perhaps some of you may have seen some very little tea cups and saucers in your grandmother's corner cupboard, painted curiously, and which, if you held them up to the light, looked almost transparent. Those were "real China make;" and it is believed that no nation on earth can make them so fine and clear.

I have said the Chinese are very jealous of strangers; and this led them many years ago to build a high and broad wall all round one side of their vast empire, with towers for the soldiers at intervals. This wall is now of little use, having been suffered to fall into decay in many places.

China is the country in which tea is grown, and in such quantities that they are able to supply all nations. Our forefathers managed to do without tea; and we have known some old-fashioned Englishmen who would never drink it. For some time now it has been in great demand, and millions of money are spent in buying and bringing it to England alone.

Fifty years ago, missionaries from England went over and sat down to translate the bible into their hard and curious language. Our language has twenty-four letters in its alphabet, but theirs' has thousands; for every distinct word has almost a distinct character. But the missionaries worked on for years and at last succeeded.

And much was the bible needed there, for the Chinese were all either idolaters or atheists. There was no knowledge of God in China, and therefore no sabbath, and no gospel. But the bible was printed and sent out

among the people, together with many christian books and tracts.

And now wonderful news is coming from China every month. We hear that the people have risen up to put down their oppressive rulers; and that they are everywhere destroying the idols and casting them into the rivers, down which they are floating away.

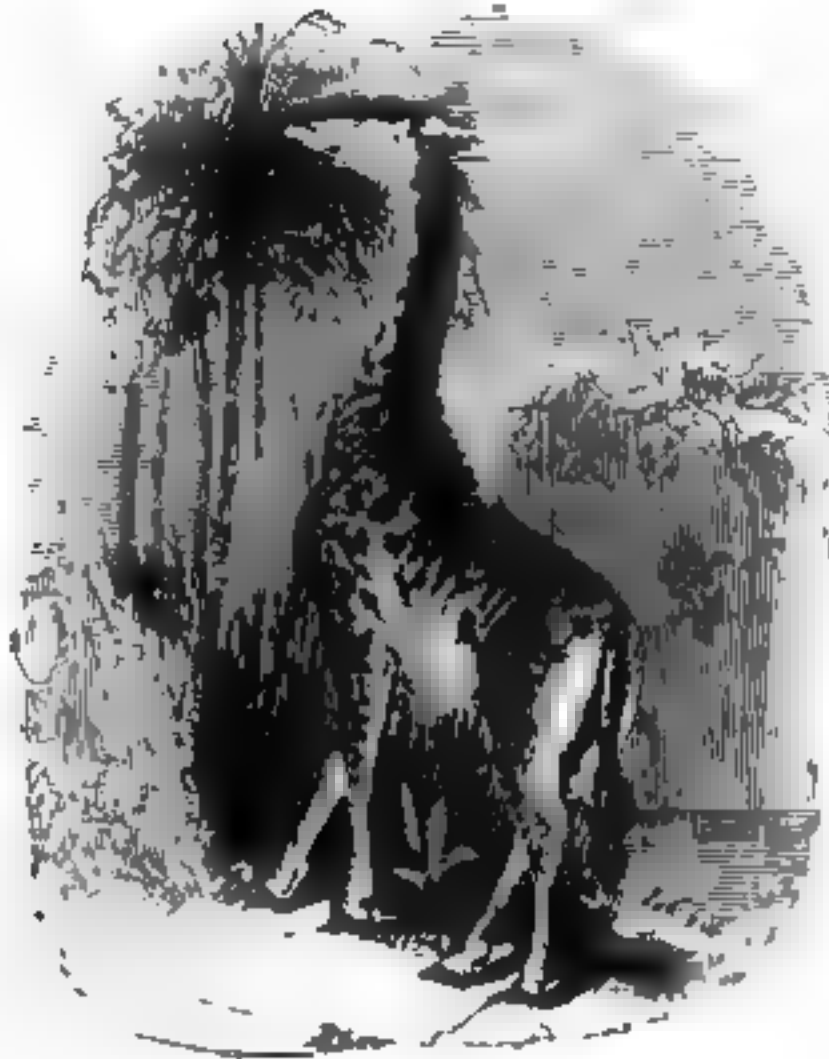
Never was there known such a great change, such a mighty and extensive revolution, since the world stood. What will be the end the Lord only knoweth.

Many more missionaries have gone since the first went; and now it is proposed to send many more, for the people are willing to be taught the truths of God's holy word. We are sorry that among all the missionaries who have gone from Great Britain and the United States there is but one solitary missionary from the baptists of England—Mr. Hudson at Ningpo.

But one great and good thing is now proposed, and you, my young reader, should have a hand in it. This is, to send a million copies of the New Testament to China. They may be printed and sold at fourpence each. Now as there are above two millions of sabbath scholars in Great Britain, if half of them gave one Testament each, that would provide one million copies at once. At all events, we hope all the young people in our baptist sabbath schools will have a hand in sending this one million Testaments to China. Remember, you can send one for fourpence.

## THE GIRAFFE, OR CAMELEOPARD.

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## THE GIRAFFE, OR CAMELEOPARD.

THE head of this beautiful animal bears a considerable resemblance to that of the horse, and is furnished with erect horns, about six inches long, and covered with a hairy skin; these are blunt, as though cut off at the ends, and each is tufted with a brush of coarse black hairs. The neck is very long, thin, and erect, and has on the

## THE GIRAFFE, OR CAMELEOPARD.

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ridge a short thick mane, which extends along the back, nearly to the tail. The shoulders are very deep, which has given rise to an idea that the fore-legs are longer than the hind ones.

This extremely singular and noble creature is found only in the interior recesses of Africa, whence it is never taken alive, except when young, and where it is seldom even seen by European travellers.

When they stand with their head and neck perfectly erect, many of these animals measure sixteen or eighteen feet in height. In their native wilds their singular form gives them, at a distance, the appearance of decayed trees; and the deception is not a little aided by their colour, reddish white, marked with numerous large rusty spots.

They are of a mild and timid disposition. When pursued, they trot so fast that even a good horse is scarcely able to keep pace with them, and they continue their course for a long time without requiring rest. When they leap, they lift first their fore-legs, and then the hinder ones, in the manner of a horse whose fore-legs are tied together. Their general position, except when grazing, is with the head and neck erect. They feed principally on the leaves of trees, and particularly on those of a peculiar species of mimosa, that is common in the country where they are found, and to which the extreme length of their legs and neck admirably adapts them. When they feed from the ground, they are under the necessity of dividing their legs to a con-

rable distance. In preparing to lie down, they kneel the camel.

has generally been supposed that the Giraffe possessed neither the power nor the strength to defend against the attacks of other animals ; this, however, is to be unfounded ; for M. le Vaillant has asserted, by its kicks it frequently resists the lion. The utility of the horns of the Giraffe appears to be unknown ; the writer says, that they are used as weapons of defence.

The flesh of the young Giraffe is said to be good eating.

The Hottentots hunt the animal principally on account of its marrow, which, as a delicacy, they set a value upon.

From divers accounts that have been left to us, this animal seems to have been known to the ancients. Strabo, Ptolemy, and the Greek bishop of Sicca, mentions it particularly in his time, and his description seems more original and authentic than that of most of the old writers.

The ambassadors from the Axiomitæ (he says) brought presents to Hydaspes, and, among other things, there was an animal of a strange and wonderful species, about the size of a camel, which had its skin marked with florid spots. The hinder parts, from the loins, were low, like those of a lion ; but the shoulders, fore-legs, and breast, were elevated above proportion to the other parts. The neck was small, and lengthened out from its large body like that of a swan. The head, in shape, resembles a camel, but was, in size, about twice



## QUASHIE AND HIS MULE.

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that of the Libyan ostrich, and it rolled its eyes; had a film over them, very frightfully. It differed gait from that of every other land or water animal waddled in a remarkable manner. Each leg did move alternately; but those on the right side together, independently of the other, and those on the left in the same manner, so that each side was alternately elevated. This animal was so tractable as to be led by a small string fastened to its head, and the keeper could conduct it wherever he pleased, as if with the strongest chain. When the animal appeared, it struck the multitude with terror; and it took its name from the principal parts of its body, being called by the mulattoes *camelopardalis*."

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## QUASHIE AND HIS MULE.

THE negro boys are the most cunning urchins I had to do with. While my vessel was lying at St. Ann's Bay, Jamaica, I had to go to Port Maria to look for cargo; and on my way thither, near Oracabessa, I came to one of the numerous small rivers that empty themselves into the little bays along the coast. When at some distance, I observed a negro boy flogging his mule most severely, but before I got up, he had dismounted and appeared in earnest talk with his beast, which stood with its fore-legs stretched out firm, and ears laid down, set its face in proof against all arguments to induce him to enter the water. Quashie was all animation, and his eyes fl

## QUASHIE AND HIS MULE.

like fire-flies. "Who-o! you no go ober; Berry well—me bet you fippenny me make you go. No? Why for you no bet? Why for you no go ober?" Here the mule shook his ears to drive away the flies, which almost devour the poor animals in that climate. "Oh! you do bet—berry well; den me try." The young rogue (he was not more than ten years old) disappeared in the bush, and returned in a few minutes with some strips of fanweed, a few small pebbles, and a branch of the cactus plant. To put three or four pebbles in each of the mule's ears, and tie them up with the fanweed, was but the work of a minute. He then jumped on the animal's back, turned round, put the plant to the animal's tail, and off they went, as a negro himself would say—"Like mad, Massa!" Into the water they plunged—the little fellow grinning and shewing his teeth in perfect extacy. Out they got on the other side; head and ears down—tail and heels up—and the boy's arms moving about as if he was flying; and I lost sight of him as he went over a rocky steep at full gallop, where one false step would have precipitated them into the sea beneath, from whence there would have been but small chance of escape. A butcher's boy is nothing to a negro boy in these exploits.

About two hours afterwards I reached Port Maria. There I saw, in an open space near one of the stores, standing, or rather leaning against the wall, Quashie, eating cakes; and there also stood the mule, eating Guinea grass, and looking much more cheerful than when I first saw him at the river side. "Well Quashie,"

## AN ANAGRAM.

I said, "you have got here, I see; but which of you won?" "Quashie win, Massa—Quashie never lose." "But will he pay?" I enquired. "Quashie pay himself, Massa. You see, Massa Buccra, massa gib Quashie tenpenny bit for grass for mule: Quashie bet fippenny him make him go ober de river. Quashie win. Quashie heb fippenny for cake—mule heb fippenny for grass."

The above amusing anecdote we have taken from a most interesting volume on Jamaica, written by Mr. Phillippo, who for many years laboured there as a Missionary. Those who made slaves of the negro race were wont to say that the poor blacks were only animals, something of the monkey race, but this tale of the little negro boy, shows that he was a sharp little fellow, a little roguish certainly, but quite as witty and as clever as many a lad with a white skin!

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## AN ANAGRAM.

|                                           |                      |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| If you transpose what ladies wear, .....  | <i>Veil.</i>         |
| 'Twill plainly shew what sinners are..... | <i>Vile.</i>         |
| Again, if you transpose the same,         | } <i>Levi.</i>       |
| You'll see an ancient Hebrew name;        |                      |
| Change it again, and it will shew         | } ..... <i>Live.</i> |
| What all on earth desire to do.           |                      |
| Transpose the letters yet once more,      | } <i>Evil.</i>       |
| What bad men do you'll then explore.      |                      |
| <i>Mountsorrel.</i>                       | <i>W. T.</i>         |

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## A GLANCE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

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## A GLANCE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

castle, which has long been a favourite resort, is built on the summit of a projecting hill. The country around for many miles is low, and the castle can be seen from a great distance in all directions.

The Conqueror, as he is called, was its first builder. Henry I. enlarged it. Edward III. began its present form, and rebuilt it. Great additions were made by Edward IV., Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Charles II. also enlarged and furnished it with paintings and other ornaments. The first half of the eighteenth century saw many splendid improvements, but it was not till the reign of George IV. that it assumed its present magnificent appearance.

Further improvements were made by George IV. and by her majesty Queen Victoria. Long may they continue to inhabit it in safety and peace!

The castle has not only been the abode of living monarchs, but many of our kings and queens, too, they rest in the silence of the tomb. One of the most interesting precincts of the castle is St. George's Chapel, one of the most magnificent places of worship in England.

## A GLANCE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Within its vaults sleep the remains of Henry VI., Edward IV., Henry VIII., Queen Jane Seymour, Charles I. Princess Amelia, the Princess Charlotte, Queen Charlotte, George III., the Duke of York, the Duke of Edinburgh, George IV., and William IV.

We visited this renowned seat of royalty a few years ago, but we could not now describe all we saw of grandeur and magnificence. We can only mention a few other facts of its position and appearance.

You may ascend to it by steep steps on the north side. You walk up a gradual ascent from the town on the south. The great round tower stands in the centre, from which there is a most extensive view ; so extensive that many as twelve counties may be seen with the naked eye.

The terrace of the castle, faced with a rampart of freestone, 1870 feet long, is one of the grandest in Europe, the prospects from which are most lightful. The little park, which extends round the north and east sides of the castle, and forms a lovely lawn four miles in circumference ; and on the south is a great park, which embraces a circumference of four miles. The river Thames winds round beneath the castle, and its silvery waters may be seen shining and there from the green meadows to a great distance whilst over the whole region may be discerned, woods and hamlets, towns and villages, forming a picture view of surpassing beauty, especially when the sun has arrayed the trees in their richest dresses.

Such is the favourite inland dwelling-place of the Queen, the Prince, and the royal family. Again we

### STOPPING OUT TOO LONG.

long may they dwell there in safety and peace; and then, when called to go the way of all the earth, may they find a far better mansion prepared for them in heaven, from whence they will go no more out for ever!



### STOPPING OUT TOO LONG.

"How is this, master George, that you are so far away from school this morning? I fear you have been trespassing—have you not?"

"Master gave me leave to go out, sir."

## STOPPING OUT TOO LONG.

"I expect he did. But how is it you have come so far without your cap? Master did not send you on an errand, did he, without your cap?"

"No, sir, but he gave me leave to come out."

"You told me so before, George. Now tell me the truth; have you not been running to see the packet go off?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is a good boy. You should always tell the truth. And how long have you been away?"

"Half an hour, sir."

"Perhaps more, George; for time goes very fast when you are looking at any thing that pleases you. And so you have been running until you are out of breath to make up, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, I have. And I am almost afraid to go in again."

"Ah, my boy! So it is. When we do wrong we always feel unhappy. Don't you wish now that you had not gone?"

"I am sure I do, sir."

"Well then, as you have told me the truth, and as you seem to be sorry for what you have done, I will go with you to school, and tell the master all about it. Perhaps I can persuade him not to punish you this time."

"Thank you, sir; that will be very kind in you."

"I shall only expect you, George, to make one promise both to your master and me, and that is, that you will never run away again in this way without his permission."

## STOPPING OUT TOO LONG.

"I am sure I will not, sir. I am afraid master will keep me for this."

"Come, we will go together this time, and see what can be done. But I dare not promise to help you another time, if I were to find you doing the like again."

So taking George by the hand, Mr. Lovechild, the minister, conducted George to his school, who felt very queer when the boys, who had missed him, turned round and saw the old gentleman leading him in by the hand; and he scarcely dare lift up his eyes to look at the master, who, he felt sure, must have been asking for him. But the kind-hearted old gentleman managed the matter so well that the master, though generally severe in punishing those who played truant or stopped out too long, agreed to forgive George on condition that he repeated an extra lesson next morning.

George was an open-hearted lad, and he was so glad that Mr. Lovechild, the good old minister of the place of worship that his father and mother attended, had acted so kindly to him, that he could not help telling his mother about it that evening. He had been getting his extra lesson, and having done, he shut the book, and lifting up his eyes and 'looking full in his mother's face as she sat at her needle, said in a trembling tone—

"Mother, I want to tell you something."

"What is it, George?" said his mother, looking at him from her work, and seeing that he looked as if something was the matter.

George told his mother all about it.



## STOPPING OUT TOO LONG.

"Ah! my dear boy, and so Mr. Lovechild acted as your mediator." "My mediator, mother, what is that?"

"Why have you not heard him, on the sabbath-day, talk about Jesus Christ as the great Mediator between us and God."

"Yes, mother; but I did not know what it meant."

"And perhaps if I had tried to tell you, I could not have made you understand it. Now I think you will."

"I will try, mother."

"Well: listen then. Jesus Christ is our Mediator in this way. We had all gone away from God, and were wandering from him in ways that were not good. Jesus Christ came from heaven to seek us and bring us back to God. In doing this he did more than Mr. Lovechild did. Now reach the bible and read the liii. chapter of Isaiah."

George read it through.

"There now; you see Jesus Christ was wounded and bruised for us. Just as if Mr. Lovechild, when he took you back, had said to your master, 'This boy has done wrong. You may beat me instead of him.'"

"But Mr. Lovechild did not, mother."

"I know that. I was only showing that Jesus Christ has done more for us than Mr. Lovechild did for you. Then after he had died for us on the cross, Jesus Christ rose again from the dead, and went back to heaven, and has been ever since and is now pleading for us to God that he will forgive us, just as Mr. Lovechild pleaded with your master to forgive you."

"Thank you, mother, I shall always know now what a mediator is."

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## A LAMB OF THE SAVIOUR'S FLOCK.

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"I hope you will, my dear; and now, George, I hope you will listen better to Mr. Lovechild, who was your mediator, and especially when he is talking about Jesus Christ, the great Mediator between God and man."

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## A LAMB OF THE SAVIOUR'S FLOCK.

SCARCELY ever has it been our happiness, though for now full forty years we have been conversant with memoirs of the young, to meet with one more intensely interesting than that which we give below. This memoir appears to have been written by the respected father of the dear child, and first appeared in the *Baptist Magazine* for 1848, from which we copy.

On the morning of Thursday, June 29th, 1848, departed this life, Margaret Anne, the beloved daughter of the Rev. William Jones, Stepney College, aged twelve years and three months. This dear child, removed thus early, had for nearly three years given decided indications of piety; and in September, 1847, was received by baptism into the church at Sheppard's-ton, Frome. She displayed very early that cast of thought and character, if the expression may be allowed one so young, which developed itself afterwards so strikingly, and set forth her piety in so attractive a manner. This consisted of a union of gentleness and intelligence which enabled her, without effort, to comprehend subjects much beyond her years. Before she three years old, she learnt to read without assistance,

except in answer to her own questions. Her conscientiousness also, her anxiety to do right, which seemed her very nature, evinced itself in the earliest period. To these features in her character must be added her sensibility to religious concerns ; any allusion to which, any reference to God, to the soul, to eternity, impressed deepest awe, or filled her infant eyes with tears. By this it is not meant that we can assert confidently that a principle of grace was implanted in the heart at this period ; but it will be admitted by those who witnessed her early years, that this was the manifestation of her mind, and it was such as to excite in her parents the hope that there was then in her "some good thing towards the God of Israel," at least, that her heart was being prepared to receive the good seed of the kingdom. Her own judgment of herself, given in later years, was, that the feelings now referred to, consisted only of tender impressions ; and that, although from infancy she had been accustomed to pray in secret, the first deep intelligent actings of the soul towards God took place about three years ago, when she was nine years of age.

In 1841, when she was five years old, she was deprived of an affectionate and devoted mother, whom she greatly resembled, after an illness of eight months, like that which bore the daughter away. And it is remembered how keenly alive this dear child was to the danger which threatened such deep bereavement, and which advancing months, alas, mournfully realized. During those months she was her mother's most thoughtful, constant attendant, reading to her daily such portions of the

scriptures and of other books as she desired. When the afflictive event at last took place, words cannot express the silent anguish depicted in her countenance. Unquestionably her grief went deeper than she could reveal, and probably imprinted traces on her frame that never wholly left her. That her thoughts at this time were powerfully drawn towards eternity is certain, from her reference to this period, when conversed with by a religious friend, previously to her admission into the church. Her words, which were as follows, evince the discrimination and jealous self-observance which distinguished her:—"When mother died I was very unhappy, and afraid of death, and tried to pray: but," she added, "that was not religion you know; I was alarmed, that was all, and thought that I should not go to heaven where mother was gone." "Did you" it was asked, "from that time continue to pray?" "Only sometimes," she replied, "till the time that father preached that sermon," referring to a text which the next day she conversed with cannot now with certainty recall. "That sermon," she added, "it was that led me to pray, and then mother's conversations with me soon followed." It may be here stated, that her parents had made a practice of conversing alone, and praying frequently, with each of their children, from the earliest age at which they could understand the simple truths of the gospel; and on these efforts, it is hoped, the blessing humbly sought from above has rested. After the loss of her mother, she became more fully the object of affectionate care to her remaining

parent; and was instructed by him in the elements of the Greek and Latin languages, in the latter of which she had learnt, before she was seven years old, to translate with considerable facility. Her power of acquisition both in languages and music was such as to make every effort delightful to herself, no less than to her instructors. Only the winter before last, she began the study of French, and in about five months could read with much ease and enjoyment. Such was her ardour for knowledge, that after coming to Stepney, she had resumed most of her studies, and was pursuing, only four months before her death, a course of reading, prescribed to her by her own wish. But the vision is fled! Her sun went down while it was yet day!

But her mental gifts, which gave so much promise, were concealed from all but those who had to instruct her, and, it may be added, from herself, by the diffidence and humility of her mind, and by a certain distaste for pretension, which, if perceived in others, drew from her the only severe remark of which her gentle nature was capable. Still more were her powers in a manner forgotten amid the qualities which they rendered the more attractive, and which formed her character—her affectionate disposition, her faultless deportment, having never, to her knowledge, disobeyed her parents, her transparent simplicity of mind, her sympathy with her parents' joy or grief, which made her at once the child and friend, and above all, her piety, which so manifestly governed her thoughts and actions. This may seem language unsuited to so young a christian, and to borrow

something of excess from the affection and sorrow of the writer. But such is not the fact. On the contrary, the statements given are simply descriptive of the reality exhibited, and such as those who more closely observed it would emphatically affirm.

Her conversion, of which she gave such clear evidence, may be dated most conclusively from the time of her return from a residence of twelve months in Wales, to her home at Frome, in December, 1845, when a mother's intercourse and tenderness were restored to her, in one to whom she soon learnt to unbosom all her feelings, and whose affection she returned with a devotedness not to be expressed. In Wales, in 1844, she had been visited with an attack of scarlatina, which left behind it the seeds of that disease which ultimately proved fatal. But she had regained so much in strength and appearance that, as she had no serious apprehensions herself, so those around her hoped, that with care, and with youth in her favour, her constitution would be gradually invigorated, and unfavourable symptoms disappear. There was much to beguile, if not confirm, this fond hope in the good effect of the warmer months in each year, so that when she removed with her family to Stepney, October, 1847, and even through the winter till the end of February last, there was no sensible diminution of energy, but, on the contrary, an appearance of improvement from the change which it was hoped the months of summer would confirm. Alas! those hopes are turned into sorrowing and tears.

After her return home, as already mentioned, in 1845,

her deep seriousness attracted the notice of her parents, and the gracious workings of the Spirit of God became more and more manifest in her feelings, under the word, in the house of God, and in family worship. Her intelligent, intense eagerness in listening to a preached gospel, her agitation at times, and the tears she strove to conceal, no less than her feelings in family prayer, seldom rising from her knees without having been bathed in tears, gave a delight which only parents can understand. It was not long before her mother drew from her in private the state of her mind, and learnt that, amid many fears and a deep sense of her sinfulness, she had sought mercy at the Saviour's feet, and humbly hoped, at times, her prayers had been heard, and that she was safe in Jesus. After this period, having now completed her tenth year, her peace became more and more established, and her experience informed; and it became naturally the wish of her parents that she should become publicly united to the church of Christ; but on account of her extreme youth, and the apprehension her health might suffer from excitement, it was thought best to defer, and even conceal from her this wish, till such time as her own desire for that privilege should more decisively indicate the path of duty. It was observed that on each Lord's-day when the Lord's supper was administered, her feelings, while sitting by her mother, at not being a partaker in the memorials of the Redeemer's death, evinced distress, though chastened with the sweetest humility, as of one who could not hope herself worthy of the privilege she yet eagerly

for. Thus she continued till September, 1847, her father being about to remove from his charge of St. Asaph's Barton to Stepney College, and having to go for the last time before resigning his pastorate, ventured, in reply to her mother's reference to the subject, to express, amid many tears, her wish that she be of the number of those who were thus publicly confess the Redeemer. Confident as her parents felt of her genuine piety, for nearly two years previously, they could not but joyfully encourage this desire, while they committed the judgment of her piety to their fellow members in the church in which she solicited a place. Accordingly appeared at the church meeting with the other candidates, much older than herself, answered with intelligence and composure the questions proposed, and, amid tears of grateful joy, was, together with the other candidates affectionately welcomed. Her age at this time was eleven years and six months! If history lingers over this scene and its sequel, perhaps it may be forgiven by those who can comprehend its value, not only in itself, but as a scene separated by a long interval from the mournful occasion of this young disciple's removal from the church by the death of the church, to the assembly of the saints above. On Thursday, September 30th, Margaret Anne and four other candidates were baptized; nor will ever her placid aspect be forgotten, nor her youthful figure attired in the dress she wears still in her resting-place, nor the countenance with which she ascended from the baptismal font, nor the joy which beamed in her countenance



## THE LITTLE BAPTIST.

that happy day. "So happy, because," as she said to her mother at its close, "she knew she loved Jesus." The sabbath followed, and her admission to take her place as a member of the church of Christ, the last sabbath of her father's pastorate at Frome. It was her wish to continue a member of Sheppard's Barton church, together with her parents, for some period,—till, as the event proved, her connexion with earth should cease. Once, and only once, after this, she sat down at the Lord's table.

Here we stop for the present. The closing scenes of hope and joy will be given in our next.

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## THE LITTLE BAPTIST.

THE ability of children, to clearly understand the doctrines of revelation, and to discover the way of salvation as revealed in the Scriptures, was for a long time overlooked by the church. The establishment of sabbath schools, has elicited many facts that show conclusively that children, at a very early age, have a far clearer conception of divine truth than is generally supposed. At a late monthly meeting of the teachers of one of the Baptist sabbath schools in this city, an interesting illustration of the truth of these remarks came to the knowledge of the writer.

The Superintendent of the school mentioned that he knew a little girl, ten years old, a member of the school, who had recently indulged hopes of having passed from death unto life; and that while on a visit to her house,

## THE BAPTISM.

she remarked that she felt as though she wanted to do something for the Saviour. She said she loved him, and wished to know what her duty was. She inquired of him, if he could tell her that duty. He replied that if she read her bible, and prayed to the Saviour, perhaps he would discover his will to her. "I have done so," said she. "Well; and did you find out your duty?" "Why yes; I feel that I ought to be baptized!" She then asked him if he thought she could be baptized if she could find any one to baptize her. He questioned her pretty closely; and asked her if she was not afraid that she was too young; that when she became older she might go back into the world, and wound the cause of the Saviour, remarking to her that if she loved Christ, she would not wish to injure his cause. "I know I should if Christ did not keep me; but I believe he is able and will keep me," was her reply. G

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## THE BAPTISM.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"TWAS near the close of that blest day, when with melodious swell,  
To crowded town and lonely shade, had spoke the sabbath bell,  
And on a broad, unruffled stream, with bordering verdure bright,  
The western sunbeam richly shed a tinge of crimson light,—

When, lo! a solemn train appear'd by their lov'd Pastors led,  
And sweetly rose the holy hymn as toward that stream they sped;  
And he its cleaving crystal breast, with graceful movement trod,  
His steadfast eyes uprais'd, to seek communion with his God.

Then, bending o'er his staff, approach'd the willow-fringed shore,  
A man of many weary years, with temples furrow'd o'er;

## THE BAPTISM.

And faintly breath'd his trembling lip, "Behold, I fain would be  
Buried in baptism with my Lord, ere death shall summon me."

With brow benign, like Him whose hand did wavering Peter guide,  
The Pastor bore his tottering frame through that translucent tide,  
And plung'd him 'neath the shrouding wave, and spake the TRIUNE  
NAME,

And joy upon that wither'd brow in wondering radiance came.

And then advanc'd a lordly form in manhood's towering pride,  
Who from the gilded snares of earth had wisely turn'd aside,  
Following *His* steps who meekly bow'd to Jordan's startled wave,  
In deep humility of soul, this faithful witness gave.

Who next? A fair and fragile form in snowy robe doth come,  
The tender beauty in her eye—her cheek in youthful bloom.  
Yea, come, thou gentle one, and clothe thyself with strength divine,  
This stern world has a thousand darts to vex a soul like thine.

Beneath its smile a traitor's kiss is oft in darkness bound;  
Cling to that Comforter who holds a balm for every wound;  
Trust in that kind Protector's care who never will forsake,  
And thou shall strike the harp of praise e'en when the heart-strings  
break.

Then, with a firm, unshrinking step, the watery path she trod,  
And gave, with woman's deathless trust, her being to her God;  
And when all dripping from the flood, she rose like a lily's stem,  
I thought that spotless brow might wear an angel's diadem.

Yet more! Yet more! How meek they bow to their Redeemer's rite,  
Then pass with music on their way, like joyous sons of light!  
But lingering on these shores I stay'd, till every sound was hush'd,  
For hallowed musings o'er my soul like spring-swoll'n rivers rush'd.

'Tis better, said the voice within, to bear a Christian's cross,  
Than sell this fleeting life for gold, which death shall prove but  
dross;

Far better, when yon shrivell'd skies are like a banner furled,  
To share in Christ's reproach, than gain the glory of the world.

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## ANCIENT EASTERN RUINS.

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## ANCIENT EASTERN RUINS.

HERE can be little doubt that the first inhabitants of the world dwelt in the centre of the eastern hemisphere, the region now marked on our maps as "Persia;" which, although in Asia, is as near as may be in the centre of the three great continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. In this region too, there can be little doubt, that the first abode of our first parents in the Garden of Eden. From these parts, as men multiplied, they spread abroad and peopled the world. Again, the oldest nations of the earth were to be found in the central parts — Assyria, and Egypt, and other

nations, with their populous cities. So the Bible says, and evidences of its truth have long been found in their ancient and mighty ruins, which yet remain. Egypt has long borne her testimony; and lately Assyria has been made to yield up hers.

Many of the ruins of Egypt are exposed; but many are buried. In Assyria but few remain above the ground. The great cities of Babylon and Nineveh were lost for ages, and the places where they stood were scarcely known.

Lately, however, attempts have been made to discover them; and these attempts have been completely successful. Nineveh, the great city, has been found buried beneath the rubbish of ages. Just now we cannot tell you all about what has been found there. But we will by and bye. Now we can only say that they fully prove the truth of Bible history. Many of these remains have been brought to England, and may be seen in the British Museum. Two years ago we were in London, and saw a beautiful panoramic painting of the place from which the remains of the palace of Nineveh were dug out.

Another great discovery has lately been made in this region, which is very interesting, and which also confirms the truth of the Bible. An American paper says:

“The commissioners engaged under the mediation of England and Russia in marking the boundary-line between Persia and Turkey, have recently come upon the remains of the ancient palace of Shushan, mentioned in the books of Esther and Daniel, together with the tomb of Daniel the prophet. The locality answers to the received tradition of its position; and the internal

evidence, arising from its correspondence with the description of the place recorded in sacred history, amounts almost to demonstration. The reader can turn to Esther, chap. i. 6, where he will read of a "pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble," in that palace. *That pavement still exists*, and corresponds to the description given in the sacred history. And in the marble columns, the dilapidated ruins, the sculpture, and the remaining marks of greatness and glory that are scattered around, the commissioners read the exact truth of the record made by the sacred penman. Not far from the palace stands a tomb; on it is sculptured the figure of a man bound hand and foot, with a huge lion in the act of springing upon him to devour him. No history could speak more graphically the story of Daniel in the lion's den. The commissioners have with them a most able *corps* of engineers and scientific men, and other interesting discoveries may be expected. The Persian arrow-heads are found upon the palace and upon the tomb. Glass bottles, elegant as those placed upon the toilet-tables of the ladies of our day, have been discovered, with other indications of art and refinement, which bear out the statements of the Bible. Thus twenty-five hundred years after the historians of Esther and Daniel made their records, their histories are verified by the peaceful movements of nations in our day."

And thus the earth yields up from its bosom her dumb but strong-speaking witnesses to the truth of the Holy Scriptures.

## THE EARLY BAPTISTS.

IN consequence of the persecutions which commenced in the apostolic age, most of the early churches were broken up, and their members scattered through different and distant parts of the world. The continuance of those persecutions, with but few interruptions, obliges us to trace the history of baptism, rather than that of baptist churches, along the course of succeeding centuries. Clemens Alexandrinus, Ignatius, and Justin Martyr, were connected with the apostolic age, and their history conducts us through the greater part of the second century. Their descriptions of baptism, as observed in their own times, are in strict accordance with our acknowledged principles. In the third and fourth centuries, numerous errors were prevalent, amongst which we find infant baptism; for the first mention of it occurs in that period, by Tertullian, Origen, and others; and it seems to have been confined to Africa. This error arose from a misapplication of our Lord's discourse with Nicodemus; for on that discourse the strange dogma was constructed, that baptism would remove original sin, and qualify for heaven.

Parental fondness eagerly adopted a doctrine, which mistaken or interested priests declared would secure salvation for children, and ignorance and superstition thus entailed an error on succeeding ages, which no light of Reformation has been able to fully clear away; for it still remains, the relic of a dark period, and an affecting proof of human imperfection and prejudice.

The only change, however, which took place respected the subject; for the mode of baptism by immersion continued for ages. At a much later period sprinkling was substituted, yet only by a part of the christian world, and that part comprised those who were under the influence of the Popes. The Greek Church, to which the Russians now belong, preserved immersion, and still baptize in that manner. The celebrated Dr. Whitby, a learned divine of the Church of England, bears ample testimony on the subject before us, in his commentary on Romans iv. 4. He says, "Immersion was religiously observed by all christians for thirteen centuries, and was changed into sprinkling without any authority from the author of this institution. It were to be wished that this custom were again of general use."

Several of the ancient fathers protested against this unscriptural innovation; amongst whom were Tertullian, and considerably after, Gregory Nazianzen; but they could not prevent the extension of the evil. The ancient mode of baptism continued, however, to be extensively practised through all the countries where christianity had obtained; and that it had not fallen into disrepute at that period, is evident from the fact, that history records the baptism of five Emperors of Rome, viz., Constantine, Constantius, Gratian, Valentinian II., and Theodosius I.: also of nine great men in the Greek and Latin churches,—Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, Nectarius, Chrysotom, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustin, Alypius, and Adeodatus. One of these (Jerome) thus expresses his opinion on the subject: "The Lord commanded his



apostles that they should first instruct and teach all nations, and afterwards should baptize those that were instructed in the mysteries of the faith." He advances this as an argument against those who advocated the new doctrine of infant baptism, and at the same time states this fact—"In the Eastern Churches the adults only were baptized." Within the same period, the Councils of Carthage, Laodicea, and Neocessaria, ordered that suitable inquiries should be made concerning the candidate for baptism; the latter declared that "confession and free choice are necessary to baptism." But it was gradually discontinued under the authority of popes and their councils, and finally renounced by what was then called "the Church."

Hitherto baptism had been administered in open waters, but now spacious and splendid buildings were erected for christian worship, having baptistries, something like baths, with pipes for the introduction and removal of water. They had also vestries for dressing and undressing, with male and female departments. Such is the general arrangement of baptist meeting-houses at the present day.

It is proper to notice here, that after the introduction of infant baptism, it frequently happened that those who had been baptized in infancy, were, by their own desire, baptized on a profession of their faith, considering their former baptism unscriptural, and of no avail. From this circumstance arose the word *ana-baptism*, which signifies re-baptizing. It will be seen that opposition

was speedily aroused against this adherence to original institution.

The Milevitan Council, assembled in the year 402, ordained, "that they be anathematized who deny that children are saved by baptism." The Council of Carthage, in 416, ordained, "that they be accursed who deny that little children are freed from perdition by baptism." The fourth Lateran Council made a law to banish them for heretics; and monarchs joined with the popes and bishops in denouncing and extirpating them.

In the year 413, an edict was published by Theodosius and Honorius, to the effect that whoever was baptized should, as well as the administrator, be put to death. Thus the baptists became the victims of persecution, and for ages afterwards did they maintain the honourable character of martyrs. We now have to trace their history, extending through several centuries, and comprehending all parts of the world, in the edicts of emperors and councils, guided as we proceed, by the light of persecution. Still did they live, and so numerous were they, that an ancient record states, "their preachers could travel through the whole German empire, and lodge every night at the house of one of their friends." They were burnt, beheaded, and drowned; but, as Pope Pius II. said, "neither the decrees of Popes, nor armies of christians, could extirpate them;" and, notwithstanding the bloody persecutions to which they had been exposed, Dr. Mosheim says, that in 1160, there were 800,000 who professed this faith. Thus did things continue till the Reforma-

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**"BURIED WITH HIM IN BAPTISM."**

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tion dawned, when, encouraged by the dauntless of the Reformers, they came forth from the places. "This sect," says Mosheim, "started suddenly, in several countries, at the same time, a very period when the first contests of the Reformation the Roman Pontiffs drew the attention of the

The Reformation produced beneficial changes in the religious institutions of Europe, and though they were still exposed to persecution, they felt themselves operating in their favour, and after many years attended with much suffering, they succeeded in forming themselves into distinct societies, and thus became a recognized and prominent section of the christian church, as they are at this day.

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**"BURIED WITH HIM IN BAPTISM."**

HAST thou said, exalted Jesus,  
Take thy cross and follow me?  
Shall the word with terror seize us,  
Shall we from the burden flee?  
Lord, I'll take it, and, rejoicing, follow thee.

While this liquid tomb surveying,  
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,  
Shall I shun its brink, betraying  
Feelings worthy of a slave?  
No, I'll enter; Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,  
Saviour, of thy love for me;  
Sweeter still the love that binds me,  
In its deathless bond, to thee.  
O what pleasure, buried with my Lord to be!

## YOUNG CHRISTIANS INVITED TO BAPTISM.

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Should it rend some fond connexion,  
Should I suffer shame or loss ;  
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,  
I have been where Jesus was,  
Will revive me, when I faint beneath the cross.

Fellowship with him possessing,  
Let me die to all around ;  
So I rise to enjoy the blessing  
Kept for those in Jesus found,  
When the archangel, wakes the sleepers under ground.

Then, baptized in love and glory,  
Lamb of God, thy praise I'll sing,  
Loudly with the immortal story,  
All the harps of heaven shall ring :  
Saints and seraphs ! sound it loud from every string.

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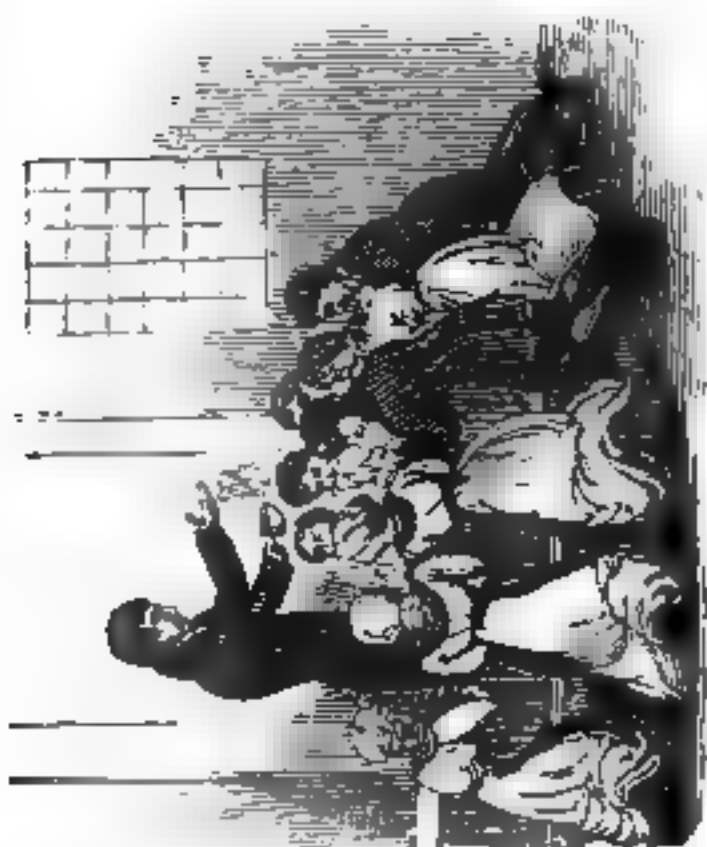
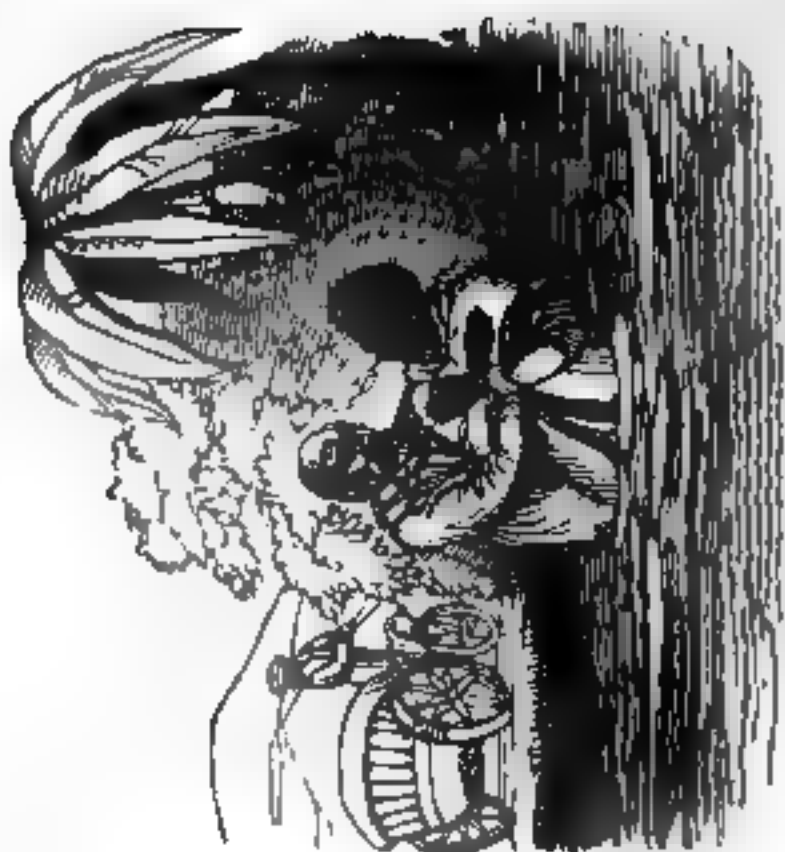
## YOUNG CHRISTIANS INVITED TO BAPTISM.

COME, young Christians, follow Jesus,  
Down into the water go :  
He hath suffered to release us  
From the gulf of endless woe.

Now let this assembly witness  
Whose you are, and whom you serve :  
Look to Jesus for your fitness ;  
Follow him without reserve.

Now descend into the water,  
Think how Jesus was baptized !  
He for us was led to slaughter,  
He for us was sacrificed !

Shame from every bosom vanish,  
Jesus, thou hast led the way ;  
All intruding terror banish,  
While we cheerfully obey.



## WHICH IS THE RIGHT WAY?

t these pictures! Can you tell what they mean?  
s not. The following extracts will help you.

d the Eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray  
? whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or  
other man? Then Philip opened his mouth, and  
at the same scripture, and preached unto him

And as they went on their way, they came unto  
n water: and the Eunuch said, See, *here is* water;  
oth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said,  
believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And  
vered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the  
God. And he commanded the chariot to stand  
and they went down both into the water, both  
and the Eunuch; and he baptized him. And  
hey were come up out of the water, the Spirit of  
ed caught away Philip, that the Eunuch saw him  
e; and he went on his way rejoicing." Acts viii.

he Wesleyan chapel, Loughborough, on Tuesday  
g, the ordinance of baptism was administered to  
ult family of a respectable individual at Lough-  
h, by the Rev. E. S——, of Castle Donington.  
a solemn and most interesting sight. Seven of  
emales and two males, appeared before the com-  
rails, when they were addressed by the preacher  
ry affecting and impressive manner; they after-  
kneeled down and were baptized in the name of

the holy Trinity; they then arose from their knees, when the preacher affectionately took each of them by the hand, acknowledging them his brothers and sisters in the Lord.”

*Nottingham Review.*

In the first case we find: 1. As they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the Eunuch said, See, *here is* water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? 2. They went down both into the water, both Philip and the Eunuch. 3. He baptized him.

In the second case we find: 1. The candidates drew near the communion table, on which a basin of water had been previously placed. 2. The minister went within the railing of the communion table, and they kneeled down around it. 3. He sprinkled them.

The first is a description of a baptism as administered by an Evangelist in the days of the apostles, and is recorded by the Holy Spirit in the sacred writings. The second took place in a town in Leicestershire, several years ago, and was recorded in a Nottingham newspaper.

Which was the right way—the baptism in water, or the sprinkling with water? Which better agrees with, “Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.” “Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with *him* through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead.”

## A LAMB OF THE SAVIOUR'S FLOCK.

### SECOND NOTICE.

IN April her health declined rapidly, and with it her hope of recovery. With the chastened desire of life natural to the child and the christian, she accepted the indication of her heavenly Father's will with the sweetest submission, and was long before-hand with her afflicted parents in resigning all hope of recovery, unwilling to overwhelm them with sorrow, yet desirous to undeceive them by imparting the conviction which absorbed her own thoughts. Before, and after this conviction became absolute in her mind, she expressed herself, in the prospect, as being "inexpressibly happy." "Does father know," she asked her mother one day, "how happy, how inexpressibly happy I am? I wish you to tell him this!" She felt that her own peace, through the blood of Jesus, ought to dissipate all gloom from the prospect to those whose being seemed bound up in hers, as it did to herself. When her father subsequently found strength and self-command to converse with his beloved child alone, respecting her state and her feelings, in the probability of her early removal, her answers, given calmly, with her face suffused with tears, were so distinct as to her simple immoveable dependence, as a sinner, on Christ, her love to Christ, and desire to be with him, together with her perfect peace in the prospect of death, and resignation to the will of her heavenly Father, that a scene to parental feeling of indescribable trial was irradiated with so much of joy and hope from



above, that it became less difficult to say, as the sufferer herself could fully say, "Thy will, O God, thy will be done." From this period, (April), as she did not leave her room till after breakfast, her parents read and prayed with her alone each morning, while in the evening she usually sat up, and that to nearly her last day, till after prayer, with her own family. And no description can adequately convey the interest these occasions had to her thoughts, and the intense yet peaceful absorption of her soul in each part of the service, in the hymn, in the portion of scripture read, and in addressing the throne of grace. Precious as remembrance renders these seasons now, and although they were eminently the privilege which turned sorrow into joy, yet they were overwhelmingly painful as part of the daily-diminishing series, when soon (as is the event, so soon), the chief object of affection there would be gone, and her place in the circle unoccupied. With the burden of this deepening anticipation it may be conceived, though but faintly, how each opportunity to pray with her was more eagerly appropriated, yet more distressing, except as her own example taught those who knelt beside her a sublimer, a more peaceful lesson; or still more, as is humbly believed, when the light of the Divine presence was shed on the scene, to teach how slight the partition is which divides the saint from the world of the blessed above. It may be interesting here to record some expressions of the dear sufferer's thoughts, during the latter weeks of her existence, before her brief stay closed on earth for ever!

Being observed one day weeping, she was asked the use, she replied, "It is not grief, mother, but joy at makes me weep. It is so very merciful in God, when I am most in pain, to give me most comfort. I am so happy." On being asked if the many texts and hymns she had learnt often came into her mind, she said, "Oh yes, very often, especially that hymn, 'How firm a foundation,' the last verse is so sweet, 'I will never forsake!'" May 16, speaking of her increasing sickness, she remarked how glad she was she had not started off attending to religion until the time of her illness, now she could not have felt well enough to think much. The next day she remarked, "How gradually I have been getting worse. I have scarcely observed but now I know there is no hope." She said this with great emphasis, as if wishing her mother to know she was fully convinced of her danger. "I ought," she added, "to be very thankful for the many comforts I have." Then, after an interval of thoughtful silence, she asked, "Do you know where I shall be buried? I cannot bear to think of yours and father's distress—but I shall be happy then, and you will soon come to me. If I could see William religious before I die! I think so often about him." (About two months before this, her eldest brother had been left with her on sabbath evening, and she had taken the opportunity of talking to him about the value of his soul. She told her mother afterwards what had passed, and how she had tried to speak to him as well as she could.) "I think," she added, "now I may be taken any time, but

I do not dread the pains of death, for I have observed in the accounts I have read of those who have died of my complaint, that they have not suffered much. I think (and then she burst into tears) I shall go to sleep on the bosom of Jesus." The next morning, 18th, her mother observed her in tears, and asking the cause, she said, "Oh, it is only what we talked of last night. I cannot always feel the same about it. It is not that I am not willing to go, but I cannot help thinking of you all. I shall have several to meet in heaven. I see father thinks more about it now: he prays so about it (meaning that he had less hope of her recovery), but I cannot bear to see his sufferings; if he could feel more cheerful, I could be quite happy." 20th. When her father as usual read a chapter and hymn, and prayed with her before going up stairs, she gave her mother the Christian Psalmist, and said, "Ask father to read that hymn (page 190), that is my feeling—the hymn is entitled 'Helpless, yet happy.'" 21st. After being much exhausted by cough, she exclaimed, "Oh to exchange this for heaven; yet I think I can say, Thy will be done;" then added, "how different it is to say these words now, and when I used to say them when I was in health." Then asked for the hymn, "When languor and disease" (Christian Psalmist) to be read to her. She felt, amid great suffering, the effect of the scriptures being read to her, in allaying the paroxysm, by fixing her thoughts on the promises of divine truth. She would solicit this when all other alleviations seemed unavailing. When her father on one occasion expressed

his distress at seeing her sufferings, she said, "But what are they compared with Christ's sufferings for me?" On the 26th, she remarked, she did not doubt that Christ was able and willing to save her, but she feared she had not enough felt her sinfulness. She then alluded to one or two instances of partial disobedience, years before, so slight, that they had not been noticed by others, but of which the recollection greatly distressed her this morning, and the reference to them was amid many tears. When assured that these, and all her sins were forgiven in answer to prayer, through the death of Christ, her comfort and peace, for a moment suspended, were restored, and never afterwards interrupted. She added, on this occasion, "It is a great comfort to me that I have never disobeyed my father." Then quickly added, "Not that I am good, but you understand me, mother." This singular tenderness of conscience greatly affected her parents, for never was it possible to see a child more implicitly obedient and anxious to do what her father wished. When she was informed, in consequence of her own affecting allusion to the subject a day or two before, that she should lie beside her dear mother at Frome, she seemed pleased, and referred to the coming event with a calmness and serenity, which only her perfect trust in Jesus could have sustained. She spoke of the pains of death, saying, she had read in the Pilgrim's Progress of the valley of the shadow of death, and it seemed like something very dreadful. When her mother reminded her of Christian's arrival on the other side of the river, and of the shortness of the trial,

she said she was glad she did not know the time. On the 29th, when her father was speaking to her of not fearing the last trials, she said with tears, "I think I can say, I have no fears for myself; what I feel is seeing you so sorrowful; but you must all come to me soon." A few days after, being very weak, she said to her mother, who was sitting by her in silence, "I can't talk to you, mother, I am so weak; but I sit and think a great deal and pray." June 18th, on the Lord's day, her last but one on earth, she remarked, "Some weeks ago I thought I should not have been here, but here I am, week after week:" then, after a pause, added, "It seems as if the Bible was written for me. The promises are so beautiful." A few days after this, while a friend, at her special entreaty, was playing and singing an air to the words, "Thy will, my God, thy will be done," she said to her mother, in whose arms she sat, her face, amid tears, lighted up as with heavenly serenity, "I feel as if I must sing." But apprized of her weakness, added, "I shall soon sing sweeter." In fact, her enjoyment of music appeared, in her last days, to become more intense than usual, and seemed to allay her sense of pain. On this account, it afforded her no small delight to have at her side a large musical box, procured for her by a friend; and its tones often gave rest, and even animation to her sensitive frame. June 25th, her last sabbath, she was left alone with her eldest brother, and as if conscious it would be her last opportunity, she asked him to kneel down, and offered up prayer for him, and for all her family. Her voice was so weak he could not

hear every word, but heard her pray for the college, and for her father in connexion with it. She afterwards spoke to her younger brother, but was too exhausted to speak to her sister. In the evening of that Lord's-day, her father, as was her invariable desire, carried her up stairs to her room—and it was the last time—and on his lamenting her great sufferings, she calmly said, "It will not be for long." And the next morning remarked, in the same calm manner, she should not go down stairs again. On the 26th, Monday, being the day of the college examinations, she sat up in her room, and took much interest in knowing how the examinations were proceeding. The next day, the 27th, she employed herself in selecting, with her mother, the books which she wished to leave as remembrances; and on referring to some memorial she wished her mother to possess, said with much energy, "I cannot repay you, mother, for all you have done for me, but God will repay you." That evening she saw by her own earnest desire, her kind physician, Dr. — whose christian and affectionate interest in her, in all his visits, made her earnestly desire before her departure, to testify her gratitude, and to beg, though it was with much diffidence, his acceptance of a volume from her hands. At his request, she wrote his name in it on the following day, Wednesday, 28th, and the same afternoon, wrote also in a little volume chosen by her for her father, adding a text from the Hebrews, as her parting and permanent words to him, "for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!" She deferred writing in other volumes

till the following day ; but on that morrow, her took its departure to her heavenly rest.

The night before her removal was one of much suffering from exhaustion and oppression of breathing not so as to excite apprehension that her end was near. Her father sat up with her part of this night on his retiring she gave her farewell kiss with unusual earnestness, and said, " Good bye," instead of her " Good night," whether from some inscrutable foreboding of her approaching change is not known, but her manner, perhaps without intending it, conveyed meaning. She gained occasional sleep through the night, and remained much as she had been during previous nights, till about eight o'clock the following morning, Thursday, when on being gently raised by her mother, she was seized with a fit which lasted a few moments, but during which, as she afterwards said, she was wholly unconscious of suffering. On recovering she asked without perturbation, but with an earnestness never to be forgotten, " Is this death?" When she was told that it appeared to be only the effect of exhaustion which was the conviction at first felt, she said with emphasis, " Do not deceive me!" " No," her mother answered, " we do not deceive our precious child, it may be death, but it may be only weakness. You are not afraid of death?" " No," she replied, " do you not see I have any cause to fear?" " Oh no," her father answered, " you have long given yourself to a faithful Redeemer, and are safe in his hands." She then said, " Do not leave me." " No," it was replied, " we will not, but

One still nearer to you, who will never leave you nor forsake you." These were her last words, uttered in all serenity, but in the calmness of that peace which becometh all understanding, and which there was nothing to disturb, to this dear child's apprehension, even when she felt herself to be passing through the valley of the shadow of death! Her manner, without betokening weakness, exhibited the sweet composure and submission of one who knew in whom she had believed, and who trusted with undoubting reliance on His merits, faithfulness, and unchanging love. Other attacks came on, in which, as she had mentioned on recovering from the first, she was wholly unconscious; when, after the last, she recovered apparently perfect recollection, and, with folded arms, resting on her side, as if for long repose, fixed her steady gaze on her parents—thoughtful, yet serenely happy—till by unperceived degrees her breathing became weaker and more gentle, her head gradually drooped, her eyes closed as if in the sleep of her infancy, and her spirit was with Jesus! Thus, to use her own prediction, she went asleep on the bosom of Jesus. "Blessed are they that die in the Lord!"

Such is the pleasing record which an affectionate Christian parent gives us of his beloved child. How solacing to him must have been the reflection that in her life she attained, by the grace of God, the great end of existence here—salvation by faith in the Redeemer.

"Long do they live, nor die too soon,  
Who live till life's great work is done."



## ESQUIMAUX DOG-SLEDGES.

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## ESQUIMAUX DOG-SLEDGES.

MANY of our young readers may perhaps have heard that the Exquimaux use dogs to draw their sledges in the manner represented in the picture, yoking four, six, and sometimes eight, to a sledge, loaded with five or six large seals ; and it is said, that they often travel sixty miles in a winter's day upon the ice.

In the north of Tartary, while the snow is upon the ground, the inhabitants travel in sledges drawn by dogs, which are esteemed swifter and longer lived than any other dogs ; and this may be attributed to their light simple food, which is fish. In the Spring, every one sets these animals at liberty, without taking any care about them : then they feed on what they can get in the

## ESQUIMAUX DOG-SLEDGES.

fields, where they dig for the mice ; and in the rivers they catch fish. In the month of October, they are called home by their respective masters, who tie them up near their huts, till they lose a great deal of their fat, that they may be lighter for the roads. These dogs also give certain signs of an approaching storm ; for when they stop, if they scrape the snow with their feet, it is advisable, without loss of time, to look out for some village, or other place of safety.

These dogs are not unlike a wolf in shape. Like them, they never bark, but howl disagreeably. They are kept by the Esquimaux in greater or larger packs or teams, in proportion to the affluence of the master. They quietly submit to be harnessed for their work, and are treated with little mercy by the Esquimaux, who make them do hard duty for the small quantity of food they allow them. This consists chiefly in offal, old skins, entrails, such parts of whale-flesh as are unfit for other use, rotten whale-fins, &c., and if they are not provided with this kind of dogs' meat, they leave them to go and seek dead fish or muscles upon the beach.

When pinched with hunger they will swallow almost anything, and on a journey it is necessary to secure the harness within the snow-house over night, lest by devouring it, they should render it impossible to proceed in the morning. When the travellers arrive at their night-quarters, and the dogs are unharnessed, they are left to burrow in the snow where they please, and in the morning are sure to come at their driver's call, when they receive some food. Their strength and speed, even

## THE YOUNG THIEF'S TROUBLES.

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with an hungry stomach, is astonishing. In fasten them to the sledge, care is taken not to let them abreast. They are tied by separate thongs, of unequal lengths, to a bar on the fore-part of the sledge; an knowing one leads the way, running several paces ahead, directed by the driver's whip, which is of great length, and can be well managed only by an Esquimaux. The other dogs follow like a flock of sheep. If one of them receives a lash, he generally bites his neighbour, and the bite goes round.

Do you not see in this brief account of the Esquimaux dogs, the wisdom of the Great Being? He who made the camel and the dromedary, and adapted their habits to the hot regions and the sandy desert, has fitted the rein deer and the dog for the regions of frost and snow.

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## THE YOUNG THIEF'S TROUBLES.

DANIEL DE FOE was one of the best English writers. Who has not read his Robinson Crusoe? The following is a sketch of the trouble a young thief had to take care of his ill-gotten plunder. It has been pronounced by a clever living writer as "one of the most exquisite affecting descriptions contained in the whole vast varied range of English literature." Our young readers may not understand this, but they will be able to see how crime and guilt always make those who do wrong miserable. No matter who they are or what they are, whether they be kings or beggar boys.

## THE YOUNG THIEF'S TROUBLES.

This young thief had stolen some money. Now let us hear of his troubles.

“ Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but fourteen shillings; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that fourteen shillings was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone a while, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapt it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, I wish I had it in a foul clout: a truth I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me well I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glasshouse, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom, *but then sleep went from my eyes.* Oh, the weight of human care! *a poor beggar boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a*

*little money to keep*; who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brick-bats, stones, or cinders, or any where, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and out of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough; and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney; and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell; at last it came into my head that I should look out

for some hole in a tree, and hide it there till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any, that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people, that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane I found a foot-path over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get at it, and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but behold, putting my hand in again to lay it more properly, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible, what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my

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## THE YOUNG THIEF'S TROUBLES.

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money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity: I got a stick off the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently; then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipt: then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again; and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking into that open place, to my inexpressible joy, there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole: for the tree being hollow all the way there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, and holloed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran

## THE YOUNG THIEF'S TROUBLES.

and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other; and, in short, I knew not, much less do I know now, what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about, and knew not what I did; but when that was over I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it."

So you see this lad could not be happy with money, and he could not be happy without it. And why? because he had stolen it. If he had worked for it, and so had got it honestly, he would not have been at so much trouble to hide it—he would not have been afraid of going to buy something with it. Remember then the old saying, for it is a very good one—

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY!

And who was this miserable lad like? He was like that man of whom it was said, "It would have been better for that man if he had never been born." Who was that man? Do you remember what he did, and what he said, and how he died?



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**A CHINESE MANDARIN,**

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**A CHINESE MANDARIN,**

**WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD.**

**THE** Mandarin in China is a Governor of a province, or Magistrate. There are nine ranks of Mandarins; each which is distinguished by a peculiar knot or button made of a precious stone and set on the fore-part of cap. The high Mandarins wear also a peacock's feather on their caps. The natives call the Mandarins Kwfoo, which is a title of high respect, and very commendatory. They dress in rich robes of silk, adorned with jewels set in gold and silver as ornaments. They wear long tails, and allow the nails of their fingers to grow to a great length. The high Mandarins are generally Manchoo Tartars, and their greediness and oppression

have often provoked the natives to rebel. The Manchoo Tartars conquered the country many years ago, and have long been its rulers, but it is expected they will soon be driven out by the native Chinese.

The Mandarin's wife is also dressed in rich flowered silks, and carries in her hand a fan of peacock's feathers to shew her dignity. They have a cruel and stupid custom in China of binding up the feet of female children so that they do not grow to the natural size; and hence the females go shuffling and wabbling with their feet as if they were all lame. Their children are also dressed in rich silks, but their garments are so full and wide that they make them look very awkward—more like little round bags of silk than boys or girls. One would think they could not run about and play like children in England.

This is all we need say now about the pictures. We have several more to give soon, representing monkeys gathering tea, the great wall, a porcelain pagoda, and other scenes. But let us remind our young readers again that this strange and curious people have been living for hundreds and thousands of years—three hundred millions of them—ignorant of God, without the Bible, and without a Sabbath day. For many years we could not get at them to give them the word of God. Now we can; and we hope every boy and girl in England who knows any thing about it will send one copy of the new Testament, which will only cost *fourpence*, to teach these dark idolaters to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent to save us.

ADAM DESCRIBING PARADISE TO ABEL.

SEEST thou up yonder valley in the distance  
A higher range of mountains circling round?  
Within its bosom is the holy garden,  
Where first thy father waken'd up to life;  
His body formed of dust from out the ground  
In the image of his Maker; lifeless until  
God breathed in his nostrils breath of life,  
And he became a living soul. Thy mother,  
By a like miracle divine, came forth,  
The workmanship of God.

How can I tell thee, child, what first we felt  
When conscious of existence? All around,  
And all above, beneath, seem'd full of God.  
God we beheld in sun, and stars, and flowers;  
In trees and plants; in birds, and beasts, and fish;  
In creeping things, and light-winged insect tribes;  
In living things that moved, and in those things  
That could not, we beheld, as in a lake  
Clear and unruffled, the full face of God.

But these alone made not our happiness:  
Our Father in high heaven oft sent down  
His holy angels as our visitants;  
And often, at the close of day, we saw—  
When the sun sunk behind the mountain tops  
And gilded every fleecy cloud with gold—  
Descending towards us a fair troop of them,  
Which looked in the distance, to our eye,  
As if one of those golden-tinged clouds  
Was coming to convey us on a journey  
Up to the courts of heaven. On they came,  
And as they near approach'd, their outspread wings,  
Spangled with gems, floating on ambient air,  
Shed generous perfume; and all around  
Was fragrant with rich odours brought from heaven.  
*Boys of the Bi*



MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

THIS picture represents a christian missionary preaching, under the shade of a spreading tree, the gospel of Jesus Christ to a crowd of Hindoos standing or lying around him.

You have heard of missions and of missionaries ; and we intend often to tell you something about them, and about the strange people among whom they have gone, to turn them from dumb idols to the living God. The first christian missionary was the Son of God himself. Jesus Christ is the great pattern and example for all christian missionaries. You know all about him, and how he went about preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, until he was taken, and by wicked hands crucified and slain. But God raised him from the dead.

It is now more than eighteen hundred years since the SON OF GOD, fresh from the triumphs of the tomb, gave his memorable commission to his disciples. Satan and sin, death and the grave, he had met in more than mortal conflict, and had overcome! Ere he ascended to resume the glory he had with the FATHER before the world was, he gathered around him his little band of timid and doubting followers, and spake unto them, saying,—

“ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME IN HEAVEN AND IN EARTH. GO YE THEREFORE, AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. TEACHING THEM TO OBSERVE ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER I HAVE COMMANDED, YOU: AND LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD.”

A cloud received him out of their sight,—he passed into the heavens; where, “MIGHTY TO SAVE,” he lives and reigns for ever!

The disciples returned to Jerusalem with great joy; and, obedient to their Lord, they tarried there until they were endued with power from on high. Now they were new men. “And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.”

You may read, in the Acts of the Apostles, of the travels and preaching of these first missionaries of the gospel of God; what multitudes of men, both Jews and Gentiles, heard the word, believed, and were baptized. And thus the word of salvation was made known to many nations, both nigh and far off. It is believed that in

that early age the gospel was brought to this island of the northern sea. Julius Cæsar had lately conquered Britain, and thus, in the providence of God, had opened a way to our shores.

For a long time the christians were cruelly persecuted by the Roman Emperors. And yet they increased and were so numerous, that the Emperor himself professed to be a christian. Now came mischief. Wicked men, ambitious of riches and honours and power, professed to be christians, and soon began to corrupt the pure religion of Jesus for their own selfish purposes. This was the beginning of popery, which at length spread over Europe, and brought a cloud of darkness and death over the people.

At length, early in the sixteenth century, the light broke forth again in Germany, Switzerland, France, and England. But it was not until after a long struggle in our own land, that our fathers got fast hold of the bible, and secured the right to read it for themselves.

And yet our land long continued in a sad state of ignorance, even after the right to read the bible had been secured. It is only now a little more than 100 years ago, that this was the condition of our country. But God raised up two men, Whitefield and Wesley, to stir up the people; and he so blessed their labours, that a great revival of religion followed.

But still the heathen — the poor heathen. No man cared for their souls! Sixty years ago—only about sixty!—some living may even remember it—nothing, or next to nothing, was either thought of or done for the heathen.

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"THY KINGDOM COME."

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Strange things, it is true, were doing in the world; great things too. Nations were struggling for liberty. Discovery had encircled the world. Science had attended her inquiries, and art had achieved great triumphs—but all they sought was for this life. In these troubled times the Baptist Mission was contemplated and established.

We will soon tell you how this was brought about, and when you have read what we shall tell you, you then see how God can make use of small and humble things to do great and mighty things.

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"THY KINGDOM COME."

FATHER of mercies! speed the promis'd hour;  
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power;  
Truth, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,  
As round the world the ocean waters roll!  
—Hope waits the morning of celestial light;  
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight;  
Unchanging seasons have their march begun;  
Millennial years are hastening to the sun;  
Seen through thick clouds by faith's transpiercing eye,  
The new creation shines in purer skies.  
—All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends;  
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends;  
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword;  
Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restor'd:  
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,  
Is one with God, and God is all in all!

## BAPTISTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE first christian churches were established in the East, and spread thence to many distant places; and although infant baptism is supposed to have had its origin in Africa, yet, on the other hand, the baptism of believers, and the rejection of infant baptism, are strong features in the history of the churches of Africa, and the regions around; and those features remained for a long period; even after intolerance had patronized error, and had called in the aid of civil power. Thus it is recorded,—“About the year 670, Christ’s baptism, after the preaching of faith in a right manner, was practiced in Egypt, and in such esteem, that some in other countries did restore the christian religion according to their example, who thus differed from the Church of Rome, and placed religion upon its first apostolic foundation.”

On that foundation many of the christians in those distant parts continued to rest, until darkness covered the whole surface, and at length the very name of christian was lost amongst superstition and barbarity. Thick darkness still rests on those regions.

It has already been observed, that persecution, at an early period, scattered the first churches. Many of those christian fugitives found an asylum among the Waldenses, a people occupying the beautiful vallies of Piedmont, at the foot of the Alps, who, together with the Albigenses, in the South of France, received the Gospel in the early part of the second century, and practiced baptism, a



Mosheim, that "Persons of similar sentiments lay concealed in almost all the countries of Europe, especially in Bohemia, Moravia, Switzerland, and Germany."

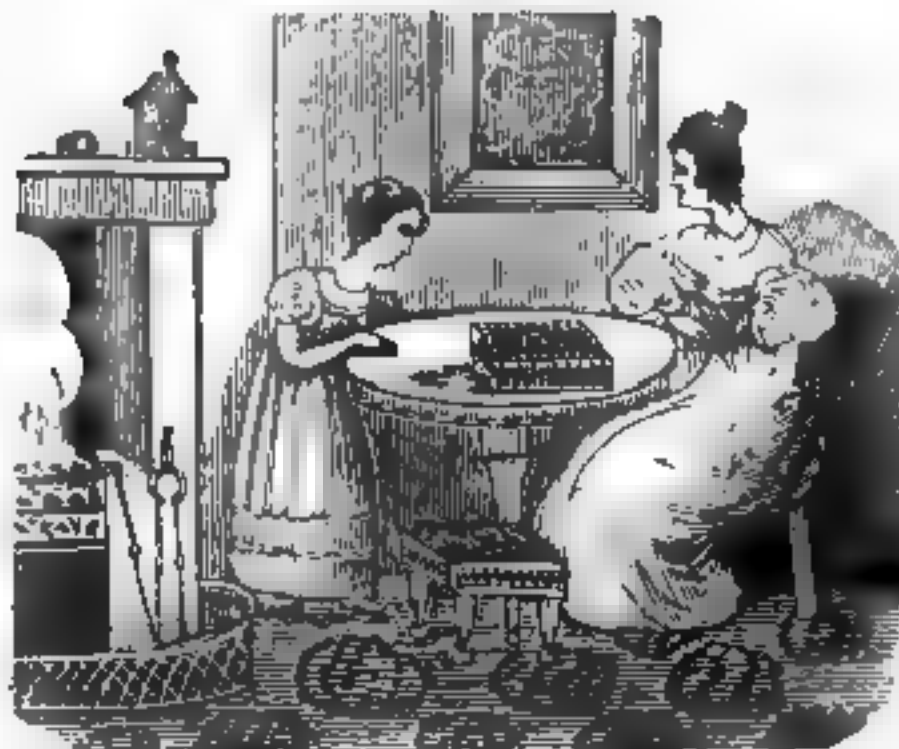
Holland, with its free institutions, —

"Whose hardy sons rolled back the sea,  
To build the halcyon nest of liberty,"—

afforded an asylum for the persecuted christians, and the baptists appear to have succeeded in spreading the peculiar sentiments extensively. But we fear that they have now sunk into formality or indolence. In France and some other nations of Europe, persons holding baptist doctrines might be found, but they do not stand forth prominently before the world, chiefly because of the prevalent spirit of suppression or intimidation displayed by Roman Catholics, or Protestant State Churches. Recently, Mr. Oncken at Hamburgh, the Brothers Münster in Denmark, and Mr. Lehmann in Prussia, have baptized converts and formed baptist churches, but they are all now enduring more or less of persecution from the authorities.

Thus the young reader will see that in all ages, in the darkest, there have been those who have faithfully followed the example of their Lord when he was baptized of John in Jordan, and have held fast to the natural custom of being buried with Christ by baptism into death; thus professing their own faith in him who was buried and rose again on the third day. The baptists are no new sect. There have always been baptists, and we believe the days will come when all christians will thus put on Christ.

## ABOUT CHRISTENING BABIES.



## ABOUT CHRISTENING BABIES.

BY JAMES SMITH OF CHELTENHAM.

"FATHER," said a little girl a short time ago, when she returned home from school, "one of my school-fellows says, that they are going to have the baby christened: have I ever been christened?"

"No, my dear, you have not."

"But why was not I christened when I was a baby?"

"Because God has nowhere commanded it in his holy word. You have read the New Testament through, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, did you read any thing about the christening of babies there?"

“O, no, I don’t remember that I did!”

“That, then, is just the reason why you were not christened when a baby. The New Testament contains an account of all the ordinances that were appointed by Jesus Christ, or attended to by his apostles; and as it contains no account of christening babies, it is not required by God; and if it is not required by God, it is no part of his worship. God has told us in his word all we are to do, as well as all we are to believe; and he bids us ‘search the scriptures.’”

“But, father, what is christening?”

“It is a mere human invention, intended to be a substitute for christian baptism. In the gospel according to Matthew, we read that before the Lord Jesus Christ ascended to heaven, he commanded his disciples thus: ‘Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.’ The word baptize is not an English word, but it signifies to dip the person in water: so that christian baptism is the solemn dipping of a believer, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

“But should nobody be baptized but grown up persons?”

“No one should be baptized except he repent of sin, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and purpose in his heart to lead a new life. It is not age that fits us for baptism, but a new heart. Every person who is rightly

baptized professes to renounce the world, forsake sin, trust in the Saviour, and do as God has commanded in his holy word. Baptism is an act of obedience to Jesus Christ, a proof that the person is willing to be his servant, and it is a public profession of faith in Him who died and rose again. The Lord Jesus promises to save all who believe on Him, and are baptized in his name; they are not saved by baptism, but by Jesus, and by believing in him; but the person is baptized because Jesus commands him to be, and because he wishes to keep the commands of Jesus."

"But, father, how did christening begin?"

"Many years ago, when bibles were very scarce, and the people knew very little more about religion than the priest chose to tell them, and almost everybody in christian countries did just as the priest bade them,—the priests told the people that no one could go to heaven without being baptized, though they never found this in the bible. Then they began to baptize babies, for fear they should not be saved if they died. Since then, in this cold country, and in other places, parents not liking to have their babies dipped all over in cold water, the priests said it would do as well, if a little water was sprinkled on the face, or poured on the head. So that now they take the babe to the priest, very nicely dressed in white; and he prays, or reads some prayers, over it, sprinkles a little water on it, and this is called a christening."

"But why is it called christening?"

“Because the priest said, that when he prayed over, and sprinkled water on the child, God gave it a new heart, took it for his own child, and it became a christian. It is therefore called christianing, or making a christian.”

“But does God do so?”

“No, my dear; we never knew one instance in which he did. As children grow up, we can see no difference whatever between those who have been christened, and those who have not. All are alike prone to sin; all require to be converted by God’s Holy Spirit, and to have their sins pardoned through the blood of Christ.”

“Then does christening the baby do it no good?”

“No, none whatever; not the least. How should it? God did not command it, and therefore he will not bless it. Neither John the Baptist, our Lord Jesus Christ, nor any of his apostles ever christened one baby; but only baptized men and women. Real religion is produced in the heart by the Holy Spirit, and always leads the person to pray to God, to be sorry for sin, to love the Saviour, to desire to be holy, and to seek to do good; all who have such religion should be baptized, but none besides. Because such are real christians, and only such have a right to be called christians.”

“What am I to do then, father?”

“I hope, my dear, that you will be led to see what a dreadful thing sin is, and pray to God to give you a new heart, and that the Holy Spirit may lead you to love the Saviour, and that you may follow his example. He was baptized, you know, by John, in the river Jordan; and said, ‘Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.’

our pattern, as well as our Saviour; and we are by his example, as well as rely on his precious for our salvation."

But did not Jesus receive little children when he was upon earth?"

Yes, but not to christen, or baptize them. He took them up in his arms, prayed for them, blessed them, and it is very probable that he healed their diseases. Although he is in heaven, he will receive you, if you desire to be saved from your sins; and go alone and pray to him, feeling as if he was present in the room, as listening to every word you say. Prayer is the same as talking with God; telling him what it feels, what it wants, and what it desires. God listens to all such prayers, and blesses all such praying children. I hope, dear, you will remember, that the whole of the Word of God is made known in the bible. All that you need to believe about God, or sin, or the Saviour, or the promises, or any other religious subject, is to be found

Also, all that you should do, so far as religion is concerned, is to be found there too. God does not require you to believe anything but what is in the bible; nor does he require you to do anything which he has not commanded there. Therefore, turn to your bible—your new testament especially—when you want to know if any religious service is right; and if you do not find it there, you may safely reject it. Christening, or infant baptism as some call it, is an invention of men; not to be found in the bible; and is therefore not of the religion of Jesus Christ. It does no good.

It never did any good. But it has led to many mistakes, and done a very great deal of harm. If you should be spared to grow up, I trust the Lord will give you repentance for sin, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and that then you will be baptized, as your Lord and Saviour was: You know how the apostles baptized, for the Holy Spirit has given you a very particular account of the baptism of the Ethiopian Eunuch. Philip preached unto him the gospel; he believed in Jesus, and felt great love to the Saviour in his heart. 'And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the Eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the Eunuch, and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, and the Eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing.'"

"Then, when shall I be baptized, father?"

"As soon as ever you give proof that your heart is changed. When I know that you daily retire to pray, when you hate sin and forsake it, when you love Jesus, and obey him from the heart; then I shall rejoice to see the minister of Christ lead you down into the water, that you may be 'buried with Christ by baptism,' and rise again to live a new life of holiness and love."

OTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

*Read this to your Mother.*

pleasing case," said a deacon, the other day, to me a young woman in the vestry, nursing. "What case is that?" I asked. "O," said "she was once a thoughtless girl, but she is a young woman, and a member of the church I well remember," continued he, "attending her mother's funeral. Her mother was one of the 'excellent' of the earth, a woman 'strong in faith, giving good example.' She did not neglect praying for her children. I knew that well, and took the opportunity to her daughter on the important subject of not omitting to remind her of the many prayers which had been offered up by her mother on her behalf. I did so, and I saw nothing of the thoughtless girl of a short time ago, when I met her in the street. She came to me with tears in her eyes, and began her prayer by asking whether I remembered speaking at her mother's funeral. 'Ah,' said she, 'I had forgotten a little of the subject then, and went carelessly into chapel one sabbath-day, while you were singing the verse,—

'Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
It sha'nt deceive their hope;  
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
For grace insures the crop,'—

Her mother's prayers came immediately into my mind, and such an impression as, I trust, has ended in



my conversion to God. And O!' said she, with tears ran down her cheeks, 'what a joyful meeting will be when I meet my mother in heaven.' This the deacon, "is her short history: she is walking ways of God, and is, no doubt, herself become a p  
mother."

Will not this short narrative encourage parents to pray for their children? How many parents have called to leave the world without having seen prayers answered; but who will say they will not see their children in heaven, as the fruit of their prayers? if so, what joyful meetings those will be!

And should not this little fact encourage parents to talk of the great things of redemption to their children? Depend upon it, you shall not talk to them in vain. you must talk to them as well as pray for them. will shew them that you are in earnest; and there is one who can talk to a child like its own mother. every child always regards its mother as its best friend and will listen to her when it would not listen to anyone else. If a mother tells her child of the love of Christ in her own kind and tender manner, that child will never forget it. No: years may pass away, but in that child's heart will remain the remembrance of that mother's earnest desire. Let parents, then, pray for their children, talk to their children, and they will have a rich r

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs;  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.

*Eye.*

S

## THE FERRET.



## THE FERRET.

THIS fierce little animal was brought from Africa, where it is a native, and is of a dingy pale yellow, has red eyes, and a strong and offensive smell. Though not difficult to be tamed, it will bite severely. It is used for driving rabbits from their burrows into the nets which are set for them. For this purpose the ferret is always muzzled; for it is such an inveterate enemy of the rabbit kind, that if a dead one be presented to a young ferret, it

instantly bites at it ; or if it be living, the ferret seizes it by the neck, winds itself round it, and continues to suck the blood till it be satiated. They are usually fed with bread and milk, and kept in boxes of wool, with which they make themselves a warm bed, to defend them from the cold.

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## TRAVELLING ON MULES.

It may seem curious when we tell our young readers that in some countries travelling can only be done by mounting on the back of a mule ; but so it is, and if you read what follows you will find that in such countries not only is it the only way, but it is the only safe way in which the journey can be performed.

Travellers in England, or even those who may have passed over the Pyrenees or Alps, can have but a faint idea of the labour and danger of crossing the Andes, that immense mountain-chain by which the continent of South America is intersected, from its southern to its most northern extremity, dividing Peru and Chili, on the western coasts, from Columbia and Brazil, on the eastern. Many of the Passes are upwards of 18,000 feet, or nearly four miles, in perpendicular height, above the level of the sea. In some parts men, who have made it their sole occupation, carry the passenger up the most steep and dangerous paths, in a kind of chair fastened to their backs ; but in general, the journey is made by travellers mounted on that patient and sure-footed animal, the mule.

### TRAVELLING ON MULES.

This engraving is from a print in the Travels of Colonel Hamilton, who, in 1828, visited South America, as chief commissioner from the king of Great Britain to the republic of Columbia. It represents a perilous situation common to the traveller in those terrific regions, when his safety depends wholly on the sure-footedness of his mule. In the Pass along which the traveller is



proceeding, the road is separated by a chasm, several feet in width, which forms the mouth of a yawning gulf, some hundreds of feet in depth. The sagacity shown by the mules in leaping these dangerous openings, which are of common occurrence, is a subject of admiration among all travellers who have visited these regions. In some places, also, it is necessary to make the descent of immense heights; an undertaking of great danger, from their excessive steepness, and the slippery state of the mule-track. "On these occasions, the mules," says

Colonel Hamilton, "take every precaution, and seem to know the danger they incur; for they inspect the road narrowly before them, and then place their fore-legs close together, and slide down on their hams in a manner which scarcely any one but the eye-witness would credit."

Major Head, in his *Rough Notes of a Journey across the Pampas*, gives the following animated picture of the preparation of a train of baggage-mules for a journey over these dangerous Passes; and of some of the casualties common to these perilous journeys. "Anxious to be off," says he, "I ordered the mules to be saddled; as soon as this was done, the baggage-mules were ordered to be got ready. Every article of baggage was brought into the yard, and divided into six parcels (the number of the baggage-mules), quite different from each other in weight and bulk, but adapted to the strength of the different mules.

"The operation of loading then began. The peon (the driver) first caught a great brown mule with his lasso,\* and then put a poncho (a large shawl in which the natives dress) over his eyes, and tied it under his throat, leaving the animal's nose and mouth uncovered. The mule stood still, while the captain and peon first put on the large straw pack-saddle, which they girthed to him, in such a manner that nothing could move it. The articles were then placed, one by one, on each side, and bound together, with a force and ingenuity against which it was hopeless for the mule to contend.

\* The Lasso is a long leathern thong, used by the hunters and drivers of South America in catching wild animals.

ot help pitying the animal, on seeing him  
l for carrying a heavy load, such a wearie,  
e, and over such lofty mountains as the  
t is truly amusing to watch the nose and  
le when his eyes are blinded, and his ears  
upon his neck in the poncho. Every  
rich is made about him, either to arrange  
his load, is resented by a curl of his nose  
, which, in ten thousand wrinkles, is ex-  
ad description, of every thing that is vicious  
he appears to be planning all sorts of petty  
venge, and as soon as the poncho is taken  
begins to put some of them into execution,  
ing with his load against some other mule,  
him. However, as soon as he finds his  
to be got rid of, he dismisses, or perhaps  
resentment, and instantly assumes a look  
ad resignation.

looking up at the region of snow, and as  
scrambling along the steep side of the  
ain overtook me, and asked me if I chose  
s he was going to look at a very dangerous  
ad, which we were approaching, to see if it  
before the mules came to it. In half an  
ed at the spot. It is the worst Pass in the  
er the Cordillera Mountains. The Moun-  
ppears almost perpendicular, and in one  
pe down to a rapid torrent that is raging  
The surface is covered with loose earth  
rich have been brought down by the waters.

The path goes across this slope, and is very bad for about seventy yards, being only a few inches broad ; but the point of danger is a spot, where the water, which comes down from the top of the mountain, either washes the path away, or covers it over with loose stones. In some places, the rock almost touches one's shoulder, while the precipice is immediately under the opposite foot, and high above head, are a number of loose stones, which appear as if the slightest touch would send them rolling into the torrent beneath, which is foaming and running with great violence. As soon as we had crossed the Pass, which is only seventy yards long, the captain told me it was a very bad place for baggage mules ; that four hundred had been lost there ; and that we should probably also lose one. He said that he could get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his lasso, to catch any mule that might fall into the torrent ; and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I resolved to see the tumble, if there was to be one, so the captain took away my mule and his own, and while I stood on a projecting rock, at the end of the Pass, he scrambled down on foot, till he got to the level of the water.

The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another : a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden. As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the Pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also.

He was the finest mule we had, and on that account,

had twice as much to carry as any of the others. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the Pass, when he stopped; but the peons threw stones at him, and he continued his path in safety, and several others followed.

At length a young mule, carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind-legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under them; however, his fore-legs were still on the narrow path: he had no room to put his head there, but he placed his nose on the path to his left, and appeared to hold on by his mouth. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule, who, in walking along after him, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and head over heels the poor creature instantly commenced a fall, which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared." To any other animal but a mule, this fall must have been fatal; he was carried down by the stream in spite of all his efforts, and turning the corner of a rock, was given up for lost. "At length," the author continues, "I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking



towards us ! We instantly perceived it was the mule whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet, his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected, but none of his bones were broken : and he was very little cut or bruised."

From this interesting account of Mountain Travelling the little reader may be led to see, how wisely the Great Creator has adapted the various animals to the region which they inhabit. No other animal but the mule could perform such dangerous journeys. Mules are numerous in South America, and they soon learn to perform their perilous duties. The Almighty has given them what is called instinct to guide them, and so made them that their hoofs secure a firm footing where other animals would stumble or fall. How wonderful are the works of God ! "In wisdom has he made them all. The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all that have pleasure therein." And the more we seek to know them, the more will our wonder and our pleasure increase. Every thing which God does is done in the best way it can be done. Who can give clearer light than the bright beams of his sun—who can shed richer drops than fall from his clouds—who can sing in sweeter strains than his lovely birds—or who can paint colours brighter than his flowers display ? And then his love ! It fills heaven with joy—it reaches down to earth—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

## HANNAH TORR

Was born at Prospect Place, Old Radford, near Nottingham, on the 13th of October, 1838 ; and at an early age was sent to the General Baptist sabbath school, which she attended for a short time. When about eleven years of age, her parents again applied for her to be admitted, Soon her teacher begun to see pleasing indications of seriousness, from the way in which she conducted herself while in the house of God. She was also very diligent at her lessons, and gave great attention when her teacher talked to her about the Saviour. But she was some time before she opened her mind to any one ; for she was a very diffident girl. At length, upon being questioned, she made known the feelings of her heart ; and was directed to the Lamb of God. Some time elapsed before she found peace to her mind. This came at length when attending a prayer meeting ; and now she could sing—

“To God now reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear ;  
He owns me for his child ;  
I can no longer fear.”

From this time, I am sorry to say, this dear young christian was called to endure many taunts and jeers from those with whom she had to work ; and she had to suffer much persecution of this kind also from other thoughtless companions. But her blessed Lord sustained her, and she could say, “In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust ; let me never be ashamed.” And thus

our young friend was enabled to maintain a consistency of conduct which would have reflected credit on one of riper years. Several months had now elapsed since her conversion, and she appeared anxious to follow the example of her Divine Lord, by being baptized in his name; and she was baptized on Lord's-day, March 7, 1852, at Stoney Street chapel, Nottingham, by our esteemed pastor, the Rev. H. Hunter, when she appeared unusually happy. From this time she did not, as some do, lose her love and zeal, but was more than ever attentive at the various means of grace. Many times, if the superintendent of the school was pained by the inattention of other scholars during the delivery of an address, when he looked to Hannah, he always saw her so calm and attentive, that he felt pleased and encouraged. Often did she work during the time usually allotted to meals, in order to get to the prayer meeting; thus setting an example of devotedness to her Redeemer's cause worthy of imitation to many of her seniors. But there was one thing which caused our young sister many unhappy hours, and that was the spiritual condition of her relatives, who were not walking in the way to heaven. Many fervent prayers did she offer on their behalf. May the Lord graciously answer them! Thus did this beloved young christian hold on the even tenor of her way, adorning the gospel of her Divine Lord by her consistent walk and conversation. But the Lord in his allwise providence saw fit to shorten her days. In the spring of 1853 she took several colds in succession, which at length laid her aside. Her illness, after a few days,

assumed a serious appearance. On visiting her, I asked her whether she felt Christ precious to her now? "Oh yes," she replied, "he has promised never to forsake me." On a subsequent visit she said, "Mr. R., I am so happy! I am so happy!" After telling her how glad I was to hear it, I said, "then you think that if you die you shall go to Jesus;" when her dark eyes brightened, and she replied, "Yes, I am going to Jesus; I shall soon be with him." Many times during her illness she would try to sing that beautiful hymn—

"Come thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy praise."

On one of these occasions, a friend observing, "My dear, you have not much strength to sing." She smiled, and said, "When I cant sing I can pray." Yes: she had learned the value of prayer, and was persuaded that she had an Almighty Parent who loved to hear his children call upon him. At another time, when several friends were present, she dropt into a dose, and they silently withdrew. On awakening a few minutes afterwards, she inquired of her mother where they were; and on being told they were gone, she said, "Did they pray before they went?" and being told they had not, for fear of awakening her, she replied, "I am sorry." After two or three weeks it was apparent that she was fast sinking, and the doctor gave but slight hope of recovery. Though her affliction was very severe, she was patient and resigned. Some relatives coming to see her, she asked them what she must have done if she had to seek religion now? but she blessed God that she had sought it and

found it while in health. Her illness now a form of typhus fever, and she was seldom many minutes together. Still at times she would sing—

“My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.”

OR—

“Oh for a heart to praise my God;  
A heart from sin set free.”

and when strength permitted she would lift up her voice in prayer. The last time she was permitted her petitions were very touching for her parents and sisters, her school fellows, her teachers, her pastor, and not forgetting the poor heathen. A few days before her death she was quite unconscious even knowing her parents. On the evening she died several friends paid her a farewell visit. She was sunk too low to speak to them, but after prayer she gave us a beautiful smile. She once asked for the superintendent, and then spoke no more. The scene of conflict ended, and she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on the 20th of April, 1853, aged four years and six months. As a last mark of esteem to her as a disciple, she was followed to the grave by the teachers and scholars of the school. Young reader, be ready for the Saviour now; and be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.

*Prospect Place.*

*W. R., the Superintendent.*

## THE CHURCH-MEETING DESCRIBED.

THE following poetical epistle was written by Mr. John Ryland, senr., baptist minister, Northampton, to Mr. Christian, of Sheepshead, Leicestershire, a few days after the return of Mr. Ryland from the Baptist Association of ministers and churches, held at Sheepshead, in 1764.

My dear brother Christian, whom much I esteem,  
As one whom the Lord by his blood did redeem.  
As you, when we parted, desired that I  
Would write very soon, so now I comply;  
And for once I have taken a fancy to send,  
A few rambling lines to you, my dear friend:  
If my verse be but awkward, my friendship is true;  
Nor need I make any excuses to you.  
To my friend Mr. Guy, I have briefly sent word  
That I got safely home, through the care of the Lord.  
To his name be all honour, and glory, and praise,  
Whose providence graciously prospers our ways.  
My friends at Northampton, in health all I found,  
With manifold blessings encompassed around.  
I was glad of a pleasant church-meeting to hear,  
Although I regretted that I was not there.  
By the power of God's Spirit, five persons revealed,  
And told how He wounded, and then how He heal'd;  
One woman especial, brother Chorus's sister,  
Spoke choicely indeed, for the Lord did assist her.  
But poor Thomas Tilly could hardly go on;  
Satan told him he'd die as soon as he'd done:  
He trembled and quak'd every word that he said,  
And in earnest expected to tumble down dead.  
Charles Tilworth, poor lad, though proposed, was not there,  
I hear he was kidnapp'd by Giant Despair;

## THE CHURCH-MEETING DESCRIBED.

But we hope that his heart will be better in tune,  
To speak, with five more, the beginning of June :  
May their tongues be untied, that they boldly may tell,  
How the arm of Jehovah redeem'd them from hell ;  
How he sought them and found them far going astray,  
And taught them to travel in Zion's right way.  
O what a bless'd day is approaching, dear brother,  
When I trust we in glory shall meet one another ;  
What singing, what shouting, what heavenly greeting,  
Will be at that general triumphant church-meeting ;  
Where all the Lord's chosen together shall join,  
To tell of the wonders of mercy divine :  
Not idleness, business, or length of the way,  
Shall keep from that meeting one member away.  
Temptations and trials no more shall be known,  
Nor satan nor sin then make us to groan :  
Doubt, fear, nor distress, shall our souls then invade ;  
Nor scoffs of the world longer make us afraid :  
No parties, no quarrels, the saints then divide,  
They'll be free from all shyness, and free from all pride  
Well-met shall be all, both the great and the small,  
Poor I may shake hands with the blessed Saint Paul.  
Each strange dispensation now ill understood,  
We then shall see clearly all work'd for our good ;  
What merciful dealings we then shall be told ;  
What wisdom, what goodness, we then shall behold :  
When each tale is ended how shall we all sing,  
And the loud sounding chorus will make heaven ring.  
But oh, it seems long to that blessed day,  
And I'm often discouraged because of the way :  
We must travel, you know, as we go to Mount Zion,  
O'er mountains of leopards, by the den of the lion ;  
And though they're all chain'd, and Christ over them reigns  
Yet their horrible roaring frights children and fools.  
Such short-sighted creatures as you and I be,  
Can often the lions but not the chains see ;  
And to see but their shadow, if Christ be not there,  
Is enough to make anyone tremble for fear.

## THE CHURCH-MEETING DESCRIBED.

However our Saviour has broken their head,  
And promised that I on the dragon shall tread.  
O that he would give me more courage and faith  
To believe and rely on whatever he saith;  
In his strength to resist all the armies of hell,  
With the sword of the Spirit their might to repel;  
Like the brave sons of God at my Saviour's command,  
To fight till my sword shall cleave fast to my hand.  
But the worst of all is, that from want of faith, I  
Am apt to take fright like a coward and fly;  
And none but my Captain, with shame I may say,  
But would long since have hang'd me or turn'd me away:  
But his patience is boundless, and boundless his grace,  
And still doth he bear with a rebel so base.  
God grant that his goodness my soul may excite  
With firmness and courage in order to fight!  
May the foresight of glory constrain you and me,  
To consider what persons we now ought to be.  
Sons of God!—heirs of heaven!—the purchase of blood!  
Forbid it, dear Lord, we should wallow in mud.  
Leave the earth to the moles, we are bound to the skies,  
There's nothing deserves our affection besides.  
Still to pray hard for me, my dear brother cease not;  
Alas! you can't think what a heart I have got—  
So stubborn, so stupid, so carnal, so cold,  
The half of its wickedness cannot be told;  
Above all things deceitful, and desperately bad,—  
Good Lord! 'tis enough to make John Ryland mad.  
Thou only can'st know it, Thou only can'st mend it;  
O search it, and wash it, and break it, and cleanse it.  
But I shall rhyme on 'til you'll surely be tired;  
My paper is fill'd, and my time is expired.  
May God bless you all, and may you increase  
In love and in holiness, knowledge and peace.  
To your aunt Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Pratt,  
The lady whose house we all breakfasted at.  
The good man whose namesake, without food or lights,  
In the sea-monster's belly liv'd three days and three nights:



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DESIRING CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

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To every one else, to Christ Jesus a friend,  
My christian respects I most cordially send.  
And pray God to prosper his gospel and bring  
All his people to own the Lord Jesus as King.  
FAREWELL! and believe me, there's none in this isle  
That wishes you better than I do,—JOHN RYLAND.

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These lines, which the postman to you will convey,  
Were wrote at Northampton, the seventh of May,  
In one thousand seven hundred sixty and four,  
Since I left you at Sheepshead six days and no more

It is worthy of particular remark, that, altho  
above epistle was in point of fact as stated, a letter  
Mr. Ryland, senr., to Mr. William Christian, y  
his son, young Ryland, afterwards Dr. Ryland of  
who was then quite a lad, scarcely eleven a  
years old, that put the letter into poetry, and  
native ingenuity no doubt much embellished it.

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DESIRING CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around;  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns—a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
There with you I long to rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind,  
Where you dwell shall be  
Where you die shall be

Mine the God whom you  
Your Redeemer shall be  
Earth can fill my soul no  
Every idol I resign.

*Mo*

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## OLD ENGLISH FARM HOUSES.

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## OLD ENGLISH FARM HOUSES.

In an old country like England these buildings are to be found all over the land—in villages or lone places. They may look rough and unsightly on the outside, but go into them, and you will usually find them the abodes of industry and comfort.

Early rising is one of the first things to be regarded in an English farm house. To accomplish this, they properly go to rest early—hours before the people in the large towns; and therefore they are up again hours before them. In winter, they are up long before daylight; and in longer days, seldom, except in the longest of the year, does the sun get up before they do. The boys and men set out to the fields to their labour, and girls

and women are busy with the milk and the cheese in the dairy and the kitchen.

Breakfast-time comes, and it is a sign that health and appetite wait upon industry, when you see how heartily those men and boys, women and girls, eat their first meal, about seven o'clock in the morning. The food may be coarse, but there is plenty of it, and they are satisfied.

Usually, the men and boys take their dinners with them into the fields, and the clear-shining sun, or their own appetites, tell them when to eat it. They want no table, or chair, or table-cloth. Sitting beneath some hedge, or on some rising bank, they relish their humble fare better than many who sit down at tables loaded with delicacies, and attended upon by liveried menials.

In the evening, they "homeward plod their weary way," and again seated around the clean white kitchen table, eat a hearty supper; and after a little talk around the blazing hearth, on which thorns and logs of wood are piled, they tell their simple tales, or crack their humble jokes, and soon retire to enjoy refreshing rest, and rise again to pursue the same course in the morning.

Something like this may be seen every day in an old English farm house.

And then we might say much about the comforts of that ancient dwelling. Perhaps it has been inhabited by the same family for several generations, and therefore the furniture may be old-fashioned and curious, but it is not less valuable, or interesting, on that account.

## BRITISH BAPTISTS.

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stantial chairs and tables, and the old pewter dishes, ranged on shelves above the old oak remind you of days long gone by. And then we are permitted to examine the store rooms, and chests and drawers, in which the good housewife has away her stores of food and clothing, you find an ample supply of all needful things. And ever to be mentioned to their praise, that they are said to be rather close-fisted in parting with their money, none are more generous and hospitable at their fire-sides than the master and mistress of an English farm-house.

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## BRITISH BAPTISTS.

There can be little doubt that England received the Gospel in the days of the Apostles, and its ancient histories plainly prove that thousands were converted according to the primitive model. About the year 430, or soon after, Wales was visited by Christian missionaries, and when Austin, the Pope's missionary, came to this country, about the year 600, he found a few Christians at Bangor, in North Wales, consisting of 2,100 persons, who were afterwards destroyed by the Saxons. Among other things, they refused to baptize according to the command of the Pope.

Austin was sent to England by Pope Gregory, for the purpose of promoting the subjection of the British to the papal power. He advanced the leading doctrines

of the Romish Church, amongst which he ranked infant baptism, and exhorted the people to receive his dogmas. Some yielded to the influence which he used, but a goodly number resisted, amongst whom the christians at Bangor are numbered. Austin, therefore, has the disgrace of introducing infant baptism to England, for before that time it was unknown ; it came over along with Popery, and from that period dark superstition ruled over Britain. Little is known of the succeeding centuries down to the Reformation, except what respects the most abject mental and moral slavery on the one hand, and the most iron-handed intolerance on the other. During that interval, many of the Continental Baptists visited England, seeking refuge from the persecution which raged against them. During the reign of William the Conqueror, a considerable number came over from France, Germany, and Holland, and so greatly did they prevail, that Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote a book against them ; for not only the poor, but some of the noble families adopted their sentiments. Their spirit, however, was too liberal, and their principles too pure, for those times ; and as monarchy was leagued with Popery, we cannot be surprised that so few traces are found of these christians. But early in the 12th century, some of the Waldenses, coming into England to propagate the Gospel, were apprehended and examined before a council assembled at Oxford by the command of Henry II., and on confessing themselves followers of the Apostles, and rejecting infant baptism, they were branded on the forehead with

red hot iron, and treated with merciless rigour. Baptists were afterwards found in Herefordshire and South Wales. At the Reformation the Baptists came into light again.

Two circumstances connected with the period of the Reformation are prominent in the history of the Baptists,—the publicity into which they emerged, and the hostility which was evinced against them; these are exhibited in the extraordinary movements of the parties then in power. In 1536, the national clergy, met in convocation, declared the sentiments of the Baptists to be “detestable heresies, utterly to be condemned.” In 1538, a commission was given to Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others, to proceed against Baptists, and burn their books; and on the 16th of November in the same year, a royal proclamation was issued against them, and instructions sent to the justices throughout England, directing them to see that the laws against the Baptists were duly executed. Several were burnt to death in Smithfield, and of those who fled to foreign parts, it is recorded, that some were martyred. Brandt writes thus, in his history of the Reformation, “In the year 1539, thirty-one Baptists, that fled from England, were put to death at Delft, in Holland; the men were beheaded, and the women drowned.”

One conclusion is fairly deducible from these narrations,—that the Baptists at that period were not few or insignificant. Bishop Latimer, in a sermon which he preached before King Edward the Sixth, referring to the events of Henry's reign, observed, “Baptists were

burned in different parts of the kingdom, and went to death with good integrity." The Reformation begun by Henry was carried on under Edward; but to the oppressed Baptists of those times no mercy was extended. Such was the furious bigotry with which they were pursued, that when King Edward passed an act to pardon Papists and others, the Baptists were excepted and in the following year, 1547, a fresh commission was issued to the Archbishop "to search after all Baptists and under that commission the celebrated Joan Kent, who was a Baptist, was burnt, on the 2nd May, 1549. Several others shared the same fate.\*

That such proceedings should have been pursued against the very men who were, at the same time, bursting through the trammels of religious despotism, seems almost incredible. But who were they? Henry the Eighth was a licentious and unprincipled tyrant; and the same tyrannical disposition that led him to murder his wives, prompted him to wrest the power from the Pope, and to proclaim himself the "Head of the Church." Edward was a mere stripling; the tool of the bigoted prelates who surrounded him. They had but half emerged from the darkness and intolerance of Popish superstition; they protested against many errors of the Romish Church, but their protest was uttered with the spirit of inquisitors,—a dark feature in the character of the Reformers generally; it was the spirit of the

\* On behalf of Joan of Kent, the youthful king addressed to the barbarous prelate this pathetic but unavailing remonstrance, "My Lord, will you send my soul to hell?"

times, of which those otherwise eminent men could not wholly divest themselves,†

The reign of Mary is well known to have been cruel, even to ferocity. One circumstance in Baptist history accords with the spirit of that dreadful reign. A man named David George, a Dutchman, was disinterred in St. Laurence's church, three years after his death, and his body was burnt, because it was discovered he had been a Baptist. This relentless cruelty against the Baptists continued even under Queen Elizabeth. A royal proclamation was issued, in which it was ordained that all Baptists, and other heretics, should leave the land; but they seemed to gather fortitude, for some formed themselves into separate societies; and in 1575, the seventeenth year of Elizabeth's reign, a congregation of them was found without Aldgate, London, of whom some were banished, twenty-seven were imprisoned, and two were burnt to death in Smithfield. John Fox, the celebrated author of the "Book of Martyrs," penned a most eloquent letter to the Queen on their behalf; but in vain. This great but imperious woman was not to be moved. She was a Tudor tyrant; and this was the blackest act of her reign.

It was a peculiar and interesting feature of primitive christianity, that notwithstanding the overwhelming power of potentates and priests against which it had to contend, opposition seemed but to augment its strength and to accelerate its progress; so it was with the

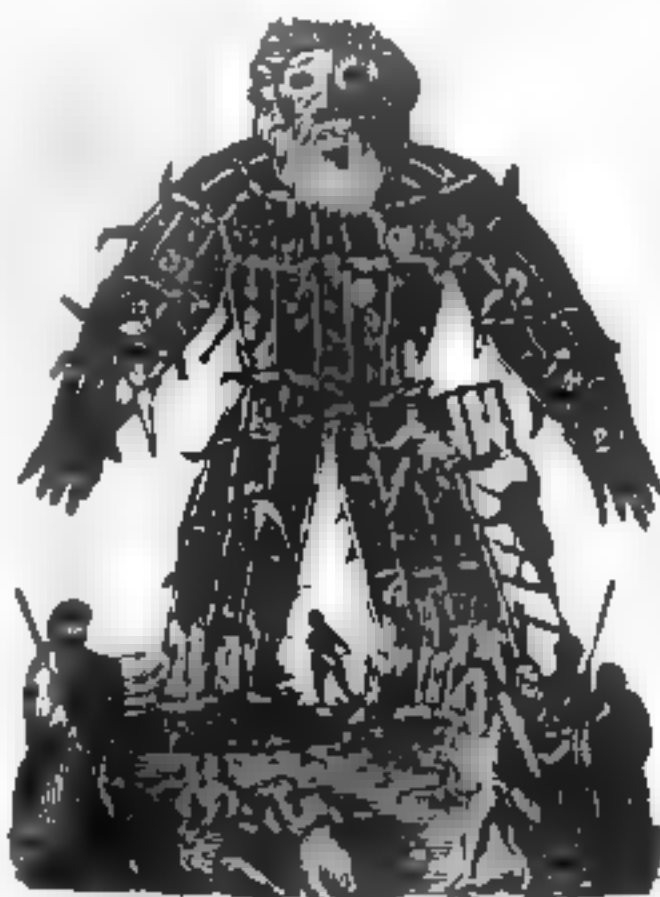
† When the magistrates of Zurich consulted Zuinglius on the fate of some poor Baptists, "Drown the Dippers," said the Reformer.



persecuted Baptists. Two years after the event referred to, Dr. Some, a churchman of great note in the reign of Elizabeth, wrote a book against Puritans, in which he inveighs against the Baptists, stating, in the language of complaint, that they "several conventicles in London, and other places, that some of their ministers had been educated at Universities, and that they held heretical opinions." Under the following reign, James the First, we find them acting with more boldness than they had hitherto done, though they were not free from persecution. They published a treatise, justifying their dissent, and petitioned the king for relief from persecution; and in 1618, published a book, translated from the Dutch, on baptism,—the first that was published on that subject in the English language. From that time they spread with great rapidity throughout all parts of the empire, sharing largely in the privations which attended the Puritans during the troublesome scenes of successive years. The first regularly organized Baptist Church, of which we possess any account, is dated from 1606, and was formed in London, by a Mr. Smyth, who had been a clergyman in the Church of England at Gainsborough. It was formed on the principles of the General Baptists. In the year 1633, the first Particular Baptist Church was formed in London, at Spilisbury. During the reign of Charles the First, the Baptists gained so much celebrity, that a public disputation was held between four of their ministers and four of the divines of the Church, Dr. Featley; who, the

year published his version of the disputation under the amusing title, "The Dippers Dipt, or the Anabaptists ducked and plunged over head and ears at a disputation in Southwark." In this book he makes the following complaint against the Baptists:—"This sect, amongst others, hath so far presumed on the patience of the state, that it hath held weekly conventicles, re-baptizing hundreds of men and women together in the twilight, in rivulets, and some arms of the Thames, and elsewhere, dipping them over head and ears. It hath printed divers pamphlets in defence of their heresy; yea, and challenged some of our preachers to disputation." Six years after this, Bailey of Glasgow, published a work, in which he thus alludes to them: "Their number, till of late, in England, was not great, and the most of them were not English, but Dutch strangers; but under the shadow of Independency, they have lift up their heads and increased their number above all sects in the land; they have forty-six churches in and about London; they are a people very fond of religious liberty, and very unwilling to be brought under bondage of the judgment of any other." It was in vain for Bailey to complain, for Edwards to calumniate, or for Baxter to write against their principles and practice; for their cause made rapid progress, achieved many victories, and obtained a multitude of disciples. Their prosperity excited bitter hostility, and the infatuated monarch was induced to publish edicts against them, but his own troubles prevented the accomplishment of the object contemplated.

BRITISH IDOLATRY.



THERE was a ti  
many hundred y  
but there was a t  
the people of it  
were idolaters:  
and ignorant, as  
tious and cruel  
inhabitants of I  
land, or any o  
lands of the So  
were, one hund  
ago. They k  
God. They we  
of satan, who l  
captive at his w  
priests were fit  
the Prince of I

Cruel, unnatural, and bloody rites were pe  
human sacrifices were offered; and many an in  
demanded from the breast of its mother, to b  
to their infernal deities! Yes, my young read  
things were once done in England — whe  
through the introduction and diffusion of the  
Peace, we enjoy so many privileges and blessi  
thankful then, that you were born in Eng  
time when you are not taught to worship the  
Sunday, and the Moon on Monday, and so:  
bloody, or wicked god, on every other day of t

t when you hear from your earliest days, of that great God, who is the Creator of all things, and of Jesus Christ, the blessed Saviour, who died for our sins. By the favour of their false gods the Druids pretended to foretell future events, and as their servants and favourites they demanded gifts and offerings from a deluded multitude. The better to secure this revenue, they made the people at the beginning of winter, extinguish all their fires on one day, and kindle them again from the sacred fire of the Druids, which would make the house fortunate for the ensuing year; and if any many came who had not paid his yearly dues, they refused to give him a spark, neither durst any of his neighbours relieve him: nor might he himself procure one by any other means, so that he and his family were deprived of it till he had discharged the uttermost of his debt. They erected also great stones, so cunningly fitted one upon another, that if the upper one was touched in a certain place, though only with a finger, would rock; whereas no strength of man might avail to move it if applied to any other part: hither they led those who were accused of any crime, and, under pretence that the gods would, by this form of trial, show the guilt or innocence of the party, directed him where to touch and make the proof: and thus, at their discretion, they either absolved the accused, or made them appear guilty.

The misletoe, the seed whereof is eaten and voided by the birds, and thus conveyed from one tree to another, they affected to hold in veneration. When it

was discovered growing upon an oak, upon which tree it is rarely to be found, the Druids went thither with great solemnity, and all things were made ready for sacrifice and for feasting. Two white bulls were fastened by their horns to the tree; the officiating priest ascended, and cut the misletoe with a golden knife; others stood below to receive it in a white wool-len cloth, and it was carefully preserved, that water wherein it had been steeped might be administered to men, as an antidote against poison, and to cattle, for the sake of making them fruitful. The sacrifice was then performed. The best and most beautiful of the flocks and herds were selected for this purpose. The victim was divided into three parts: one was consumed as a burnt offering: he who made the offering feasted upon another, with his friends; and the third was the portion of the Druids. In this wise they deluded the people. But they had worse rites than these, and were guilty of greater abominations. They were notorious, above the priests of every other idolatry, for the practice of pretended magic. They made the people pass through fire, in honour of Beal; and they offered up the life of man in sacrifice, saying, that when the victim was smitten with a sword, they could discover events which were to come, by the manner in which he fell, and the flowing of his blood, and the quivering of his body, in the act of death. When a chief was afflicted with sickness, they sacrificed a human victim, because, they said, the continuance of his life might be purchased, if another life were offered up as its

price ; and in like manner, men were offered when any calamity befel the people, and when they were about to engage in war. Naked women, stained with the dark blue dye of woad, assisted at these bloody rites. On greater occasions, a huge figure, in the rude likeness of a man, was made of wicker-work, and filled with men ; as many as were condemned to death for their offences were put into it ; but if these did not suffice to fill the image, the innocent were thrust in, and they surrounded it with straw and wood, and set fire to it, and consumed it, with all whom it contained.

Their domestic institutions were not less pernicious than their idolatry. Every man had as many wives as he had kinsmen, and no man knew his child, nor did any child know its father. These were the abominations of our British fathers after the light of the Patriarchs was lost among them, and before they received the light of the Gospel.

*Abridged from Southey.*

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## PUAAIKI, THE BLIND SANDWICH ISLANDER.

Who is that strange-looking man, dressed in bark-cloth ? It is blind Bartimeus ; but not he whom Jesus cured on the road to Jericho. It is the one he cured in the Sandwich Islands.

“ Was Jesus ever at the Sandwich Islands ? ”

O yes, and he has wrought miracles of mercy there ; not in his human body, as he was at Jericho, but by his Spirit ; for though he is out of sight, he can help us just as readily as if we saw him face to face.

When the missionaries went to the Sandwich Is-  
Bartimeus was a poor blind dancer, earning a  
living by making fun for others ; but those who la-  
at his odd antics, took no notice of him when l  
sick and could no longer amuse them ! He  
pitiful object,—sick, blind, dirty, poor, and as deg  
as a heathen could be. There seemed to be little  
for such a poor creature.

At last a Christian islander told him about a  
Doctor who could cure his sickness and restor  
sight, and asked him to go and hear the missionar  
new thought now penetrated his dark mind—it was  
*there was help and comfort for him somewhere.* It  
very good thought, and it did not deceive him. E  
a heathen boy to lead him to a house of chr  
worship where prayer and praise were offered t  
true God ; and the very first sermon he heard  
about just such a Friend and Saviour as he ne  
The poor blind man understood enough of it to  
to know more, and he began to attend steadily  
the preaching of the missionaries.

Puaaiki—for this was his heathen name—no  
that his soul was worse off than his body ; yet h  
some time finding his Saviour, for his mind wa  
dark ; but, taught by the missionaries and by the  
Spirit, he became at last a happy and humble be  
When he professed faith in Christ, he too  
name of Bartimeus, from the poor blind beggar  
Bible, the story of which always interested him very

What a change for Bartimeus ! A steady improv

## THE DUMB BABY.

ook place in his character; he gave up drinking "awa," which is the intoxicating drink of the islanders, and he grew so much in heavenly knowledge, that in a few years he became himself a preacher of the gospel to his countrymen; and a truly eloquent and excellent preacher, and a most useful helper to the missionaries, did he prove to be.

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## THE DUMB BABY.

THE following humorous verses were written by a well-known baptist minister of the last century. If there be anything ludicrous in them, is not the fault in the system which supports such inconsistencies rather than in the writer who exposes them?

'Twas not long ago, it matters not where,  
I heard of the following *novel* affair:—  
A man and his wife, both good meaning people,  
Had different views respecting the "steeple;"  
The wife loved a form, the husband loved none;  
They agreed thus to differ, and so they went on  
Till a little time after, when lo and behold!  
Young JOHNNY appears their hopes to unfold.  
The father exclaim'd, with a tone of surprise,  
That such real beauty ne'er feasted his eyes;  
The mother got better, and boldly declared,  
Not a child in the world could with her's be compar'd.  
We'll excuse the young couple, no doubt they thought so;  
Most parents thus think we very well know.  
Had matters stopp'd here, all calm and serene,  
I need not have told you the following scene:  
I know in these days you will not be surprised,  
To hear that the child must anon be baptiz'd;



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THE DUMB BABY.

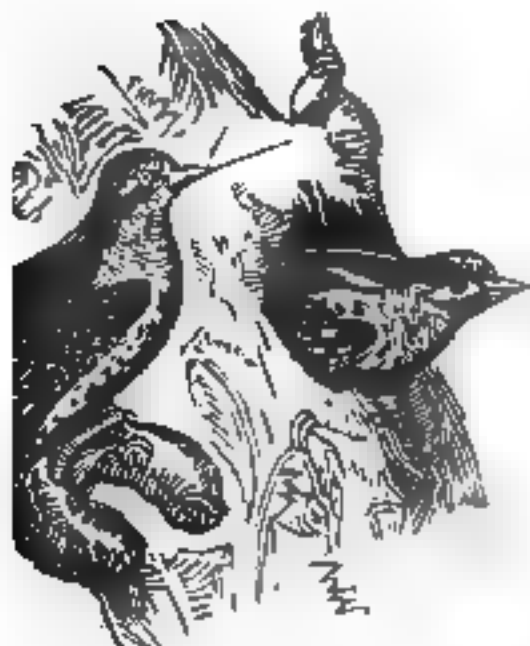
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The father objected and call'd it unsound,  
And said that in scripture it could not be found :  
The wife quite enraged at her infidel mate,  
Declared that it should, whate'er be her fate ;  
She summon'd the prophets to make it appear,  
And confirm'd it by Moses, who brought up the rear ;  
Avowing the old-fashioned word "*Circumcise*,"  
Was the same with what we represent by "Baptize."  
Her passion was great, but her arguments small,  
For the errors of "church" her mind did inthral.  
After much had been said on both sides the question,  
The mother delay'd not to make it a christian ;  
So *odd*-mother one and *odd*-fathers two,  
Went off with the child without more ado.  
When arrived at the church they met with the parson,  
Who took up his book and began with his lesson,  
Repeating the question already surmis'd,  
"In this faith, now my son, wilt thou be baptiz'd ?"  
But just as this question accosted their ears,  
Unlucky for them the father appears ;  
Which the *odd-folks* observing could not speak a word,  
Nor yet when the parson re-echoed it loud.  
The father advancing, said, "Johnny, my boy,  
Either answer his reverence, or else tell me why ;  
He speaks to you civil, you are sure much to blame,  
So early in life to expose us to shame."  
The parson was ruffled, and looking quite wild,  
Said, "Answer direct for the dear little child ;  
You came here to promise and vow in his name  
He should flee from the devil and all his long train ;  
Should be a good christian and stick to the church,  
And will you now leave us all thus in the lurch ?  
The father not liking to hear such strange stuff,  
Told the parson he'd given himself trouble enough,  
And said, "Pray excuse me, I'm not a churchman,  
I'll take the child home, *he shall speak when he can.*"

*Enon, near Salim.*

JOHN THE DI

## THE WRYNECK.



AMONG our most interesting and attractive birds, this little harbinger of spring delights us, not by the splendour of its hues, but by the chasteness of its colouring, and the delicate and singular way of its markings, which, from their intricacy and irregular-

ity, defy the imitations of the pencil.

The Wryneck derives its name from its peculiar habit of writhing the neck, which at the same time it writhes to and fro with serpent-like bendings, now pressing the feathers so as to resemble the head of a snake, now half-closing the eyes, swelling out the throat, and raising its crest, when it presents an appearance singular and ludicrous.

Among our migratory or wandering birds the Wryneck is one of the earliest visitors; arriving at the beginning of spring generally a few days before the cuckoo, (whose note in this circumstance, it has been called) when it utters its unchanging note, *pee pee pee*, rapidly reiterated, heard in our woods and gardens. The places where this bird is found, appear to be very limited; the

midland counties being those to which it usually resorts in England.

In manners, the Wryneck is shy and lonesome; and were it not for its loud and well-known call, we should not often be aware of its presence; its quiet habits leading to close retirement, and its sober colour, which agrees with the brown bark of the trees, tending also to its concealment.

In confinement, however, or when wounded, this little bird manifests much boldness; hissing like a snake, erecting its crest, and defending itself with great spirit.

It breeds with us soon after its arrival, the female selecting the hole of a tree, in which she lays her eggs, to the number of eight or nine, of an ivory white. The young take after the plumage of the parent birds, which shows scarcely any difference between the two sexes.

The food of the Wryneck consists of caterpillars and other insects, especially ants and their larvæ, to which it is very partial. In the manner of taking its food this little bird makes but little use of the bill itself; its long hollow tongue, capable of being thrust out to a considerable distance, and made sticky by a proper gland, being the chief instrument. This it inserts between the crevices of the bark, or among the loose sandy earth of the ant-hill, thrusting it out and withdrawing it so rapidly, with the insect sticking to it, as almost to deceive the eye.

Leaving England in the early part of the autumn, the Wryneck passes over to the southern districts of Europe,

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## THE NEW NAME.

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bably extends its journey to Asia, where it finds  
climate, and food still abundant.

above picture represents the male and female of  
atural size; the latter in the act of leaving the  
the tree, in which we may suppose her to have  
her nest.

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## THE NEW NAME.

"MOTHER," said a little boy,  
One day in thoughtful mood,  
"Were you to call me Samuel,  
I think I should be good."

"If that's thy wish," his mother said,  
"It shall be gratified;  
For such an end what parent would  
Leave any means untried."

So Samuel he was call'd forthwith,  
And in his childish glee,  
Fancied he then should grow so good,  
He must a prophet be.

Good for a time he really was;  
But it is likewise true,  
'Twas passing as the morning cloud,  
And as the early dew.

The trial came—the fabric fell  
He reared with so much care—  
'Twas plain he had not been for strength  
To Jesus Christ by prayer.

He owned he found it very hard  
Always to act aright;

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THE NEW NAME.

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His mother answering, said, "My son,  
Your plan's defective quite ;

A change of name will nought avail ;  
But 'tis a change of heart,  
Wrought by the Spirit, that will make  
The love of sin depart.

Besides an evil heart, my child,  
You have a subtle foe—  
The enemy of God and man—  
Who seeks your overthrow.

Yet there's a name to sinners given  
Whereby you may be saved,  
Released from sin and satan's power  
To be no more enslaved.

That name is JESUS ; he it was,  
The well-beloved of God,  
Who took for us a human form,  
And shed his precious blood.

Let not the tidings of such love  
Be heard with unconcern ;  
O that you might be now constrain'd  
To love him in return.

Pour out your heart to Him in prayer  
For his renewing grace ;  
Entreat his succour day by day,  
Until you see his face.

And a new name will you receive  
When you have overcome ;  
And crowned with victory, then shall sit  
With Jesus on his throne."

*Oakham.*

## THE SPRING.

As this lovely season promises soon to open on us, unfolding new beauties, it has reminded me of its great similarity to the joyousness and buoyancy of youth. All nature seems to speak forth the praises of Him, "who causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man." The trees are spreading forth their graceful foliage; and what appeared but a short time ago barren and dead, is now full of life and animation. My dear young friends are now in the spring time of their life: how important then that they make the best use of this precious season, which, once gone, can never be recalled. It has been remarked, and with a great deal of truth—"The child is father to the man." The knowledge acquired in youth is not easily forgotten. Let it then be your aim to store up in your minds that kind of information which will be useful in after life, and fit you for the many duties that may devolve on you in your future course. Spring is the season for sowing seeds, which are expected in due time to yield their crops; and this is especially the case in the spring-time of human existence. Then seed is sown and instruction given, with the hope and expectation that as years increase the fruit will ripen to maturity. Before I close, I would not forget to urge on those who may peruse this, to seek, above all things, a knowledge of themselves as sinners, and of Jesus as a kind and mighty Saviour. To know Christ will make you useful and happy in life, and give you a title to a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

M. H. K.

## THE LOST BOY.

DURING the winter of 1819, in the Thuringian forest, a little boy four years of age, one evening, in a deep snow, met a number of wood-cutters outside of the village, who were returning home from their work. The little rosy-cheeked fellow, whose curly hair was whitened by the hoar frost on that bitter cold evening, wanted to go to his father, who had been into the woods. The wood-cutters, after telling him that his father had probably returned home by this time, brought him home to his mother, although much against his will. She being engaged, gave him Huebner's Pictorial Bible Stories to amuse him; but soon he had again stolen out into the snow. The mother called him, and neither seeing nor hearing anything of him, she became anxious about him; still she consoled herself by the thought that he would return with his father; but the father returned, and had not seen his little boy.

Not finding the child anywhere in the village, the anxious mother, by her fervent entreaties, prevailed upon her neighbours to turn out with lanterns into the dark forest in quest of him. The mother, grasping the hand of her oldest son, lest she might lose him too, led the way, calling at the top of her voice. The men went in different directions, looking and calling; but when, at midnight, they met again, no trace of the child had been discovered. "Oh," cried his brother, "if he had only had his hobnail shoes on, we could have tracked him in the snow." "Or his new christmas trousers," rejoined

mother; "indeed he must have been frozen to death, a dreadful cold night."

While all were shivering with cold, the mother alone glowed in a glow of heat. "Well," cried one of the men, "although we all know that he must be dead if he is still in the woods, we won't forsake the mother, who is running across the crackling snow into every ravine and dell, shouting until she is hoarse."

With that they all started afresh in quest of him. All at once the oldest brother, having entered one of the deep ravines, shouted, "Here he is lying dead." His mother, on coming up, threw herself upon her little Benjamin, who was lying on the snow. Now the little boy awoke, and looking around, was surprised to see so many men and lights; he never complained of the cold, and joyfully embraced his mother. What were the emotions those mothers only may conceive that have ever been placed in similar circumstances.

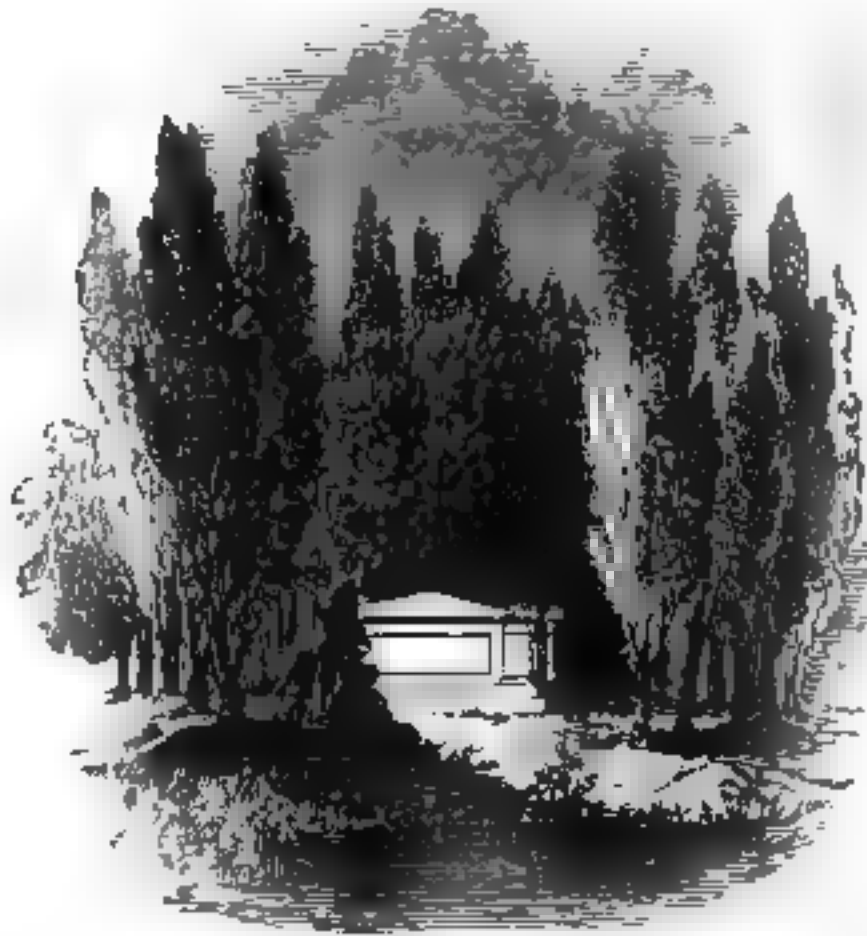
The child, having recognised all his friends, he related that he had gone in search of his father, continually calling him by name: but that when he could not find him, and began to feel chilly, he concluded to return home to his mother. However, not knowing which way to go, he began to weep bitterly; then, like little Samuel with his pictorial bible, he knelt down and called on God to help him. Finding himself in a gully, where the wind did not blow, he thought he would stay there till his mother should come. Then he fell asleep. God to whom he prayed kept him from death, and he slept on till his mother waked him up.



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REBECCA HEARN.

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REBECCA HEARN.

THE young friend, of whom I would give you a brief memoir, resided at Farmingham, Kent. At a very early age she was a scholar in Eynsford baptist sabbath school and continued so until her declining health prevented. About fifteen months before her death, she became very anxious for her soul's salvation, and was led to the footstool of the Saviour, where she sought and obtained mercy. In a letter to a very dear friend she says, "I trust I have been enabled to decide for Christ; I do feel willing to give up all for him. The world has mar

tations, but there is nothing in it worth fixing our  
upon. No, all my love shall be the Lord's, for he  
is altogether lovely to my soul; and it is my desire  
prayer that I may always feel as I do now."

She had been the child of many prayers, and this  
she was hailed by her friends with much thankful-  
for they looked forward to the time when they  
should have the joy of seeing her devoted to the cause of  
Christ, and a blessing to his church. But He, whose  
thoughts are not as our thoughts, had appointed other-  
for in the early part of the year, which began  
so many bright hopes for the future, symptoms of  
illness appeared—the disease which had before  
carried her dear mother and brother to the eternal

She had a very strong desire to be united with the  
people, and her name was introduced to the church,  
the friends expressed their willingness and desire to  
receive her, should her strength ever be equal to the  
demand of baptism. But it never was; and when  
it was administered, she had joined the church.  
During her long illness she was not heard to  
express a desire to recover. "I am willing either to  
live or die, as best pleases my father in heaven," was  
frequently on her lips; and sometimes she added,  
"I think I would rather go."

The day before her death, many friends called to see  
several of whom, in prayer, commended her  
fading spirit into the hands of the Lord Jesus. She  
was too weak to talk much, but the little she said proved

her to be resting on the Rock of Ages. She sent love to her class-mates, with the hope that she would meet them in heaven. She requested her friend to read to her from Drummond's "Peace for the Christian," and seemed much to enjoy it. Her breathing now became very difficult; and the restlessness of death was upon her. "This is hard work," she said; "there is rest in heaven." A few hours afterwards, Oct. 26, 1853, she entered that glorious rest, aged 21 years; and is now, we hope and believe, "absent from the body, but present with the Lord." The last of our departed friend suggested the following thoughts:

"REST IN HEAVEN."

Rest for the weary soul;  
Not in this world, this fluctuating scene  
Of restless longing, where sins blight has been  
And crushed each fondest hope, where often roll  
Afflictions deep dark waters o'er the soul,  
Where nought can satisfy the craving heart,  
Nor earthly skill can heal the deepening smart,  
Where yearning souls are still by sin deprest,  
We seek it not, for this is not our rest—  
Not in this sin-fraught world.

But rest in Heaven!  
And oh! that rest, the holy tranquil calm  
Breathed in that atmosphere—the waving palm,  
The crown of life, the pure white robe, the throne  
Of glory, tell of deep serenity before unknown;  
No sighs are heard, and no disturbing care  
Is felt; no more the agonizing prayer  
Ascends from breaking hearts; but still  
Is every murmur, swallowed every will,  
In that high resting place.

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## LETTER TO A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

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Ah ! there is rest in Heaven.

We comprehend it not ; we may not see  
Those streets of paved gold, that crystal sea  
Of glass ; nor may we catch the faintest sounds  
Of the enchanting music which resounds  
From tongues immortal ; neither can we tell  
The holy and perpetual joy they feel  
Who bask in light ; but we may go  
To them, and soon their raptures know—  
And share them too.

Is this *thy* rest ?

Oh ! then, take courage, weary, fainting soul,  
And with fresh vigour press towards the goal ;  
Fear not, for see, yonder bright seraphs come  
To bear thee to thy rest, thy heavenly home.  
And not one wearying moment or distress  
Is given thee too much, but thou wilt bless  
The loving hand which sent thee this alloy,  
And thus prepared thee fully to enjoy  
The rest in Heaven !

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## LETTER TO A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

A few years ago, a young girl, the daughter of parents  
were members of a baptist church, put on Christ  
baptism. She was but just in her teens, and there  
something very pleasing in the fact, that she had  
, in early life, publicly devoted herself to the Saviour.  
and hearing of this, sent her the following letter.  
is now a wife and a mother, and consistently main-  
the profession she then made.

My Dear Young Friend,—Your father tells me that  
have told your friends and the world, that you love  
Lord Jesus Christ by being baptized in his name.

I am very glad indeed to hear this; though I am surprised; for when I was at your house I noticed thoughtfully and quietly you read your books. If children would read and think more, they would, of them, be brought to know and love the precious Saviour too. How good has Jesus been to you to know to your heart how he loves you; thus draw you to love him in return. Love to Jesus is the happiest feeling in the world; and it will, too, be the happiest feeling in heaven. They are happy who sing, "To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion ever and ever."

Try, then, my dear young friend, to love Jesus more and more; the more you know, the more you will admire and adore the blessed Redeemer. You have been on Christ by baptism; mind that you never turn back. Now you do not think of doing so; but as you grow older you may, and no doubt will, be tempted to do so.

Remember, then, what I now tell you, that if you turn back, it can be but to one place — to perdition. But I hope better things of you, my dear young friend, and especially when I remember the faith that dwelt in your grandmother, and your own dear father and mother.

Farewell, my beloved young friend! May the Lord bless you with more grace, and guide and keep you all your days.

Yours in Jesus Christ, —

Please accept this little book, it is about the love of Jesus."

## ON ANCESTRY.

SOME people like to trace their ancestry back through many generations. But

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,  
The child of parents pass'd into the skies."

I am descended from an aged servant of God, long since entered into his rest. He was for sixty years a faithful minister of God; and of him it may truly be said, that "He being dead yet speaketh." He brought up a large family, all of whom, including my own dear mother, are treading in his steps. One of his sons is a venerable deacon of the baptist chapel at D——. Another is a dear old gentleman of seventy-eight years, who is now confined to his bed with a broken leg; but his patience and cheerfulness under his affliction are the admiration of all who see him. It is the delight of his friends and relations to visit him; and no one can be with him half an hour without seeing plainly on whom his hopes are fixed. My dear aunt A——, in whose house my beloved uncle is staying, is a daughter of my venerable ancestor. She lives for the good of others; and many are the blessings poured upon her from the poor of the town in which she resides. Another aunt is the wife of a minister, and has done incalculable good to many. The last is my own mother, who has brought up a large family of eight children in the fear of the Lord; and how great will be our guilt if we do not follow in the steps of such a mother. Now children, what do you

think of my ancestors? Do you not think that I have more reason to be proud of such an ancestry than others have of being descended from some proud baron who came over with William the Conqueror? William was a tyrant; he feared not God; while my dear grandfather not only knew and served God himself, but was the means of turning many others from their evil ways to serve him too. I never saw my grandfather, but I hope to meet him in heaven, and join with him in singing the praises of Him "who loved us and gave himself for us."

M. H. K.

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THE HISTORY OF A QUILL PEN.

*Supposed to be written by Itself.*

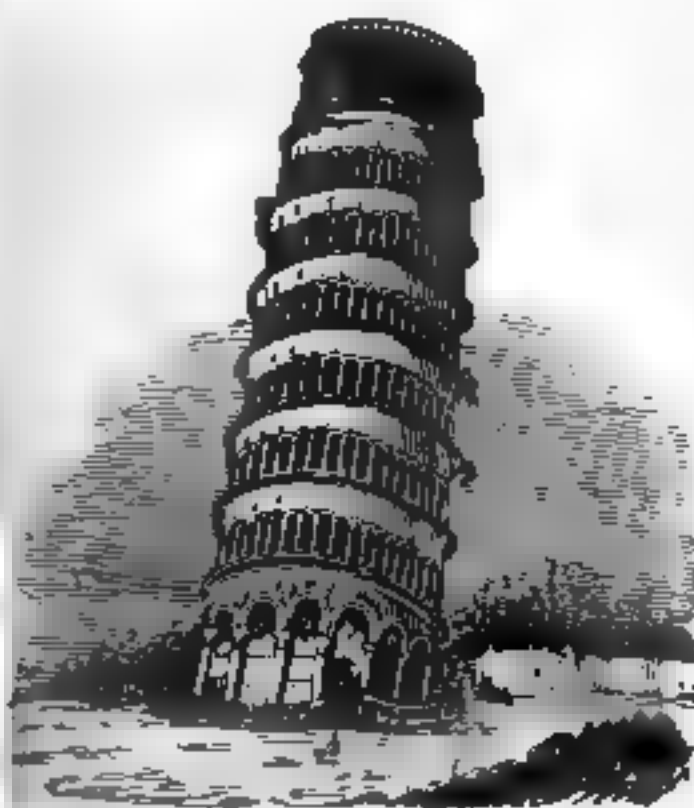
I WAS born on the left wing of a goose. A boy one day slyly crept up to my mother and tore me and my twin sister away. From the hand of this boy we had to undergo the most terrible anguish. Scarcely had we arrived at his dwelling, when we were held over glowing coals, and rubbed so unmercifully in a woollen cloth, that the skin came off the unfeathered part of our bodies. After several days, I, my twin sister, and twenty-three others of our kind, were bound in cords, which pressed very tightly on our tender limbs. I should very gladly have escaped, but we were bound so fast together that we could scarcely breathe. The little man that we now belonged to carried us to an old woman, from whom he received a handful of coin, on which were stamps of royalty. She put us in a basket filled with straw, in

which there were a great many unfortunate beings like ourselves, and carried us on her back to a large town, where we were sold to a merchant. To my great joy, on the very same day, the footman of a nobleman bought me and my companions and took us into a splendid room, and gave us to a very grand man, whom they called "your Lordship." The footman then untied the cords that bound us: but it was ten days before I could breathe freely again. I afterwards learned that this nobleman was a minister of war, and he chose me on account of my beautiful feathers. He gave me several sharp cuts with a knife, which certainly rather hurt me, but they were necessary to my usefulness I was told. Here I had very pleasant days, although my inside was almost torn out; and I was obliged to drink a black bitter fluid. I had to work from morning to night, and often in the night too. Sometimes I had very important things to write, and amongst others the signing of a treaty of peace. Comfortable though I now found myself, I found also, to my sorrow, that my size was gradually decreasing. One day his lordship put me behind his ear, and as he was looking out of the window let me fall. I did not remain long in the street: a little girl took me up and shut me in her basket. It struck me that she was going to school. I was not long; she had scarcely gone to the end of the street where she brought me to a large house, and opening a door, made a very graceful curtsy to the master, who was sitting at his desk dictating several pretty poems: here was one especially that I liked. It was an



ode to peace, which the little girl used me to write do I noticed several mistakes which she made, but I could not stop her. One thing annoyed me very much. When my present owner did not write as she wished, she threw me under the table. Fortunately, as I was told by some of my companions, it was Saturday, and the school was going to be swept. This alone prevented me from being crushed to death. But in the afternoon, when the room was swept, I was overlooked, and thrown into the street with the dust. A servant girl picked me up and locked me in her box. One evening she took me out and wrote a letter with me in a very slovenly style. I was seldom used, and always locked up in the box again. I longed for freedom out of this horrible place, but every avenue of escape was carefully guarded. At last I managed to escape. One evening, as she was again writing a letter, she was called suddenly away, and in getting up let me fall. A little dog then dragged me into the street where I was left alone: but soon after an old lady came by who was in the habit of picking up anything she thought might be of use. She picked me up and took me to her house, and stuck me behind the looking-glass and though she often looks at it, she never seems to look at me, though I stare her in the face every day. During the two months that I have been with her I have not written a stroke, therefore I thought it would be better, not to be out of practice; to write my own history which I have now done. I suppose I must now patiently wait till the old lady dies and leaves her wealth to the world before I get my liberty.—*From the German.*

## LEANING TOWER OF PISA.



PISA is situated about four miles from the sea, and appears to great advantage from a distance; the swelling dome of the cathedral, attended by its baptistry on one side, and its celebrated leaning tower on the other, with various lesser domes and towers, around or in perspective, are visible at a considerable distance. The leaning round tower is the belfry of the cathedral, and is constructed

of the finest white marble. It was finished in 1174. It consists of eight stories formed of arches supported by pillars, and is about 180 feet high. It is ascended by 230 steps; has several galleries on the outside, and is open in the interior. This tower, owing to the nature of the ground of the foundation, or to some other cause not hitherto ascertained, leans so much towards one side, that its inclination from the perpendicular exceeds fourteen feet.

The roof of the cathedral is supported by seventy-six marble pillars; the floor is of mosaic work, and two large brazen doors are curiously wrought with the his-

tories of the Old and New Testament. They are have been brought from Jerusalem. Here is also marble bridge, and an aqueduct of 5000 arches, conveys the water from hills five miles distant. water is said to be the finest in Italy; and the around is very beautiful. Pisa was once a very perous commercial republic. It flourished most eleventh and twelfth centuries; but in 1228 it was slaved to its rival, the city of Florence.

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## JAQUES DOSIE AT LEEUWARDEN

### THE BOY MARTYR.

It also happened at a certain time, which we have been able precisely to ascertain, that a young man (as was said) about fifteen years old, named Jaques was apprehended at Leeuwarden in Friesland, sake of the truth of the holy gospel. But the working God exhibited his power in this stripling to the Holy Ghost, and ordained his praise by the of this young child. For on a certain occasion the governor of Friesland and his lady, with gentlemen and ladies, were assembled at Leeuwarden they had the said Jaques called before them, and with him, inquiring if he was tainted with any But our faithful God, according to his promise him such a mouth and wisdom as they could in vain gainsay or overcome.

It happened that after a few words the governor of Friesland, in consequence of the people's waiting for him, took his leave; but his lady, as it appears, being interested, spoke with him, and asked him wherefore he, being yet so young, was thus rigorously confined and bound.

Jaques answered: "This has happened only because I believe in Christ, and depend on him alone, and will by no means forsake him."

The lady asked him, saying: "Are you not one of the people who re-baptize themselves, and do so much evil in our country; exciting uproar, running together, and who say that for their faith they are driven away, and boast of being the church of God; but who are a dangerous set, and make great disturbance among the people?"

*Jaques.* "My lady, tumultuous people I know none, and am in no wise of the number of such; but we desire much rather, as the scripture teaches us, to assist our enemies, and if they are hungry or thirsty to satisfy them with food and drink; and in no wise to resist them by violence or to avenge ourselves."

Some one said: "It would be soon seen, in case you had the power."

Jaques said: "Oh, no, my lady; believe me, if we were free to oppose the wicked with the outward sword, you ought to know that then seven men would not have brought me hither, and I had escaped out of your hands; for strength enough would have been found."

*The Lady.* "I know that there are sects, that very infamous, that kill people, and hold a comm of goods and wives."

*Jaques.* "Oh, no, madam ; such wicked things laid to our charge without our fault, and people occasion thereby to persecute us ; but we must and bear all such things with patience."

*The Lady.* "Were they not your people that disgracefully and shamefully took up the sword against magistrates at Amsterdam and Munster?"

*Jaques.* "Oh, no, madam ; those persons grieved. But we consider it a devilish doctrine to charge the magistrates by the outward sword and violence. We would much rather suffer persecution and death at their hands, and whatever is appointed us to suffer."

*The Lady.* "It is, however, laid to your charge, they do very ill that excite uproar : but I sincerely believe what you say hereupon."

*Jaques.* "My lady ; do we not read much of the kind, how that wicked men spoke untruly of the apostles themselves, and the whole Christian multitude, sought by many evil charges to stir up the higher powers to vengeance against them ? yet it was all falsehood."

*Lady.* "Do you not think that all are lost that are not baptized in your way?"

*Jaques.* "Oh, no, madam ; judgment belongs to God alone, who will reward everyone according to his works as plainly appears in many places of the holy scriptures. Besides, water has no power to cleanse us from sin. St. Peter says ; but is only a token of all obedience."

*Lady.* "When you have been baptized, tell me, can you then still sin?"

*Jaques.* "Yes, indeed, madam; for that clearly appears from Paul's words; for we are encompassed still with a weak sinful body, and offend in many things. But we must continually crucify and put the same to death, and not do or fulfil the works of the flesh, otherwise we should, by the righteousness of God, be consigned to everlasting death."

*Lady.* "In what then do you differ from the inquisitor; let me hear now?"

*Jaques.* "Madam: in that I will in no wise receive his doctrine, except he first clearly show me that it every way agrees with God's word; otherwise he labours in vain. My faith is founded alone upon the pure word of God. Concerning the use of infant baptism, we speak with reason against it, as being no command of Almighty God; but much rather an invention of men, considering that the young children have no knowledge or discernment whatever of what is required and contained in the baptismal service. But Christ, from affection to such innocents, without their seeking it themselves, graciously promised them the kingdom of God. Besides this, madam, I think the papacy chargeable with many other errors; for they seek to bring Christ into the bread, or to change the bread itself into his flesh and blood. This we can by no means believe; but consider it as a gross error and absurdity. But we believe that Christ is truly ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of the Father. Believing this, we neither believe nor hold any

salvation to be in their meal, or their mass, or purgatory, or their prayers for the dead, or in any such inventions of men, which abound among them, none of which are known in the sacred scriptures, but are excluded therefrom. But in opposition hereto, we invoke God, and seek our salvation in him, and not in any creature; that we may not rob God of the honour due to him, by giving the same to any of the creatures he has made."

The provincial being now come, he began to speak, saying: "Will you not believe in the sacrament, which Christ himself instituted?"

*Jaques.* Sir, Paul says that the bread is broken in remembrance of Him, and the cup of blessing is a communion of the blood of Christ." Herewith he (the provincial) ended his discourse.

*The Lady.* "I consider the worst in you to be, your refusal to baptize the children; for all Germany, and every kingdom, regard your conduct as heresy."

*Jaques.* "Madam, such is indeed the truth, that we are everywhere contemned, and are (like the apostolic band) spoken against in all the world; but do not think that all such will therefore in the last day be lost."

*Lady.* "My dear child, consider; I beg you to come over to our side, and repent; you will then be freed from this trouble, and I again fully promise to procure your entire deliverance and freedom."

*Jaques.* "Madam, I thank you heartily for the affection and kind disposition you have towards me; but I will not exchange my faith to please any mortal being, unless I am proved by the scripture to have erred; that

I might be the friend of God, I have given myself over entirely to him, in whom I hope to live and to die."

*Lady.* "My son, look at all this multitude of people. I compassionate you, and earnestly beseech you to repent of your baptism, and continue not thus hardened. Should you, so young a child, die in consequence, it would be a heavy cross to my heart; take the course then by which you may again be at liberty and return to your home."

*Jaques.* "Madam, in my baptism I can find nothing criminal, considering that herein I have followed not my own will, but the institution of our Lord Jesus Christ. Could I have found another and better way to the kingdom of God, it would not have taken place; for I was desirous with my whole heart to seek the Lord my God."

*Lady.* "Could they then all err, so many learned men, who were before you? can you dare be thus presumptuous?"

*Jaques.* "Madam, in Israel there were as many as four hundred prophets against one Micaiah, who alone spoke the truth, and was fed on bread and water; but king Ahab found it to be true too late in his distress."

*The Lady* finally said: "I find many good qualities in you; but your greatest error I hold to be in your baptism: that I do not think to be of God."

She had him repeatedly brought before her; but he, if young in years, was old in the knowledge of the Saviour, and settled on the foundation-stone, Jesus Christ, so that he valiantly warded off, with the sword



## THINGS SEEN AND UNSEEN.

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of the Spirit, which is the word of God, all the attacks of satan, whether by cruel threatenings or promises of the kingdom of this world. And since no means would he deny Christ, he was condemn the rulers of the darkness of this world to pass from death; and thus witnessed and confirmed his faith in the truth by a bloody death, and obtained through grace the crown of everlasting glory.

Concerning this, see a hymn in the Golden beginning, "At Leeuwarden on a day."

*Dutch Martyrol*

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## THINGS SEEN AND UNSEEN.

THERE is a state unknown, unseen,  
Where parted souls must be;  
And but a step may be between  
That world of souls and me.

The friend I lov'd has thither fled,  
With whom I sojourn'd here;  
I see no sight—I hear no tread;  
But may she not be near?

I see no light—I hear no sound,  
When midnight shades are spread,  
Yet angels pitch their tents around,  
And guard my quiet bed.

Jesus was wrapt from mortal gaze,  
And clouds convey'd him hence;  
Enthron'd amid the sapphire blaze,  
Beyond our feeble sense.

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THINGS SEEN AND UNSEEN.

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Yet say not—who shall mount on high,  
To bring him from above?  
For lo! the Lord is always nigh  
The children of his love.

The Saviour whom I long here sought,  
And would, but cannot, see;  
And is he here? O wondrous thought!  
And will he dwell with me?

I ask not with my mortal eye  
To view the vision bright;  
I dare not see Thee, lest I die;  
Yet Lord, restore my sight!

Give me to see Thee, and to feel  
The mental vision clear:  
The things unseen reveal! reveal!  
And let me know them near.

I seek not fancy's glitt'ring height,  
That charm'd my ardent youth;  
But in thy light would see the light,  
And learn thy perfect truth.

The gath'ring clouds of sense dispel,  
That wrap my soul around;  
In heavenly places make me dwell,  
While treading earthly ground.

Illume this shadowy soul of mine,  
That still in darkness lies;  
O let the light in darkness shine,  
And bid the day-star rise!

Impart the faith that soars on high,  
Beyond this earthly strife,  
That holds sweet converse with the sky,  
And lives eternal life.

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## THE DROMEDARY.

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## THE DROMEDARY.

THE Dromedary is only a distinct species of the camel, the one going under the name of the Bactrian camel, the camel with two hunches, and the other being known as the Arabian camel, or dromedary, with one hump. The former is limited to Persia, Thibet, Turkestan, Tartary, and China; while the dromedary extends from India to Arabia, and the northern regions of Africa.

The dromedary has its name from the extreme rapidity with which it travels; being to the camel what a racer is to a draught horse. The Arabians call it the *mak*.

or *et heirie* ; and, expressing in their figurative language the swiftness of its course, they say, " When thou shalt meet a *heirie* and say to the rider, ' Peace be between us ; ' ere he shall have answered thee, ' There is peace between us, ' he will be far off and nearly out of sight ; for his swiftness is like the wind." It is on this account, as well as for the merchandise that it carries, called " the ship of the desert." Mr. Morgan, in his history of Algiers, states, that a dromedary will traverse as much ground, on a level country, in one night, as any single horse can in ten. The Arabs affirm, that it makes nothing of holding its rapid pace, which is a most violent and hard trot, for four and twenty hours at a stretch, without showing any signs of weariness, or inclination to bait ; and that, having swallowed a ball or two of paste, made of barley meal and the powder of dried dates, with a bowl of water or camel's milk, the untiring animal will seem as fresh as at first setting out, and continue running at the same incredible rate for as many hours longer, and so on from one extremity of the desert to the other, supposing his rider could hold out also. Seventy or a hundred miles in the twenty four hours, and continued at the same rate for successive days, is by no means an unusual speed in travelling. A journey of upwards of six hundred miles has thus been accomplished in the short space of five days. Mr. Morgan was once in a party in which one of these dromedaries ran against some of the swiftest Barbary horses, of the true Libyan breed. These are proverbial for their fleetness ; they are shaped a little like the greyhound, and

will sometimes run down an ostrich. Mr Morgan says, "We all started like racers; and at first, most of the best mounted among us, kept pace pretty well; but our grass-fed horses soon flagged. Several of the Libyan and Numidian coursers kept pace till we, who followed upon a good roundhand-gallop, could no longer discern them. After the dromedary had been out of sight about half an hour, we again espied it flying towards us with an amazing velocity, and was soon amongst us, seemingly nothing concerned, while the horses and mares were all on a foam, and scarcely able to breathe, as was a tall and fleet greyhound that had followed."

Favoured with these useful and essential animals, the Arabs want nothing, and fear nothing. In a single day they are able to traverse a tract of fifty leagues into the desert, and thus easily escape the reach of their foes. All the armies of the world would perish in the pursuit of a troop of Arabs. But the treasure they possess in their camels and dromedaries is often abused, in the crimes that these animals enable their riders to commit. Seated on these swift-footed creatures, the Arabs arrive at the confines of the desert, and rob the first passengers they meet, pillaging the straggling habitations, loading their camels with the booty, and, when pursued by a force greater than their own, they accelerate their hasty retreat; passing over, in eight days, the enormous distance of three hundred leagues. During all that time of fatigue and travel, they do not unload their camels; they only allow them an hour of repose, and a ball of paste each day. In this manner they proceed sometimes

for a week or more without meeting with water; and when they approach a pool or spring, the dromedaries scent the water at the distance of half a league. Thirst redoubles their pace, and they drink as much at once as serves them for the time that has past, and for as long a time to come. The God of nature and of providence has wisely furnished the camel family with qualities admirably adapted to the regions that they traverse, and to the essential office that they fill. The driest thistle and the barest thorn afford them pleasant food; and even these, to save time, they eat while on their journey, without occasioning a moment's delay. As they have to cross immense and trackless deserts, over burning sands and under a scorching sun, and no streams or springs of water to allay their thirst; and even the dews of heaven are withheld; they are able, when they meet with water, to lay in a store that will last them, it is said, for the space of thirty days! To contain so great a quantity of liquid, in the stomach of the camel is formed a large cistern, of numerous concavities, where all this water is deposited, and from which it draws, at will, the quantity required, and with as much ease and in as great freshness, as though it were drawn from a spring.

These natural and needful supplies display alike the wisdom, care, kindness, and condescension of God. Who could contemplate the fact of this singular adaptation of the camel tribe to their situation and wants, without devout acknowledgment of those benevolent traits in the character and providence of God?

## THE YOUNG BAPTISTS' REASONS

FOR NOT BEING CHRISTENED OR CONFIRMED.

*Question.* Why were you not, when an infant, placed under the care of godfathers and godmothers?

*Answer.* Because, 1.—There are no such persons mentioned in the word of God. 2.—Many of those persons who undertake the office never intend to fulfil it. And, 3.—None of them could do it if they would.

*Q.* Why were you not christened in your infancy?

*A.* Because my parents believe, 1.—That christening by sprinkling is not baptism. 2.—That there is neither precept nor example in the New Testament, for the baptism of infants. 3.—That christian baptism is an act of religious worship, which an infant is incapable of performing. And, 4.—That I can derive no benefit from it, and have no right to it, until I am converted, and brought to repent and believe the gospel.

*Q.* Why do you not learn the Church Catechism?

*A.* Because, 1.—Not having been christened in my infancy, which the Catechism supposes all to have been who learn it, I could not repeat it without stating a falsehood. And, 2.—It contains a statement in its second answer which is contrary to the scripture, and calculated to deceive the souls of those who learn it; for it assures all who were christened in their infancy, that they were then made the members of Christ, the children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. Whereas it is plain from their conduct, that the greater part of them neither know nor care anything about religion; and

scriptures declare that none but those who have faith in Christ are the children of God.

**Q.** Why have you not been confirmed according to the practice of the Church of England?

**A.** Because, 1.—I am taught to believe that the practice of confirmation, as adopted by the Established Church, is not supported by any text in the word of God. 2.—Those children who go to be confirmed enter into a solemn engagement which very few of them understand, or even think of after they have left the church, and which none of them can fulfil. 3.—The laying on of the hands of the Bishop is perfectly useless, as he has neither gifts nor grace to bestow; and his prayer, even if he is a good man, is no more effectual than that of any other minister of Jesus Christ. 4.—The Bishop thanks God, in the most solemn manner, for having regenerated, and forgiven all the sins of those who come to be confirmed, while very few, if any of them, give the least reason for believing either that their souls are regenerated or their sins forgiven. And, 5.—Confirmation is viewed by the Church of England, as a qualification for the Lord's supper, which must have a very dangerous tendency, as it leads young persons to suppose that if they are thus qualified they are real christians.

**Q.** Why do you not partake of the Sacrament?

**A.** Because, 1.—The Lord's supper was instituted to be observed, not as a passport to heaven, but as a commemoration of the Saviour's death. 2.—None have a right to partake of it but those who are truly converted



to God ; nor can any persons derive spiritual advancement from it, but the real disciples of Christ. And, 3.—I hope that the kind instructions which I receive from parents and teachers, will be blessed, and their prayers answered, in my conversion, and then I shall be subject for the ordinance of God's house, and his people will be happy to receive me into their society, and partake with them of the Lord's supper.

Q. Then what means do your parents use with a view to promote your spiritual welfare ?

A. All the means which God has appointed for that important purpose. As, 1.—They endeavour to set before me a holy example. 2.—They teach me to read the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make me wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. 3.—They pray for me, and with me, and endeavour to impress upon my mind the great importance of prayer for myself. 4.—They explain to me the doctrines of the gospel as the objects of faith, and the precepts of the word as the rule of conduct. 5.—They warn me against evil companions, and caution me against the practices of the wicked. 6.—They take me to the house of God, and teach me to respect his ministers, and to listen seriously and attentively to his word. 7.—Indeed, while they are deeply concerned to promote my temporal welfare, they are more especially anxious that I should be united to the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart, and that the Holy Spirit should convert me to God, that I should serve him in this world, and enjoy his presence in the world to come.

THE FIG.



THIS picture represents a single fig with its leaves. The fig, which is called in Latin *figus*, in Hebrew *teenah*, in Arabic *teen*, is a much valued fruit, which, though of eastern origin, is now cultivated even in the southern parts of England. In giving the following description of the fig-tree, as it is so often mentioned in the bible, our young readers will be much more interested if they turn to

exts as they read on. The common fig-tree is of rate height, with large five-pointed leaves, which, the tree is of a considerable size, afford a good (1 Kings iv. 25). The figs appear as little knots e the leaves (Cant. ii. 13); when ripe, they are red by shaking the tree (Nah. iii. 12), or they fall ir own accord (Rev. vi. 13). The tree is common lestine (Deut. viii. 8); and its injury or destruction ccounted a great evil (Ps. cv. 33. Jer. v. 17. Hos. ). The tree produces ripe fruit for ten months in ear, at three separate times, namely, at the end of

## THE FIG.

June, in August, and in winter. The figs of the first harvest are the so-called spring figs, which are the sweetest; on which account, as well as because they are the first produce of the year, they are spoken of in terms implying welcome and pleasure (Hos. ix. 10. Jer. xxiv. 2). On account of its "sweetness" and "good fruit," the fig was chosen king of trees in the parable (Judg. ix. 10). The tree required much care, if it was to flourish (Prov. xxvii. 18. Luke xiii. 8). The Hebrews ate figs freshly gathered, or dry and pressed together. They were also beaten into a pulp, of which cakes were made (1 Sam. xxv. 18). In this state they were employed medicinally (2 Kings, xx. 7). Figs were an article of commerce, and were set in comparison with the vine: The tolerated (Luke xiii. 6—9) as well as the accursed (Mark xi. 13, 14) fig-tree was an image of the Jewish people, and of all who delay to improve their spiritual advantages.

The wild fig-tree, or sycamore, is higher and stronger than the common fig, but its fruit is less agreeable to the palate.

This tree attains the magnitude of one of our large oaks, and has still greater longevity. The trunk sometimes measures thirty or forty feet round or more. The branches begin to expand at a height of fifteen or twenty feet from the earth; the lower ones spreading horizontally to a great extent, and those above them grow themselves into conical shapes, so that the tree, from a distance, has very much the look of our Sycamores cast their hospitable shadows to a great distance from their trunks, and fifty or sixty can be

## PROGRESS OF BRITISH BAPTISTS.

horses, and as many Arabs, may not unfrequently be seen encamped, during the heat of the day, under one of these noble trees. The coffins and utensils of the ancient Egyptians, at the present hour found sound and perfect, were made of the sycamore. Like Zaccheus of old (Luke xix. 4), the orientals still climb into sycamores, where they sit to smoke and talk. Amos designates himself "a gatherer of sycamore fruit" (vii. 14).

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## PROGRESS OF BRITISH BAPTISTS.

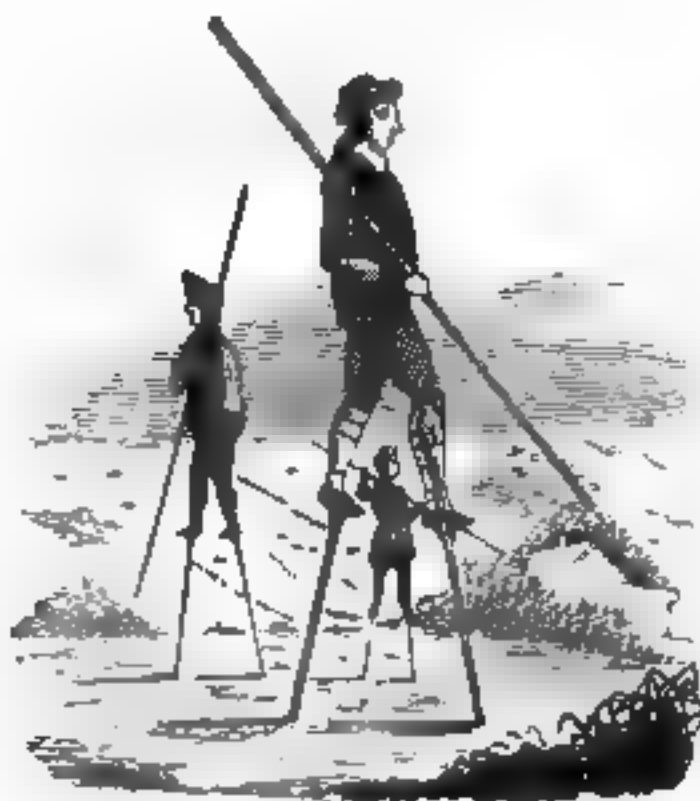
In the year 1650, the baptist churches began to form themselves into associations; and three years afterwards, an epistolary correspondence was opened, including the English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh churches. During the Commonwealth, they were distinguished in various ways. Some of their ministers possessing University honours, preached in parish churches; and some of their members, as Sir Harry Vane, and General Harrison, occupied high posts under the Government. The name of the mighty MILTON, too, is connected with that period. Amidst the changes which followed, much suffering was endured, but great glory resulted from the exhibition of christian principles. Amongst the conspicuous objects of the times under consideration, we have to notice the character and sufferings of Thomas De Laune, Benjamin Keach, and JOHN BUNYAN,—illustrious men of the Baptist Denomination.

In a letter written to Cromwell, by a disaffected officer in the army, the following reference is made to the baptists: "Have they not filled your towns, your cities, your provinces, your islands, your castles, your navies, your tents, your armies, your courts? your very council is not free: only we have left your temples for you to worship in." After making due allowance for exaggeration, this language warrants the conclusion, that the Baptists were very numerous in those days. Probably there never was a period in the history of England, when the practice of adult baptism by immersion made more rapid or more general progress, than during the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth; a period in which the human mind awoke from the sleep of ages, and long-received opinions were brought to the test of reason and revelation. Alluding to the discussions about baptism in the assembly of divines, Neal himself acknowledges, the opinions of the Baptists "began to increase wonderfully out of doors." Many circumstances combined to favour their cause, and to facilitate its prevalence. The dominant church was in a state of entire prostration. The sword of the Civil Magistrate was sheathed. The rights of conscience were respected; controversies were carried on by the *pen* and by the *tongue*; public discussions were held in various parts of the kingdom between Baptists and Pædobaptists; the press teemed with pamphlets and books on the disputed question. Baptist ministers itinerated through every county, preaching, and baptizing their converts; persons of all ranks were thus led to examine the points at issue:

and the examination was favourable to the spread of our distinctive principles. Episcopalians were alarmed; Presbyterians were enraged; and Independents reasoned against the wide-spreading doctrine. Baxter declared immersion dangerous to health, a sure means of death, a breach of the sixth commandment, and *flat murder*. To the practice of dipping in cold water he ascribes the following catalogue of complaints,—“apoplexies, lethargies, palsies, consumption, debility of the stomach, almost all fevers, convulsions, spasms, and tremors! all hepatic, splenetic, pulmonic persons, and hypocondriacs, would soon have enough of it. In a word, it is good for nothing but to dispatch men out of the world that are burdensome, and to ranken churchyards. I conclude, if murder be a sin, then dipping ordinarily over head in England is a sin; and if highway murderers are not to be suffered in a commonwealth, then judge how these Anabaptists are to be suffered.” Notwithstanding this abuse and misrepresentation, the principles of the Baptists continued to spread in all parts of the kingdom.

But in the year 1660 came the restoration of Charles II, so fatal to the liberties of Englishmen, and notorious for destroying nearly all the safeguards of morality and religion,—a period in which the advocates of non resistance and apostolical succession took vengeance on those who beforetime had opposed their leaders in parliamentary debate, and annihilated their armies in the field of battle. Through that and the following reign, most of the dissenters were made “a spectacle to the

## SHEPHERDS OF THE LANDES



THE Landes, in the South, is a tract of between the mouth of the Adour and the sea, according to the old story, was once the sea itself, which in as far as Dax is a bed of sand, the strictest sense of the word, and with extensive woods. The Landes afford turpentine

and charcoal, for trade, as well as a sort of cloth used by the peasantry, made of yarn dipt in tallow. The road is through the sand, unaltered except where it is so loose and deep as to require trunks of fir trees to be laid across to give it firmness. The villages and hamlets stand on spots of fertile soil scattered like islands among the sands. The approach of a corn-field on each side of the road, fenced by hedges, a clump of trees at a little distance, or the spire of a rustic church tapering from among the sands gives notice of the approach to an inhabited spot.

The shepherds are mounted on stilts, and a

storks, along the flat. These stilts raise them from three to five feet: the foot rests on a surface adapted to its sole, carved out of the solid wood; a flat part, shaped to the outside of the leg, and reaching to below the bend of the knee, is strapped round the calf and ankle. The foot is covered by a piece of raw sheep's hide. In these stilts they move with perfect freedom and astonishing rapidity; and they have their balance so completely, that they run, jump, stoop, and even dance, with ease and safety. We made them run races for a piece of money, put on a stone on the ground, to which they pounced down with surprising quickness. They cannot stand quite still without the aid of a long staff, which they always carry in their hands. This guards them against any accidental trip, and when they wish to be at rest, forms a third leg, that keeps them steady. The habit of using the stilts is acquired early, and it appeared that the smaller the boy was, the longer it was necessary to have his stilts. Thus the feet are kept out of the water during the winter, and from the heated sand during the summer: and the sphere of vision over so perfect a flat is materially increased by the elevation, as the shepherd can see his sheep much farther on stilts than he could from the ground.

Once, when Napoleon was on a journey through the south of France, he travelled faster than his guard, which these shepherds observing, two hundred of them assembled about his carriage, formed a guard of honour, and kept pace with it on their stilts, at the rate of seven miles an hour, for two hours together.



## WILLIAM HOLDEN

Was a scholar in the baptist sabbath school, Melb Derbyshire. He had not reached his fourteenth before he was called to resign all connexion with present world, and enter into a world of spirits. six years previous to his death he met with an accident of which he never entirely recovered, but which was supposed to be the cause of his death. He was very fond of his school and his Bible; and it was his constant practice to remember the texts preached from, and repeat them when he returned from places of worship. He also shunned the company of boys who were addicted to swearing, lying, or sabbath-breaking. He liked and remembered and regarded the command, "Honour father and thy mother." He gradually sunk under the influence of a lingering affliction; but his patience and confidence in Christ increased. On one occasion his mother referred to his great sufferings; he replied, "sufferings are nothing to what my Saviour endured." A pious gentleman often called to see him, and was much interested with his simple but heartfelt expressions of happiness. He took great delight in reading serious books; "The Society of Heaven" he especially loved. Three months before his death, his grandfather was called to eternal rest. On being informed of the event, he said, "I shall soon be with her, and we will sit and sing together in glory." He often visited his pious neighbours; one in particular, to whom he opened his mind; and who was fully satisfied that

enjoyed the truth as it is in Jesus. When he was evidently fast sinking in the arms of death, his mother asked him if he was happy; he replied, with peculiar emphasis, "O yes; I can see Jesus, his hands, his feet, his side, that were pierced for me. Bless him, he wants me to come to him." The night before he died he was in agonies of pain, but was consoled by those precious words of the Saviour: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In the midst of excruciating pain he exclaimed, "I shall soon be with my grandmother and sing hallelujah to the Lamb." His pain being increasing severe, he cried out, "Do, Lord, take me to thyself." A little before death he was asked if Christ was then precious: he replied, with much energy, "I do feel him to be precious." He longed to meet his parents and a brother and two sisters in heaven: to one of the latter he said, "If you tell stories you will never go to heaven." On observing his mother to be unhappy on his account, he said, "Mother, if I had lived to grow up I might have been led into sin, and so have been lost; but now I am happy, and am going to heaven." His father being in the field a little before he died, he was asked if he should like to see him. "O yes," he replied; "I love my father, but I love Jesus Christ more; and I am going to him." He had prayed that he might die easy, and his prayer was answered. With perfect composure he fell asleep in the arms of the blessed Saviour whose love he enjoyed, and whose name had been his constant theme, on the twenty-second day of February, 1831.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

Youthful reader, if suddenly called to die, would end be like that of William Holden. In the midst of your play and the delights of early life, do you ever think of death? It may overtake you in an hour, when you are not aware of its approach; and O! how awful should be called away without an interest in Christ. You will not then, with William Holden and millions more, sing,

"Hallelujahs to the Lamb;"

but you will mingle your cries with those of the inhabitants of the pit, where not one solitary gleam of hope is known, but where all is blackness of darkness forever. Do not think you are too young to seek the Lord: He will tell you so to deceive you. Turn a deaf ear to the father of lies, and listen to the God of truth, who says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them."

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## SOWING AND REAPING.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Who are sowing? who are sowing?  
These young children now at play;  
And the scattered seeds are growing  
Night by night, and day by day:  
Some with fruitful grain are shooting;  
Some will only weeds produce,  
Which, alas, will need uprooting,  
Ere the soil be fit for use.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

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Who are sowing? Those just leaving  
Childhood and its sports behind:  
Hearts with golden visions heaving,  
Are they sowing to the wind?  
If they toil, on Christ relying,  
If his glory be their aim,  
They may hope, with hope undying,  
They shall reap immortal fame.

Who are sowing? Those expending  
Manhood's years for objects vain;  
Earth beyond, no thought extending,  
What shall be their future gain?  
Who are sowing? Those still clinging  
To the dregs of life misspent—  
Tares around their footsteps springing,  
Earnest of their doom present.

Who are sowing? who are sowing?  
Children, manhood, youth, and age,  
And the scattered seeds are growing,  
Putting forth at every stage;  
All along life's pathway springing,  
Bearing fruit, or flower, or weed,  
On the air their odour flinging,  
Either for our bane or need.

Soon will dawn the day of reaping—  
Soon the gathering time will come,  
When each seed, its promise keeping,  
All shall bear their harvest home.  
May my soul at last be gathered,  
Jesus, with thy garnered wheat;  
Then, through everlasting ages,  
I shall worship at thy feet.

THE FAREWELL LINES.

"I FOUND on her bed some lines feebly traced  
pencil, and asked her what they were. 'Oh,'  
'I was only trying to write some farewell word  
shape of a little hymn; if you will be so good  
bring a pencil, mother, I can dictate them to you  
am too feeble to write.' I did as she desired, and  
little or no hesitation she repeated, as I wrote  
lines now so precious to us.

'Tis hard to part, 'tis hard to part;  
But Oh, ye would not have me stay,  
When Jesus calls me to depart,  
And I so long to fly away.  
He calls me to my blessed home;  
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.  
My loved ones, check the mourning tear,  
I cannot, must not linger here;  
For though from this fair earth I go,  
My resting-place is not below.  
Seraphs, spread your wings and fly,  
Waft, O waft me to the sky.  
And when ye kneel upon the ground  
Beside the spot where I shall lie,  
Ye'll find an angel hovering round,  
And pointing upward to the sky:  
He says, "Why mourn ye by this tomb?  
Your darling's in her upper home.  
Then ye must upward look, and view  
My little spirit far above;  
I shall look down to smile on you,  
And whisper of my Saviour's love.  
There's room for all on Jesus' breast,  
Then follow me to his sweet rest."

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WHO MADE THE FLOWERS?

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WHO MADE THE FLOWERS?

CHILD.

MOTHER, who made the pretty flowers  
That blossom everywhere?  
The daisies and forget-me-nots,  
And violets so fair?

Who made the golden buttercups,  
That in the meadows grow?  
The bright-eyed little innocence,  
And lilies white as snow.

Who made the wild red columbines,  
And filled each tiny cup  
With honey, which the little bees  
So daintily sip up?

Who made the fragrant clover-fields,  
That drink the summer showers?  
It must have taken very long  
To make so many flowers.

Mother, who keeps the flowers alive,  
And clothes them every day?  
Who watches over them by night,  
To keep all harm away?

MOTHER.

'Twas God, my child, who formed the flowers,  
So exquisitely fair,  
And they, with all his hand hath made,  
His kind protection share.

He formed each leaf and opening bud,  
With skill so nice and true,

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## THE RAINBOW.

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And gave to some a golden tint,  
To some a violet hue.

God shields the tender flowers by night,  
And cares for them by day;  
He giveth to each different plant  
Its beautiful array.

He sends the soft refreshing rain,  
The gentle summer showers,  
And light, and air, and falling dew,  
He giveth to the flowers.

'Tis the same God who formed the flowers,  
Makes my sweet child his care;  
Then daily raise thine infant heart  
To him in grateful prayer.

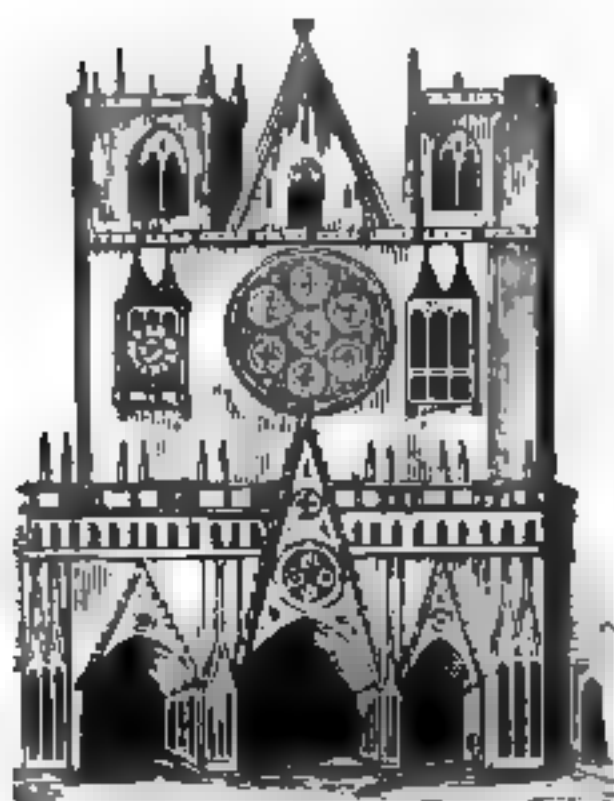
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## THE RAINBOW.

WHEN on the vernal plain  
Spring's genial showers descend,  
And sunbeams with the glitt'ring rain  
Their golden radiance blend;  
The covenant rainbow spring's to view,  
Deep glowing with her seven-fold hue.

Thus when the sinner's tears  
From deep repentance flow,  
A gladd'ning sunshine o'er his fears  
The smiles of Jesus throw;  
The bow of promise shines in Heaven—  
He looks, and sees his sins forgiven.

## CURIOUS CLOCK AT STRASBURGH.



At Strasburg there is a clock of all others the most famous, invented by Conradius Dasipodius, in the year 1571. Before the clock stands a globe on the ground, showing the motions of the heavens, stars, and planets. The heavens are carried about by the first mover in twenty-four hours. Saturn, by his proper motion, is carried about in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve;

and the Sun, Mercury, and Venus, in one year; and the Moon in one month. In the clock itself there are two tables on the right and left hand, showing eclipses of the sun and moon from the year 1578 to year 1624. The third table in the middle, is divided into three parts. In the first part the statues of Apollo

and Diana shew the course of the year, and the day of the year, being carried about in one year; the second part shews the year of our Lord, and the equinoctial points, the hours of each day, the minutes of each hour, the quarters of the day, and all other feasts, and the dominical letter. The third part hath the geographical description of all



Germany, and particularly of Strasburgh, and the name of the inventor and all the workmen. In the middle frame of the clock is an astrolabe, shewing the sign which each planet is every day; and there are statutes of the seven planets upon a round piece of iron, lying flat, so that every day the planet that rises the day comes forth, the rest being hid within their frames, till they come out by course at their day, the sun upon Sunday, and so for all the week. There is also a terrestrial globe which shews the quarters of the half-hour, and the minutes. There is also the statue of a dead man, and statues of two boys, whereof one turns the hour-glass when the clock hath struck, the other puts forth the rod in his hand at each stroke of the clock. Moreover, there are the statues of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and many observations of the moon. In the upper part of the clock are four old men's statues which strike the quarters of the hour, the statue of Death comes out at each quarter to strike, but is driven back by the statue of Christ, with a staff in his hand, for three quarters, but in the fourth quarter that of Christ goes back, and that of Death strikes the hour with a bone in his hand, and then the clock sounds. On the top of the clock is an image of a crow which twice in the day crows aloud and claps his wings. Besides, this clock is decked with many rare pictures, and, being on the inside of the church, carries an iron frame to the outside of the walls, wherein the hours of the sun, the courses of the moon, the length of the year, and such other things, are set out with great art.

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## A FADED FLOWER.

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uch is the account given by Morrison, in his *Itine-*  
; of this curious clock. We are, however, not dis-  
ed to believe all he says about it. And yet, that it  
very singular piece of mechanism there can be no  
bt.

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## A FADED FLOWER.

grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand  
for ever."

you not love the return of spring? So bright and  
itiful are the green fields and hedgerows; one pretty  
er after another peeping from its warm bed; the  
e birds singing so joyously; all things waking to life  
hope—each so fresh and full of promise. Your  
ng hearts feel in their gladness that the great God  
it be very good when he gave us a world so beautiful  
which to live.

nd then the summer comes, and you gather a cap  
of flowers, and sit in the warm sun. The little in-  
s are humming around you, rejoicing in their short

But the grass looks dry and scorched; the flowers  
love so well droop their heads—the fairest and love-  
; seem even the frailest; and these bright treasures  
after another fade and die.

s you look above into the clear blue sky, and watch  
light clouds floating over you, think how great that  
l must be who made the glorious sun, each day to  
lden us with its beams; who bids each little floweret  
old beneath its warmth, and every insect and each

living creature rejoice in its light. And then you will do well to remember that he has told us, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Do you understand this? I will try to help you.

Amidst all that is so beautiful and fleeting, our Father would teach us that there is one thing in which we may repose—his Word—and that because it cannot, like these things, pass away; therefore we may trust in it, and love it with our whole heart.

I knew a dear girl who, like yourselves, rejoiced in all that was bright around her; who loved the green fields and the flowers, and the glad summer days. She was an only child—the child of deep and earnest love: and not only did she look on the outward world and rejoice, but in her home she knew that she was the centre of all its joy and hope. She lived to make others happy and rejoiced in life. Her nature was so gentle and loving that she did not even try to resist the wishes of her parents, but felt they were a law to her. Her school days passed happily and cheerfully by. She loved then to commit to memory portions of God's word. And she learned many a beautiful promise which, in after scenes, was her trust and her hope. Her father says that the 119th Psalm was a great favourite with her, and many of Dr. Watt's psalms and hymns. Little, perhaps, did she then think, that in the hours of sickness and suffering, these precious truths would come home to her heart with power to comfort and strengthen her as the very words of her Father in heaven: that as all things

else were fading, that word would abide with her, and guide her to life eternal.

Not only was she loved in her own house, but in her daily duties she endeared herself by her obliging and cheerful manner to all around her. One thing that made her much respected was her love of truth. Whatever she said might always be relied on.

You would like to know her name; it was Emma Pratt. While yet very young she had a severe illness; she was laid aside from the active duties of life, and endured much suffering; and now she needed something in which to trust; and by his holy word her God was teaching her that this earth, so fair and beautiful, is not our home; that this life is given us to prepare for an endless hereafter; that it is a precious gift, and we may not use it idly as too many do; but each moment, as it passes, is of infinite value to us; that we have each a great work to accomplish, and only as God teaches us can we rightly consecrate ourselves to him.

Emma was raised up again from a bed of sickness, and for many months she seemed to enjoy good health. Her parents rejoiced in the hope that yet her life would be spared to them; and life must have been beautiful and full of promise to one so young and dearly loved. She needed within her heart a true word of promise on which to rely when called to leave it all, and to enter that vast eternity to which we are each hastening.

Again in January, 1853, she was taken suddenly ill; and although the best medical skill was called to her aid, it was soon evident that, like the grass of the field and the flowers of summer, she was fading away;

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## A FADED FLOWER.

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serve him day and night; and bid  
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ore her death, July 28, 1853, they  
quite happy, and Christ still pre-  
said, "happy, happy;" and with a  
ep in Jesus—nay, she has awakened  
f all she believed; and amidst the  
whom no tongue can number, she  
s of Jesus for ever and ever.

ur children, will not you love that  
Emma Pratt into that pure fellow-  
young friends to whom her death,  
r hearts, was a messenger of love,  
Saviour. And will not you, whose  
is page, lift up your heart to that  
hes over your childhood, and who  
esus Christ. Will not you now cry  
er, my Father, thou shalt be the

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es were composed by a young friend  
iss Emma Pratt, of Coventry, who  
853, aged sixteen years.

l of anguish lying,  
around may weep to see;  
uthful saint in dying,  
r soul, O God, to thee:  
y Emma now can trace  
er, happier, resting-place.

bed of anguish now,  
l is ebbing fast away;

and now she knew that the precious word of Christ, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," was the only thing in which she could trust. As a little child, she leaned on his promise — "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." She believed that he could cleanse her from all sin, and give her that life and immortality he had brought to light in the gospel. She was seven months the subject of most painful suffering, but no murmur escaped her lips. She knew it was her Father's hand that was leading her, and she tried ever to say, "Not my will, but thine be done." She knew that he loved her tenderly, and would sustain and comfort her whatever she had to pass through.

When her parents knew that she could not recover, they gently told her that there was no hope. She answered, "I am quite resigned to my Heavenly Father's will: I am not at all anxious to recover."

It was not that she was weary of life, or that she did not dearly love her parents; but she knew in whom she had believed; and that he was able to keep that which she had committed unto him against that day. And what a bright day dawned on her through her sufferings; a day when, free from sin and clothed in the righteousness of Christ, she should be with him, and love him as on earth she never could. Thoughts of that bright land, which eye hath not seen, were ever present to her, and Jesus was the light of her spirit: she would talk of him and long to be with him. She would tell her weeping parents that they too should be washed in the blood of Jesus, and ere long again they would be one in that

blest assembly that serve him day and night; and bid them be comforted in the thought of that reunion.

A short time before her death, July 28, 1853, they asked her if she was quite happy, and Christ still precious: to which she said, "happy, happy;" and with a sweet smile fell asleep in Jesus—nay, she has awakened to the realization of all she believed; and amidst the countless multitude, whom no tongue can number, she is singing the praises of Jesus for ever and ever.

And now, my dear children, will not you love that word which guided Emma Pratt into that pure fellowship. I know some young friends to whom her death, sad as it was to their hearts, was a messenger of love, leading them to the Saviour. And will not you, whose eye now rests on this page, lift up your heart to that great God who watches over your childhood, and who loves you through Jesus Christ. Will not you now cry to him, "My Father, my Father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth."

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The following lines were composed by a young friend on the death of Miss Emma Pratt, of Coventry, who departed, July 28, 1853, aged sixteen years.

On the bed of anguish lying,  
Friends around may weep to see;  
But the youthful saint in dying,  
Lifts her soul, O God, to thee:  
And calmly Emma now can trace  
Her brighter, happier, resting-place.  
From the bed of anguish now,  
Her soul is ebbing fast away;



The chill of death is on her brow ;  
See her feeble frame decay :  
Though sinking fast, her spirit soars  
Nearer to the eternal shores.

Why do parents weep beside her ?  
Soon the struggle will be past ;  
Can they not in faith confide her  
To her Father God at last ?  
Angel spirits—beings bright—  
Bear her to the realms of light.

One look of love, one gentle sigh—  
The gloomy vale is trod :  
But lo ! her rod and staff were nigh ;  
And trusting in her God,  
She rose on wings of faith and love,  
To join the ransomed hosts above.

Weep not, parents, nor deplore her,  
Tho' from earth she wing'd her flight ;  
All your tears may not restore her,  
Now she treads yon world of light :  
Clad in garments washed in blood,  
View her near the throne of God.

There with angel-saints adoring,  
Her glad spirit bears its part ;  
Ne'er again with grief deploring,  
Aught from sin or satan's dart :  
There the white-robed hosts among,  
Now she joins the glittering throng.

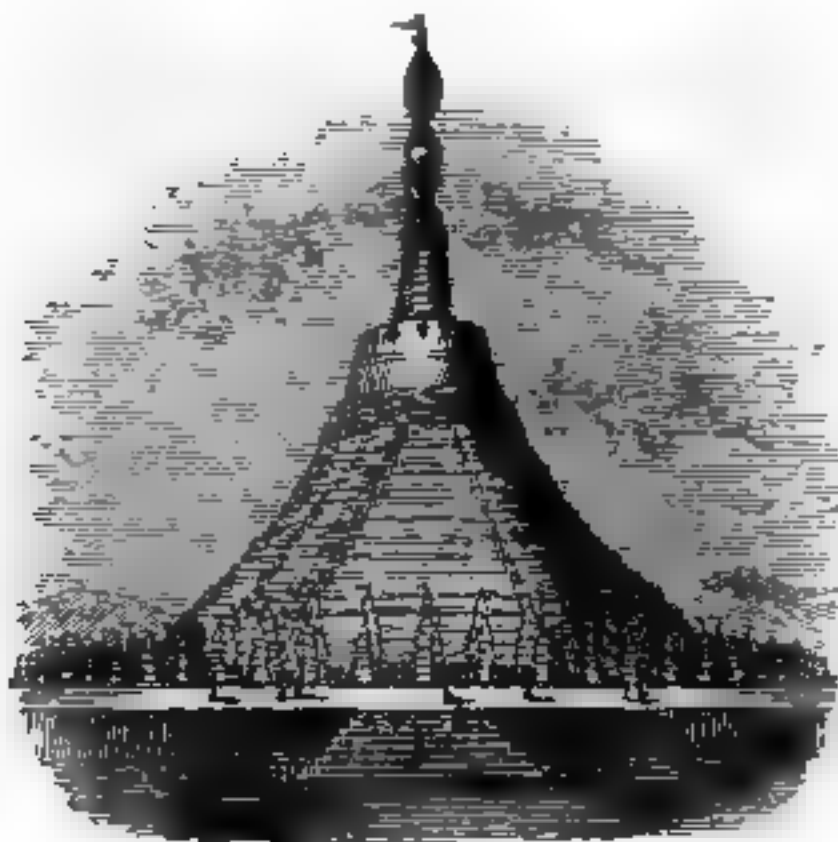
Then weep not, parents, for your child,  
She has entered into rest ;  
And let not your grief be wild,  
Lo she mingles with the blest :  
Praise, her sweet employment given ;  
Her's the joy, the bliss of heaven.

C. OSM

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## THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.

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## THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.

SAH is an extensive country between India and  
a, containing many millions of people. It is called  
Burman Empire; and its sovereign is despotic—that  
can do what he pleases with the lives or property  
s subjects. His word is law. He assumes, like  
eastern monarchs, the greatest pomp, and receives  
most extravagant titles in token of respect and  
age. If any intelligence be conveyed to him, it is  
to have reached “the golden ear;” the perfume of  
is described as grateful to “the golden nose;” and  
who are admitted into the imperial presence, and

obtain even a distant and momentary view of this august personage, are said to have approached "the golden feet." The people generally are cunning and deceitful, and the women are regarded as inferior beings: they are bought, sold, or lent, as their masters please, and are never allowed to leave the country.

With respect to religion, the Burmese are without hope and without God in the world. They are worshippers of Boodh. The Boodhists do not believe in a First Cause. They consider matter as eternal. They are, in short, a nation of atheists. Boodh, however, is universally worshipped under the title Gaudma, or Guadama. Numerous temples, some of the most splendid and sumptuous description, are erected to his honour. The engraving is a representation of Shoenamadoo, or the Golden Supreme, in the country of Pegu. And at a marble quarry, near the banks of the Irawadd river, there is a large manufactory where images of Guadama are made, and whence they are distributed over the whole empire.

The baptist missionaries at Serampore first sent two of their brethren to Burmah in 1807.

In 1813, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, from America, arrived at Rangoon; but it was not until several years of labour and prayer had passed away that they observed any results of their anxious toils.

In the year 1817 they heard, for the first time, the lips of a Burman, the all-important question, "What must I do to be saved?" "As I was sitting with my teacher," says Mr. Judson, "a Burman of respect-

appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question: Where he came from? to which he gave me no explicit reply; and I began to suspect that he had come from the government-house to enforce a trifling request, which in the morning we had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me by asking, 'How long a time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?' I replied that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus was soon learned; but without God, a man might study all his life long, and make no proficiency. 'But how,' continued I, 'came you to know anything about Jesus?' 'I have seen two little books!' was his reply."

We may conceive with what emotions the missionary put the two next questions, and with what holy ecstasy he heard the Burman's answers. "Who is Jesus?" "He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into the world and suffered in their stead." "Who is God?" "He is a Being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age or death—but *always is*." "I cannot tell," says Mr. Judson, "how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had heard from the lips of a Burmese."

Other missionaries came to the help of Mr. and Mrs. Judson. Schools were formed, scriptures translated, a Zayat, or place of worship, erected, and three converted Burmese met together for prayer.

The missionaries resolved to visit the emperor at Ava. As the emperor cannot be approached without a present,

the missionaries resolved to offer one approach to their character—the Bible, in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, in Burman style, each volume being in a rich wrapper.

After an anxious and perilous voyage, they obtained an introduction to the king, surrounded by splendour exceeding their expectation; when, after a long audience, Moung Zah, the private minister of state, interpreted his royal master's will in the following words: "In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them; take them away."

The missionaries and the word of their God were thus rejected by this proud young monarch, and they turned to Rangoon to pursue their labours, and at length had the pleasure of receiving first one and then another of the natives into the church of Christ.

In a few years a war broke out between the British and the Burmese, by which his golden-footed monarch lost a considerable part of his dominions. During the war the missionaries endured many privations and hardships, especially the excellent Mrs. Judson. Our young people should read the life of this devoted female missionary. It is one of the most interesting books in the world.

Years passed away; Mrs. Judson died; and a man worn out with his labours to give the Burmese a complete translation of the whole Bible, Dr. Judson also. Their names will be had in remembrance in Burmah to the end of time.

Again war broke out, and again the emperor was defeated. But though this sovereign lost part of his dominions, HE, whose right it is to reign, advanced the interests of his own kingdom by blessing the efforts of his servants. Jesus Christ has now gained converts—numerous converts—in Burmah. Scores and hundreds have been converted, baptized, and added to the churches, especially at Tavoy, and among the Karens. And the most recent intelligence from this interesting scene of missionary operations is of the most encouraging character. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Go, my young reader, now, and read the second Psalm; and from having read the above, you will perhaps understand that portion of holy scripture better than you ever did before.

“Shout! for the blessed Jesus reigns;  
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;  
And sinners, free'd from endless pains,  
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

His sons and daughters from afar,  
Dally at Zion's gates arrive;  
Those who were dead in sin before,  
By sovereign grace are made alive.

Oppressors bow beneath his feet,  
O'ercome by his victorious power;  
Princes in humble posture wait;  
And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.

Gentiles and Jews his laws obey;  
Nations remote their offerings bring,  
And unconstrain'd, their homage pay  
To our exalted God and King!

O may his conquests still increase,  
And while fresh wreaths adorn his brow,  
Let angels celebrate his praise,  
And saints his growing glories show.”

## ROMAN POPERY.

AFTER heathenism fell before the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, popery rose in its place. Popery is heathenism under another name, and has borrowed many of its rites and ceremonies from the heathens. Papists have even tried to prevent the circulation of the Bible, and popish priests have contrived many doctrines and tricks to deceive the people and pocket their money. Two of their favourite doctrines are what are called transubstantiation and purgatory. By transubstantiation they mean, that the bread used at the Lord's supper is really changed into the body and blood of Christ, and they are very strenuous in maintaining this doctrine, for it greatly exalts their ungodly priesthood, as the poor ignorant people must form a high opinion of their priests when they suppose that by the ceremony of consecration they change a piece of bread into the blood and body of the Lord. Thousands of martyrs have been murdered by the papists for rejecting this doctrine, and doubtless if the pope and his adherents had the power they once possessed, they would act these scenes of blood over again. —Purgatory is represented by the papists as a state of punishment into which persons go to be purified and prepared for heaven. It has been a gainful device to the popish priests, as they profess by masses and prayers to deliver souls from purgatory, and as they choose to be paid well for so doing, they have in this way doubtless gained millions of money. We recommend all our young friends that can procure it, to

read "Fox's Book of Martyrs." This will shew them what popery is; but as many of them may be unable to procure it, we shall now and then furnish them with some information on this subject.

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### A BLIND BOY BURNED ALIVE.

IN the reign of the persecuting Mary, a poor blind boy was apprehended and cast into prison; at length he was brought before the Chancellor of Gloucester, who examined him whether he believed Christ's body to be really present in the sacrament of the altar? He replied that he did not. Then said the Chancellor, "Who taught thee this heresy?" The boy answered, "You, Master Chancellor, when in yonder pulpit you taught us that the sacrament was to be received spiritually by faith, and not carnally and really as the papists teach."\* "But," said the Chancellor, "Do thou as I have done, and thou shalt live as I do, and escape burning." The Boy answered, "Though you can so easily dispense with your conscience, and mock God and the world, yet will not I do so." Then said the Chancellor, "God have mercy upon thee, for I will read the sentence of condemnation against thee." "God's will be fulfilled," said the Boy. Then the Chancellor condemned him and another called Thomas Croker. After this they were burned to death, and suffered with much constancy, joyfully yielding up their spirits into the hands of God.

\* The Chancellor was an Apostate.





ROGER WILLIAMS ESCAPING TO THE INDIANS.

## AMERICAN BAPTISTS.

**THERE** are some most interesting facts connected with the History of the baptists in America. In 1631, Roger Williams, (who had been a Clergyman of the Church of England, but disliking its formalities, seceded, and ranged himself with the Separatists) fled to America from the persecutions which then raged in this country. The great principles of civil and religious liberty were not then understood in the Western World, and as Mr. Williams was a man of intrepid firmness in advocating those principles, we are not surprised at the excitement and opposition which his doctrines awakened. He settled first at Boston, New England; the magistracy of which condemned his opinions, and subsequently sentenced him to banishment. Under that cruel act of legislation, he was driven from his family, in the midst of winter, to seek for refuge amongst the wild Indians. After great sufferings, having conciliated the Indians, he commenced the formation of a colony, to which he gave the name of *Providence*, situate on Rhode Island, a name which it still bears.

Thus he became the founder of a new order of things. Several of his friends afterwards joined him, and in that infant settlement he sustained the two-fold character of Minister and Lawgiver. He formed a constitution on the broad principles of civil and religious liberty, and thus became the first ruler that recognized equal rights. Nearly a century and a half after that, when the Americans achieved their independence, thirteen of the States

united in forming a Government for themselves, and adopted that principle.

Drs. Cox and Hoby, in their "Baptists in America," observe,—“ Roger Williams was one of the most extraordinary men of the age; and when we consider his liberality at that period, we cannot but regard him as almost a prodigy. He contended that church and state were separate, and that the land could not be lawfully taken from the Indians without their consent; that ‘*Civil Magistrates, as such, have no power in the Church, and that Christians, as such, are subject to no laws or control but those of KING JESUS.*’ These were alarming doctrines for those times. He was summoned before Synods, and threatened with excommunication, but he stood firmly to the faith; and, after repeated trials and persecutions, he was banished as a pest in society, and an officer was dispatched to put him on board a vessel, and send him to England. He was warned of his danger, and, rising from his sick bed, fled and built his wigwam within the jurisdiction of Plymouth colony. But Massachusetts demanded that he should be delivered up, and Governor Winslow, not having sufficient firmness to protect him, secretly advised Williams to leave the jurisdiction of Plymouth. He threw himself into a canoe with his companions, floated down the stream, and rounded the point of Tockwotton. Life or death seemed under God to depend upon the manner in which they were met by the Indians, who watched their approach; when the salutation from one of the savages ‘*What cheer!*’ assured the outcasts of a friendly reception. To

commemorate the goodness of God, who had thus guided and preserved them, they ultimately gave their settlement the name of 'Providence.' No cross was reared, no standard was planted, no monument was erected, no coins were buried, and not even a record was made, for these wanderers were destitute of paper and books. And this was the spot on which one of the most thriving cities of the United States now stands. It was here the true principles of toleration were planted, and have since flourished. The Indians had no such quality as intolerance among them, and with them Williams was free to enjoy his own opinions unmolested."

It has been well observed, that the millions in both hemispheres who are now rejoicing in the triumph of liberal principles, should unite in erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of Roger Williams, the first Governor who held liberty of conscience to be the birth-right of man.

In the year 1639, Mr. Williams formed the first baptist church in America. About this period, severe enactments were enforced against Baptists and Quakers. In 1636, it was enacted, that "if any Christian shall openly condemn the baptizing of infants, or shall purposely depart from the congregation at the administration of that ordinance, he shall be banished." But although Episcopalians and Puritans united to persecute Baptists and Quakers, Baptists or Quakers never persecuted them. In after years, they were annoyed by demands, or taxes, for ecclesiastical purposes, which they uniformly resisted. In 1774, the baptists held a

day of fasting and prayer "in behalf of our poor persecutors, and for the releasement of our brethren. They now made a strong effort to secure full liberty of conscience, cheered on by those distinguished patriots, Henry, Madison, and Jefferson, and they succeeded in abolishing the attempted Episcopal Hierarchy.

In February, 1785, a law for the establishment and support of religion was passed in Georgia, through the influence of the Episcopalians. It embraced all denominations, and gave all equal privileges; but in May the Baptists remonstrated against it, sent two messengers to the Legislature, and the next session it was repealed. In both ministers and members they were much more numerous than any other denomination. Their preaching might have occupied every neighbourhood, and laid upon the public treasury; but no—they knew Christ's "kingdom is not of this world," and believed that any dependence on the civil power for its support tends to corrupt the purity and pristine loveliness of Religion. They therefore preferred to pine in poverty as many of them did, than allow or sanction an unholy marriage between the church of Christ and the authority of the State. The overthrow of all the above-named laws is to be attributed to their unremitting efforts; they generally struck the first blow, and thus inspired other sects with their own intrepidity. It is owing to their sentiments chiefly, as the friends of religious liberty, that no law abridging the freedom of thought or opinion, touching religious worship, is now in force to disgrace our statute books. It is not here asserted

but for their efforts, a system of persecution, cruel and relentless as that of Mary of England, or Catherine de Medici of France, would now have obtained in these United States; but it is asserted that the baptists have successfully propagated their sentiments on the subject of religious liberty, at the cost of suffering in property, in person, in limb, and in life. Let the sacrifice be ever so great, they have always freely made it, in testimony of their indignation against laws which would fetter the conscience. Their opposition to tyranny was implacable, and it mattered not whether the intention was to tax the people without representation, or to give to the civil magistrate authority to settle religious questions by the sword. In either case, it met in every baptist an irreconcilable foe.

The question may be asked, how should this denomination, in its sentiments on religious liberty, be so much in advance of the age? The form of church government established by the Puritans was a pure democracy, and essentially that of the baptists. True; but in the reception of members, the two denominations differ widely; while a large portion of the former come into the church by birth, or mere form, the latter enter on their own responsibility. From the first, the baptists seem to have perceived the truth on this subject. Whether they derived it from particular texts, or from the general principles of the bible, it is not now for us to enquire. Their knowledge on this subject is coeval with their existence as a distinct people. Religious liberty is a baptist watchword, a kind of talisman, which operates

like a charm, and nerves every man for action. But while the baptists have been the undeviating friends of *religious* liberty, at the same time they have laboured, and suffered, and made sacrifices for *civil* liberty. The patriotism of no class has burned with a purer or steadier flame,—none other has exhibited a loftier attachment to country and to civil rights. Washington himself declared that the baptists “have been, throughout America, uniformly, and almost unanimously, the firm friends of civil liberty, and the persevering promoters of our glorious Revolution.”

Involuntary respect goes forth to the man who brings to light some great and useful truth in the sciences or in the arts. Such as the discovery of the art of printing,—the power and uses of steam,—the true theory of the solar system: but what are these in comparison with the great moral truth which the baptists have held forth before the public eye for centuries?—a truth without which life would be a burden, and civil liberty but a mockery. Nor is this all. While the baptists have always defended the principles of religious liberty, they have never violated them. They have had but one opportunity of forming a system of civil government, and they so formed it as to create an era in the history of civilization. In the little baptist State of Rhode Island was the experiment first attempted of leaving religion wholly to herself, unprotected and unsustained by the civil arm. The principles which were here first planted, have taken root in other lands, and have borne abundant fruit. The world is coming nearer to the

opinions of Roger Williams; and so universally are his sentiments now adopted in this country, that, like other successful philosophers, he is likely himself to be lost in the blaze of his own discovery.

The baptist churches of the United States have multiplied exceedingly, and they now assume a leading attitude amongst the religious communities of that vast republic. One sad and shameful stain rests upon *some* of their churches and ministers, as upon some of those of other denominations—they sanction slavery!

The "Baptist Almanack," for 1854, gives the following summary of baptists in the United States, the British Provinces, and the West India Islands:—"Associations, 797; Churches, 16,273; Ordained Ministers, 11,079; Licentiates, 1,357; Baptized in one year, 61,973; Communicants, 1,208,765."

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### THE GOOD PRINCE.

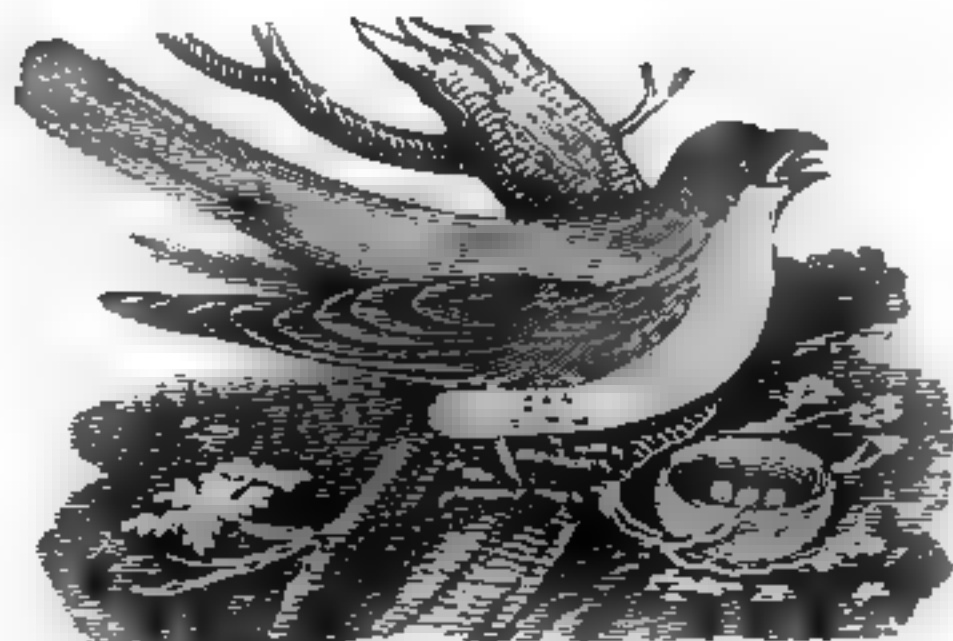
If the history of the world had ever afforded an instance of a good prince, whose government was most rightful, his administration according to the best laws, tempered with equity and moderation; his temper gentle and mild, most affable and condescending; one that treated his subjects as any father could do his children, laying himself out entirely for their benefit and service, so that the people could not but own he had done all things well: how surprising would it be, to find after all, that this good prince was assassinated by those whom he had most obliged; and that there should be any beings on



this side hell capable of such a thing. Well, in the last agonies of his life, he called some friends about him and says to this purpose — “ I am dying of the wound they gave me ; I had reason to expect a kinder return however I forbid all revenge upon any of those that relent upon it ; and, before I die, I order that there be an act of grace forthwith drawn up, and proclaimed for the pardon of my murderers, upon condition only that they be sensible of what they have done, that they acknowledge their fault : and to give them assurance that they may depend upon it, I will have it subscribed and sealed with some of that very blood which they have drawn. And since I find myself dying away, I do command with my last breath, that the heralds who shall proclaim this do send the first copy of it to him who gave me the first wound, and the second to him who struck the deepest, and so gave up the ghost. How would all the angels have rung of such an instance as this ? What a noise would it have made in the world ? His name would have stood for the figure of all goodness. Art and science would have lavished all their treasures upon the memory of so much grace. The historian, the orator, the poet, the painter, the statuary, would all have employed their utmost skill. Nor would they have refrained from raising altars to so much divinity incarnate. There is a person of whom all this is fact ; there is a name to which all this is due : it is thine, oh Jesus ! that lovely name ! “ Even Jesus, that hath delivered us from the wrath to come,” by dying under our hands, and for our sakes.

## THE CUCKOO.

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## THE CUCKOO.

THIS most extraordinary bird, extraordinary as regards its plumage and form, which, in a great degree, resemble that of the hawk, so much so indeed that even the small birds, such as swallows and others, mistaking it for an enemy, will mob it out of their neighbourhood, but more curious on account of its habits, which are unlike those of any other bird, appears in England towards the middle or latter end of April: like the parrots and the other climbing birds, it has two toes placed forward and two behind.

Although in outward appearance the cuckoo resembles a bird of prey, yet its habits and its internal organization prove that it lives on insects only; and though, in captivity, it has been known to feed on flesh, when cooked

and chopped fine, yet it always appears to pass with reluctance.

The most curious part of the history of it consists in the manner in which the female deposits her eggs; in this she differs so extremely from other birds, that were it not that the fact has been tested by the most credible and intelligent eyes, it would hardly be deserving of belief. The cuckoo, in general, builds no nest of her own, but deposits her eggs, almost always singly, in the nest of some other bird, most frequently in the nest of the hedge-sparrow. The small bird carefully sits on the egg thus placed; and when the young is hatched, it is reared with as much care as if the offspring was her own. An experiment has proved, that if the egg of any other bird is introduced into the nest, it is either thrown out, broken, or the nest is entirely deserted.

Another curious fact is, that the young of the cuckoo, as soon as it is hatched, applies itself to driving out the rightful owners of the nest; to this end the young cuckoo thrusts itself underneath the parent bird, and then the young bird it wishes to remove, and then carries it back, which is peculiarly broad and flat, to the nest, and throws it over: this is a work of considerable difficulty, and only effected after repeated attempts.

So you see there are selfish birds as well as sensible ones. Now I know that some boys don't like the cuckoo playing these tricks. Well, they must not play these tricks themselves. Let them mind that; or else they will be just as bad as this ungrateful bird.

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## RETURN OF THE CUCKOO.

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### RETURN OF THE CUCKOO.

HAIL beauteous stranger of the wood,  
Attendant on the spring;  
Now heaven repairs thy vernal seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear;  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
When heaven is fill'd with music sweet  
Of birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering in the wood,  
To pull the flowers so gay,  
Starts up—thy curious voice to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fly'st the vocal vale;  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year.

O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;  
We'd make with social wing,  
Our annual visits o'er the globe,  
Companions of the spring.

*Logan.*

LISTENING THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee, and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
That seems to fill the whole air's space,  
As loud far off as near.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird ; but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my schoolboy days  
I listened to ; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways,  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,  
Can lie upon the plain,  
And listen till I do beget  
That golden time again.

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## THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

WHAT is that little boy doing? he has for a long time been chasing that pretty butterfly; often he came near it and thought he should catch it, but it always flew away again just as he was going to seize it.

Now it has settled on a tulip, and he thinks he shall it, for see! he is just going to throw his cap over it. I fear he will break the flower and perhaps kill the poor butterfly: and if he catches it he may hurt it very much with nipping and squeezing it in his warm hands—Poor little creature! If God Almighty were to permit it to speak as he did Balaam's ass I think it would say, "O you cruel boy! why do you run after me to catch and torment me? I never did you harm—I was flying about from flower to flower in the sunshine, enjoying all the good things my Heavenly Father has provided for me; O leave me alone, or God Almighty, who is my Maker as well as your's, will be angry with you, for "his tender mercies are over all his works."

My little reader, I hope you will not be cruel to any dumb creatures, but I wish to remind you of something more—How many young persons are eagerly pursuing the vanities and pleasures of this world, and, like the boy chasing the butterfly, they run with eagerness to seize them, and when they imagine they are just about to grasp them, they "take unto themselves wings and fly away."

O! how many young people have confessed this to be the case; and yet how eagerly do multitudes still seek

## THE YOUNG ROBIN.

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these forbidden pleasures at the risk of the displeasure of God, and the loss of their immortal Souls!

My dear young reader, be wiser; let a nobler choice be your's. Seek, O seek, the pardon and favour of God through Jesus Christ. Give the spring-time of your life and the bloom of your days to your dear Saviour who shed his blood for you, and who will, if you are faithful to him unto death, introduce you to an incorruptible inheritance, where

"Everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers."

There, blooming with unfading youth, and adorned with robes of immortal beauty, you will enjoy an unbroken and unclouded prospect of never-ending felicity! And then, O then, where will the pleasures of the worldling be?—gone for ever! whilst he is left the subject of bitter disappointment and eternal despair

Resolve, then, my young reader, to seek after durable riches and righteousness, and ever say,

Vain world thy weak attempts forbear,  
I all thy charms defy;  
And rate my precious soul too dear  
For all thy wealth to buy!

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## THE YOUNG ROBIN.

PASSING down a narrow lane one morning, I observed a boy playing with a little bird on a wall: "Well, my boy," said I, "What have you got there?" "A young robin, sir." "And what are you going to do with it?" "It has flown out of that nest at the end of the hovel,

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## POOR JACK AND HIS BIBLE.

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"I shall let it go back again: I must not keep it, for a robin." "And why must you not keep it because a robin?" "O, it would be a *sin*, sir, to keep a red-breast." I asked him if he ever thought it a sin to play on the sabbath; to this he made no reply. I then talked to him a short time, and left him.

Now I wish to remind the boys who read this, that they ought not to be cruel to any of God Almighty's creatures, and that it is very hard hearted of them to hunt and seek for, and then take away the nests, eggs, or young ones, not only of robins, but hedge sparrows, or other birds. And though it is sinful and wicked to be cruel even to a fly, yet, I fear, some boys think there is more sin in taking the nest of a robin than in swearing, or breaking the sabbath, or disobeying their parents. Such boys are like the Pharisees of old; they "strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." And I would advise you to read the xxiii chapter of Matthew.

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## POOR JACK AND HIS BIBLE.

Several years ago, one of his Majesty's ships struck on a hidden rock off the coast of Scotland. Several of the crew got into the boat, which was upset, and they were washed overboard. The remainder of the crew clung to the ship's side, and a calm coming on, they at length got safe to shore. The bodies of those that had ventured into the sea were afterwards found, and carried to the village church house. A survivor says, "In the evening I went



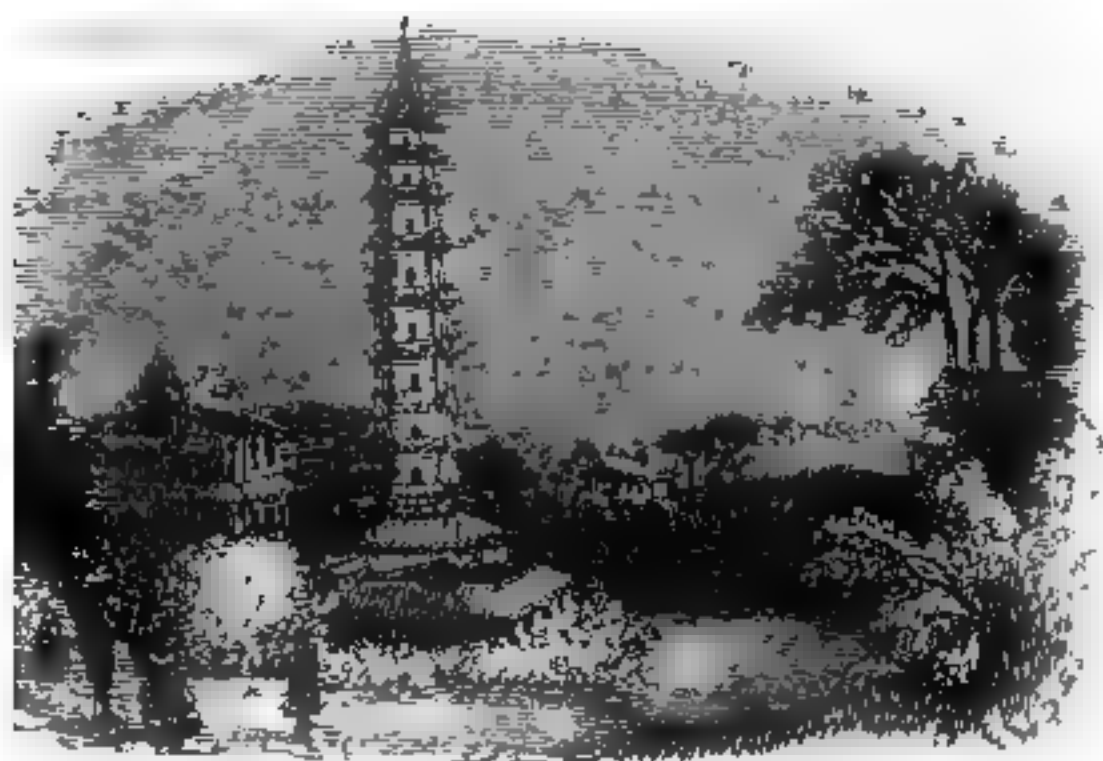
to see them : Poor Jack was laid out on a sheer floor ; a blue checked shirt his only shroud ; hands and face were a few scratches, which received from the rocks, as the billows, wave after wave flowing and receding, had cast him on the beach. His countenance wore a sweet and heavenly expression, and, stooping down I robbed his head of a little hair that lay on his temples. His effects, all poor, and yet how rich ! were spread upon a table in the room, and consisted of a little leathern pouch which was a well kept half-crown, and a solitary silver shilling. His Bible, which he had accounted his chief treasure, and from which he had derived treasures of wisdom and knowledge, was placed by its side. I took it up, and closing its clasps of brass, (for its leaves had become open to dry) I read engraved upon them these words : " The gift of Robert Raikes, to John Richard Gloucester." Our young readers will remember that Robert Raikes was the founder of Sunday Schools. This poor sailor boy appears to have been one of the scholars. When he and his company left the ship they never expected to return, and each took what he considered most valuable. Poor Jack took his Bible, which had been taught to read in a Sunday school, and which he had often whilst living been his instructor and comforter.

May this blest volume ever lie,  
Close to my heart and near my eye ;  
In life's last hour my thoughts engage,  
And be my chosen heritage !

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## THE METROPOLIS OF CHINA.

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## THE METROPOLIS OF CHINA.

The picture represents a pagoda. It is a high tower red with porcelain tiles to the top; of which there are hundreds in China. They are curious and wonderful buildings, but more for ornament than use.

The city of Peking is the metropolis of China; and just as there is much talk about it, I will give you a description of it, as furnished by a party who visited that famous city some years ago.

You will remember what was said about "China and the Chinese" at page 8 — but if you do not, turn to it now, and read it before you read this.

Well: have you read it? If you have, I hope you have also done something towards sending the million

of Testaments to that dark land. I have heard of a little village school in Leicestershire, of only forty children, whose teachers and scholars sent as much as *one hundred pounds*. If all the schools in England had done much, there would have been two millions sent.

I told you that the people of China had risen to overthrow their tyrannical and idolatrous rulers. The news tells us that they were drawing near to the great city, a description of which I now give you.

The city they found to be enclosed by a high wall with towers at convenient intervals. It was, in form, an oblong square, and covered about twelve square miles. Its suburbs, too, were very extensive. The following brief description, if attentively considered, will enable the reader to understand better the narrative of the travellers' passage through it.

It is surrounded by walls, with large square buildings at the corners, and towers at equal distances along the sides. On each side of the city are two great gateways with large and lofty edifices erected over them for their defence. Four wide and straight streets lead from the gateways through the city. The train entered at the most southerly of the two eastern gates: and one of the travellers gives the following description of the scene which presented itself to their view, when they were fairly within the walls:—

“We had no sooner passed the gate, and opened out on the broad street, than a very singular and novel appearance was exhibited. We saw before us a line of buildings, on each side of a wide street, consisting

tirely of shops and warehouses, the particular goods of which were brought out and displayed in groups in front of the houses. Before these were generally erected large wooden pillars, whose tops were much higher than the eaves of the houses, bearing inscriptions in gilt characters, setting forth the nature of the wares to be sold, and the honest reputation of the seller; and, to attract the more notice, they were generally hung with various coloured flags, and streamers, and ribands, from top to bottom, exhibiting the appearance of a line of shipping, dressed, as we sometimes see it, in the colours of all the different nations in Europe. The sides of the houses were not less brilliant in the several colours with which they were painted, consisting generally of sky-blue or green, mixed with gold: and what appeared to us singular enough, the articles for sale that made the greatest show were coffins for the dead. The most splendid of our coffin furniture would make but a poor figure if placed beside that intended for a wealthy Chinese. Next to those, our notice was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the funeral biers and the marriage cars, both covered with ornamental canopies.

At the four points where the great streets intersect one another, were erected those singular buildings, sometimes of stone, but generally of wood, which have been called triumphal arches, but which, in fact, are monuments to the memory of those who had deserved well of the community, or who had attained to an unusually long life. They consist, invariably, of a large central gateway, with a smaller one on each side, all covered

with narrow roofs, and, like the ho  
nished, and gilt, in the most splendid

The multitude of moveable worksh  
barbers, cobblers and blacksmiths, th  
where tea, and fruit, rice, and other  
posed for sale, with the wares and me  
before the doors, had contracted the  
narrow road in the middle, just wide  
our little vehicles to pass each other.  
officers and soldiers that preceded t  
processions of men in office, attended  
retinues, bearing umbrellas and flags,  
and a variety of strange insignia  
station; different trains that were ac  
lamentable cries, corpses to their gra  
cordant music, brides to their husba  
dromedaries, laden with coal from T  
barrows and hand-carts, studded wi  
pied nearly the whole of this middle  
tinued line, leaving very little room  
the embassy to pass. All was in m  
the streets were filled with an in  
people, buying and selling, and ba  
commodities. The confused nois  
titude, proceeding from the loud  
were crying their wares; the wrar  
every now and then, a strange tw  
jarring of a cracked Jew's harp, v  
signal, made by his tweezers; t  
that prevailed in every group, co

the brokers on the Exchange, or even by the Jews and old women in Rosemary Lane. Pedlars, with their wares, and jugglers, and conjurers, and fortune-tellers, and countebanks, and quack-doctors, comedians, and musicians, left no place unoccupied. The Tartar soldiers, with their whips, kept with difficulty a clear passage for the embassy to move slowly forwards." The street on which the embassy were advancing, which, the reader will recollect, was the southernmost of the great streets running from east to west, did not pass directly through the city, but was interrupted near the middle by a large enclosure, extending up from the southern wall. This enclosure contained the palace and grounds of the emperor, and was surrounded by a wall of bright polished bricks, covered with a roof of yellow tiles. The broad street, through which they were passing, came up to the wall, and then it turned to the right, and passed round the northern side of the enclosure. In this direction they went round, escaping from the bustle and confusion through which for a mile and a half they had been passing; for the buildings in this part of the street were, as we might expect, from their being in such an immediate vicinity to the royal residence, dwelling-houses only, and those of men of rank and wealth. When they reached the middle of the enclosure, on the northern side, they stopped to look, through a great gateway there, into the magnificent interior.

The scene which was presented was gay and splendid beyond description. The space enclosed was very large. The surface was diversified by hills and valleys; and

the whole area was covered with gardens, palaces, temples, groves, lakes, and islands, and every species of artificial construction which could contribute to the beauty of the scene. The place was the residence of the court. Here were the palace of the emperor, all the tribunals and public offices of the government, the mansions of the ministers and high officers of state. The artificers and tradesmen belonging to the court had also their dwellings here. There were high eminences, on the summits of which were erected summer-houses, sheltered by lofty trees ; and there were streams of water, and lakes, artificially constructed, with deeply indented shores, and spotted with verdant islands, on which fantastic edifices were erected. The whole scene displayed the gay and brilliant colouring which Chinese taste always delights to present to the eye. It looked like enchantment.

After pausing some time to gaze at the scene, the train moved on. They crossed the second great street leading from north to south through the city, and at length reached the western gate, by which they were to make their exit from the city, two hours after having entered on the opposite side.

Such is the description which these travellers give of this wonderful city, with its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants : and how affecting is the consideration that all these vast multitudes are living without God and without hope—having no bible—no sabbath—no gospel—no Saviour !

**MONKEY TEA-GATHERERS.**



Tea is grown in China. It was first brought to Europe about two hundred years ago. The Dutch were the first to bring it, and it was their custom to give the Chinese dried sage leaves for it. They usually gave one pound of sage leaves for four pounds of tea; or if they bought it for money, they would give about eightpence per pound

for it. They made a deal of money of it when they brought it home. About fifty years after this, that is about one hundred and fifty years ago, the English began to use tea; but it was at first only used by a few. Others did not know how to use it. We have heard of a family who having had a present of tea made to them, boiled some of it in a kettle, and tried to eat the leaves, which they did not like at all. Then they fried them, and finding them no sweeter, they threw the rest away! This reminds us of some, who, when potatoes were first brought to England, attempted to cook the apples in-



## DAMASCUS.

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stead of the roots. And only a few years ago, a young man when asked if he would take any lettuce for supper, said he should like it very well if it were boiled!

Well, but about the tea. It is grown in gardens or plantations. The tea-tree grows very slowly, till it gets to be about the size of one of our large black currant trees. It bears leaves, blossoms, and berries; but it is the leaves which make the tea. They are picked off early in the morning, whilst the dew is on them. They are then dried in the sun, and rolled on plates of hot iron. When dried, they are put into those tea-chests lined with lead which you have seen in grocer's shops.

But about the picture. Well, I will tell you. Some of the best tea-trees grow on the sides of steep rocks and other places, where men cannot reach them. So the Chinese, who are a very cunning people, employ those cunning creatures, the monkeys, to climb up the rocks, and strip off the leaves and throw them down. If they do their work well, and throw plenty down, they are rewarded with presents of food, but if not they must expect to be flogged.

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## DAMASCUS.

THIS city is one of the oldest in the world, if not the oldest; for it is one of the first cities mentioned in the Bible. The following description of it was given in 1851.

“Damascus is one of the wonders of the world, unrivalled in what is peculiarly its own, admitting no comparison with any existing city, revelling in a beauty

and a splendour belonging to Islamism more than Christianity, characterising the age of the Caliphs rather than of the Crystal Palace.

In antiquity it has no rival. Nineveh, Babylon, Palmyra, its contemporaries, have wholly perished; while this oldest inhabited place has lost none of its population, yielded none of its local pre-eminence, abandoned only one of the arts (the sword blade) for which it was so renowned, and taken not a tinge of European thought, worship, life. It numbers not far from one hundred and fifty thousand souls, of whom twenty thousand may be Greek and Armenian Christians. It lies in an exquisite garden at the foot of Anti-Lebanon, in a plain of inexhaustible fertility, watered by innumerable brooklets from those ancient streams, 'Abana and Pharphar,' and shut in by vast groves of walnut and poplar, a 'verdorous wall of Paradise,' which are all that the traveller sees for hours as he draws near the city of 'Abraham's steward.'

Originally the seat of a renowned kingdom, and once the capital of the Saracen empire, it is yet the metropolis of Syria, as it was in the earliest time. Some carelessly give it a length of seven miles; but the real extent of the city walls in any one direction is not more than two. The gardens and groves around, however, take the same name, and are over twenty miles in circuit, of a picturesque wildness, shaded lanes, running side by side with merry brooks, the whole overshadowed by the deepest forest, and forming delicious relief from the sun-burnt plains of Syria. Besides the walnut, so much prized for its fruit all through the East, and the poplar,

the main dependence for building, the famous damson, or Damascene plum, abounds, the citron, orange and pomegranate spread their fruit around, the vine is everywhere seen, and only three miles off stands the forest of damask rose trees, whence the most delicious attar is made. But we prefer the walnut-tree to all others, because of its freedom of growth, massiveness of trunk, and depth of shade. These trees, together with the mulberry, do very much for the commerce of the city. Damascus is the chief depôt of manufactures for Syria. Silk goods cannot be bought to such advantage elsewhere, nor of such antique patterns, nor of genuine 'damask' colours. The business has suffered somewhat of late, because Turkish husbands discovering that English prints are so much cheaper, and their wives fancying the flowing calicoes to be so much prettier than the patterns which their grandmothers wore, foreign goods are supplanting the domestic; and a macadamized road is contemplated from the city to its seaport Beirout, whose effect would be to make British and French manufactures still more common, but at the same time, to give free circulation to the handicraft of Damascus. As at Constantinople, Cairo, and elsewhere, each trade occupies its own quarter,—the jewellers, pipe-makers, silk-dealers, grocers, saddlers, having each their exclusive neighbourhood; none of the bazaars are such noble edifices as cluster around the mosque of St. Sophia; and in the rainy season (that is, during their winter) the pavement is so wretched and slippery, and such a mass of mud and water oozes down from the rotten awnings,

that they do not do justice to the unequalled richness of some of the fabrics and wares displayed in them. The traveller informs the public that there is a grand 'Bazaar for wholesale business' of variegated black and white marble, 'surmounted by an ample dome,' with a lively fountain in the centre. There are thirty such buildings, which we should call Exchanges, bearing each the name of the Sultan who erected them. Those that I visited were contiguous to the only street which wears a name in the East, and that name, familiar to us in the book of Acts, "Strait"—Dritto, as your guide translates the word,—a long avenue, containing the only hotel in the city.

An oriental peculiarity which makes the large towns of the east exceedingly interesting is, that every occupation is carried on out of doors, and right under your eyes as you stroll along. Here the silk web is stretched upon the outside wall of some extended building; here the butcher is dressing the meat, perhaps for your dinner, laid out upon the side-walk; and here a sort of sausage is being cooked, so that one might almost eat it as he walks,—a capital idea for hasty eaters, and a very nice article in every way. There is no other part of the world where so much cooking is to be seen all the while, and such loads of sweetmeats gladden the eyes of childhood, and such delicious compounds, scented with attar, spread temptation before every sense. Here are five hundred public silk-winders, though the silk is still the principal manufacture, and there are reported to be seven hundred and forty-eight dealers in damask, thirty-four silk winders, one

hundred silk dyers, and one hundred and forty-three weavers of the same article.

The famous Damascus sword blades are nothing but an 'antiquity' now; they are uniformly called so by the people, were offered to our purchase in very small quantities by persons who knew nothing of their manufacture, at exorbitant prices, and in very uncouth forms. They appeared to be curiosities to them, as they certainly were to us, and are said to be sometimes manufactured in England. A mace, offered for sale among these scimeters of wavy steel, smacked of the Crusader's time, and was richly inlaid with gold; the fire-arms, or blunderbusses, were grotesque and unwieldy, richly mounted, and gorgeously ornamented.

Of this once imperial city the citadel is but a mass of ruins. Count Guyon, a confederate general with Kossuth, and now a Turkish Pasha and drill-officer, assured us it would be repaired and strengthened; but the city walls offer no defence against a modern army; and the Turkish soldier, notwithstanding his courage and endurance, cannot be bastinadoed into military science; neither have educated officers, like Guyon, any real influence. I frequently saw the sentinels asleep while upon duty. Some of the barracks at Damascus are the finest which the Sultan possesses, and among the best in the world,—but, on the whole, a more slatternly number of men was never seen, nor any less confident in themselves.

The christian curiosities of this oldest of inhabited cities begin with the mosque of peculiar sanctity, once

the site of St. John's Cathedral, whose chamber of relics, containing a pretended head of the Baptist, is inaccessible even to Mussulmen, the priesthood excepted. Six huge Corinthian columns, once a part of its proud portico, are built into houses and stores, so that you get but faint glimpses of their beauty and size until you mount the flat mud roof of the modern buildings, and look down into the vast area of the temple, six hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and fifty; and there find towering above you those massive, blackened remains of Christian architecture,—significant emblems of the triumph of the Crescent over the Cross, and yet, by their imperishableness, a promise of renewed glory in some brighter future. That Islamism is hastening to decay, is shown impressively enough in the grand dervish mosque and khan, once quite celebrated as the Syrian enthronement of the advanced guard of Mahommed; now nothing could seem more deserted! One minaret is threatening to fall, the spacious garden is all weed-grown, and few are left to mourn over the reverse. The banner-men of the prophet, no longer warriors, students, and apostles, do but beg their bread and drone their prayers, and exchange the reputation of fanatics for that of hypocrites; they are, in fact, monks of the mosque, like their brothers in Rome.

Paul is of course the great name at Damascus; and your guide is very certain always as to the place where he was lowered down the city wall; then he takes you to the tomb of the soldier who befriended him, close at hand, and to the little underground chapel where the

apostle's sight was restored. But, having passed in turn under the sceptre of Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Jew, Roman, Arabian, Turk, every stone of these buildings could tell a most interesting tale, and every timber of the wall could answer with an experience corresponding to the out-door revolution.

But the grand attractions in this 'Flower of the Levant and Florence of Turkey' are the coffee-houses and the palaces of the rich. The writer of *Eothen*, think it is, says, 'there is one coffee-house at Damascus capable of containing a hundred persons.' A Damascus friend, a resident clergyman, carried me into one where he had himself seen three thousand people on a gala day, and several where hundreds of visitors would not make a crowd. This great necessity of Turkish life,—this deliverance from the loneliness of an oriental home—this luxurious substitute for the daily newspaper, carried to perfection here. First of all comes the lofty dome-covered hall, surrounded by couches like beds enlivened on all festivals by the Arabian minstrel with his song and his tale; back of this are a number of rustic arbours, interlaced with noble shade-trees, and water profusely by nimble brooks, the whole lighted even at night by little pale lamps. These are the gossiping places for the Damascene gentlemen; where the fragrant coffee, the indolent game at dominoes is relieved by such domestic anecdotes as, according to my friend, breathe the domestic life of the city with beastly sensuality.

One would fain hope that these are the prejudices of an earnest missionary; but, until the residence of years

given familiarity with the language, any opinions of a visitor would be erroneous, as well as presuming. Nothing, however, can bring back so powerfully the Arabian tales of enchantment as the interior of the finest Damascus houses. The outside is always plain and forbidding. You have sometimes to stoop over the rude low gate; and the first court, surrounded by servants' rooms, has nothing of interest. But the second and third quadrangles become more and more spacious, and are always of variegated marble, containing a perpetually playing fountain, overhung by the orange, the citron, and the vine, whose fragrance floats sweetly on the moist air, lulling the senses to repose.

The grand saloon I found to be always arranged pretty much the same. A lower part of the pavement near the door is the place of deposit for slippers, shoes, and the sandals which the Damascus women use so much in the winter—articles, all of them, never intended for ornament, and never fitted to the foot, but worn as loose as possible, and never within the sitting-room, but simply for protection from out-door wet and soil. The lower portion of the room and its rug-strewn floor are of variegated marbles; then comes curiously carved woods, then painted stucco, decorated with mirrors rising to the ceiling, gay-coloured roof. The immense loftiness, the pure coolness, the gorgeous hues, the emblazoned texts of the Koran, the sweet murmur of the various fountains, the fragrance of the orange-groves, succeed to the floor dreariness like a dream of Haroun Al Raschid to the wearied pilgrim on desert sands. The divan, or



wide sofa, on three sides of this hall, is far more able in this enervating climate than any European furniture; only in winter, as the ground underneath is permeated by leaky clay tubes bearing the water supply, and there is no other heating apparatus but a brazier of charcoal, one is sometimes very chilly tempted to exchange this tomb-like dampness for a corner near some friendly stove or familiar fire-place.

But the general impression which foreigners carry from Damascus is, that the people have what they want, and have gone wisely to work to realize their idea of earthly blessedness—an indolent, sensual, contented life, one to you, but in their eyes no faint type of the man's heaven. Such is Damascus now.

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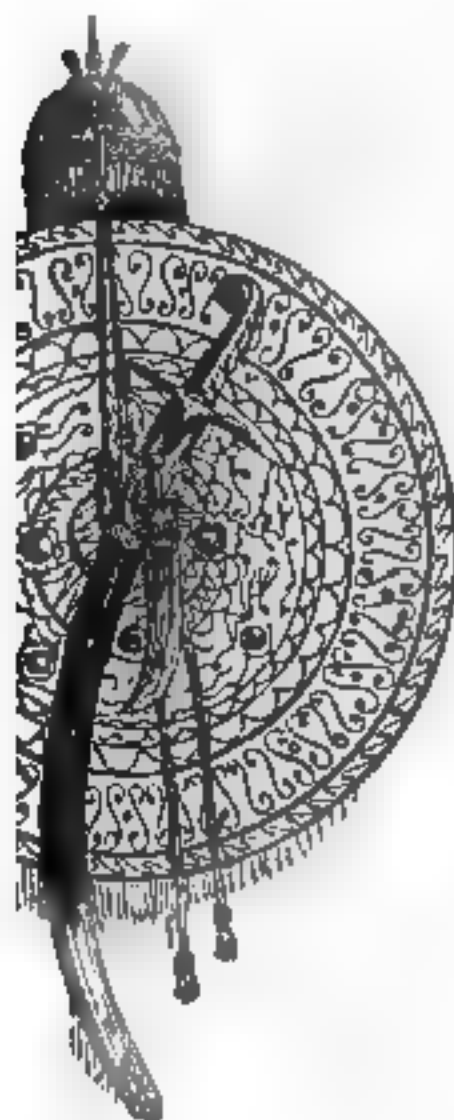
THE LAMP OF TRUTH.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

LET those who would prolong their days,  
Walk in wisdom's pleasant ways;  
Prize most highly, in their youth,  
The volume of unerring truth;  
For its soul enlightening page  
Will guide us down to hoary age;  
And increasing radiance shed,  
When upon a dying bed.  
'Tis as a lamp in evening's gloom,  
Brightening as we near the tomb;  
Revealing to our wondering eyes,  
Our more brilliant destinies,  
Where the shadows flee away,  
Beneath the blaze of perfect day.

*Oakham.*

PEACE IS BETTER THAN WAR."



So said the aged widow who dwelt in the old cottage just behind the station which Wellington occupied at the great fight of Waterloo. She remembered that dreadful day; for on the day before she and her little girl had fled into the forest of Soignes for shelter, driving their only cow before them, which the hungry soldiers took from her, and killed and roasted for food.

And now we have war again! and many a tale like that of the widow of Waterloo will have to be told, we fear, before it is over. But "shall the our for ever?" Surely not! Surely the days when men, ceasing to fight each other, will

"Hang their armour on the wall,  
And study war no more."

days, when this shall be really done! and the more emphatic language of the Hebrew they shall beat their swords into ploughshares,

and their spears into pruning-hooks : nation shall lift up sword against nation, neither shall there be war any more."

War, dreadful war, has always been the great scourge of our world. What awful scenes of desolation and death has it caused on the earth ! Well might the Psalmist, many hundreds of years ago, pray to " Scatter thou the people that delight in war."

And how is this dreadful curse to be driven out of our world ? Only by the spirit and power of the religion of love. Jesus Christ taught men to love one another, and he set them an example. The more men imitate him, the more will peace and love prevail ; and when that is done, war will cease.

" By faith we see, as prophets did,  
That great and glorious day,  
When Christ shall reign in every heart,  
The world his will obey.

The horrid din of bloody war  
Shall then be heard no more ;  
Nor drum's nor trumpet's martial sound,  
Nor cannon's awful roar.

Instead of bloody, warlike spears,  
The pruning hook be found :  
And swords be into ploughshares beat,  
To cultivate the ground.

Infants shall play with writhing snakes ;  
Be pleas'd to count each fold ;  
And view with joy each glossy scale  
Of changing light and gold.

## PRINCIPLES OF THE BAPTISTS.

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Lions and leopards, wolves and bears,  
A little child shall lead;  
While lambs and kids, devoid of fears,  
With hungry tigers feed.

They shall not hurt, nor more destroy  
On Zion's holy ground;  
But perfect peace, and holy joy,  
Throughout the earth abound."

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## PRINCIPLES OF THE BAPTISTS.

FROM the brief historical sketches we have already given, it will be evident that the first christians were baptists; that the baptism of infants became prevalent about the fourth century; that persons professing the peculiarities of the baptists were found in all ages, and in different parts of the world; and that, throughout all the changes which attended the progress of years, the reign of error, the usurpation of Antichrist, and the dominion of English Episcopacy, they were marked by each dominant party in ancient and later ages, as objects of persecution; their baptist sentiments forming one of the charges brought against them.

We have seen, that along the stream of eighteen centuries, amidst the barbarous superstitions and cruel persecutions of dark and iron ages, the apostolic doctrine of baptism was preserved, like the element of Christian truth, an imperishable principle, derived from God, and sustained by him through all dangers. The people who

were the depositories of that doctrine, were in different regions, dissimilar in their habits, and capable, from their scattered and persecuted condition, of forming no alliance, or recognizing any common standard of christian doctrine; but, in maintaining the principle of primitive baptism, already laid down, they preserved the essence of the gospel, and may be regarded as witnesses for the truth throughout the reign of apostasy. We contemplate our present position with emotions of christian joy, accompanied with an ardent desire for greater prosperity; and, encouraged by the prophetic announcement of the Sacred Volume, we anticipate an era of redemption for mankind, and of glory for the church of God; when Christianity, dignified by the age, shall reassume its primitive peculiarities, and the extent of its influence, as in the richness of its manifestations, shall infinitely surpass its primitive glory.

Liberal and independent principles, with a determined opposition to every species of usurpation over civil and religion, whether assumed by Pope or King, have always characterized the baptists. Such principles were avowed by the Redeemer himself, and they ever distinguished the baptist denomination at every period. Dr. Mosheim, a Lutheran divine, who has done a valuable work on Church history, states, that the same position was maintained by the ancient Waldenses. "That the kingdom of Christ, or the visible church, had established on earth, was an assembly of real saints, and ought therefore to be inaccessible to the wicked and unrighteous, and also exempt from all those inst

which human prudence suggests to oppose the progress of iniquity, or to correct and transform transgressors." "This principle," says Mosheim, "is the true source of all the peculiarities that are to be found in the religious doctrines and discipline of the baptists in Holland;" and we may add, of the baptists in every part of the world at this moment. Thus, then, we are connected with the ancient confessors, not only in agreement of opinion on the subject of baptism, but in rational and enlightened views of the rights of men, and the authority of God. Is it the privilege of man to investigate truth for himself; "Judge ye what is right," said the Saviour. God, therefore, does not exercise his authority in arbitrary dictation over the judgment and conscience of man, but appeals to the reasoning faculties of his creatures, for the truth and justice of his claims. On this ground the baptists of ancient times rested their arguments in opposing legalized and established opinions. They maintained that man cannot be born into a system of faith, nor pledged in infancy to a form of religion. They acknowledged no clerical or secular domination, but scorned with becoming indignation every attempt to subdue reason by enforcing the dogmas of a party, and held, with determined fidelity, the high vantage ground assigned them by their Creator. From those ancients we boast our descent, for we inherit their principles,—principles which, from the high authority that sanctioned them, and the sacred channels through which they have been transmitted, are commended to the christian feeling and enlightened judgment of all who bear the

christian name; principles which are venerable for their antiquity, and, having passed through many regions, and survived innumerable perils, come to us associated with all that is pure and triumphant in the history of the Churches of Christ; with the names of Apostles, of Confessors, of Martyrs, and from us shall they travel down to that glorious day when TRUTH will sway her sceptre over a regenerated world!

"Them that honour me I will honour," saith the Lord, and the promise has been fulfilled. An eloquent writer justly observes,— "Successors of the greatest of men, the baptist of the Jordan, they have inherited his commission to prepare the way of the Lord. Permit me to ask—Who, after having

'Kept God's truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,'

and while Luther was in the cloister, paved the way to the Reformation? Undoubtedly the baptists of the Alpine Vales,—who being scattered abroad by persecution, went everywhere preaching the word. Who were the first in modern times, to understand and struggle for unfettered liberty of conscience in religious affairs? The baptists—alike in Germany, in America, and in England. Who conceived, and put into operation, the plan of the Bible Society? A Baptist. Who aroused the missionary spirit of the church, and commenced those embassies of mercy to the pagan world, whose triumphs are now so resplendent? Baptists. Who have taken the lead as translators of the word of life into the languages of the heathen? Baptists. To whom belongs

the honour of striking the death-blow of British negro slavery? To Baptists."

In the constitution of a baptist church, conversion is essential to membership; for no child can be born a baptist, and no adult can be admitted into communion until the christian character is formed; membership is then matter of choice. This unfettered freedom of judgment and will, exists in the appointment of officers, and in the modes and seasons of public worship. With these things no external power can interfere, and no general standard is recognized; so that a wide difference is perceivable between the baptists and the Churches of Rome and England. The whole apparatus of a systematic priesthood; of catechisms, creeds, and books of prayer; of laws and formularies, formed for the very purpose of trampling on the right of individual judgment; together with the acts of uniformity, and courts of Inquisition, which religious despotism had formed, have always been regarded by baptists as unhallowed innovations on the intellectual and moral property of man. Against such innovations have they always loudly protested, and still protest. On the subject of baptism the following positions are maintained:—

1st, That baptism commenced with the christian dispensation, and was peculiar to it, bearing no analogy to any previous institution, but revealed as a positive law of the kingdom of Christ.

2ndly, That baptism is only scriptural as administered by immersion of the whole body in water.

3rdly, That it cannot be scripturally administered



to any but on a personal profession of faith in the Christ Jesus.

4thly, That, as a command of the New Testament it is obligatory on all who profess faith in Christ, intended to form the great line of separation between the Church and the world.

In closing this sketch, one inquiry forces its way to our attention. Why were the baptists so cruelly persecuted in every age, and by every power? It was not in any period they were, in a political sense, of so much importance as that their existence might be dangerous, and their extinction necessary to the safety of a State; but there was, as when christian truth commenced its march, a mysterious power that acted upon the fears of rulers, and they were alarmed they knew not why. Let it be observed, that the element of freedom is identified with the doctrine of Christian baptism, on the free exercise of judgment and choice its foundation. A baptist, therefore, cannot coerce the conscience of another; and on the same principle, if placed under civil or religious despotism, he will be found persecuted and struggling for liberty; his profession of baptism is a public avowal of the rights of man to live unfettered by his fellowman, and consequently a public condemnation of oppression.

Here then, we find the source of the wrongs they endured. Wherever they are found, they are found as the champions of freedom, the friends of truth and humanity,—hated by tyrants, but admired by the enlightened and the free. With the progress of libe

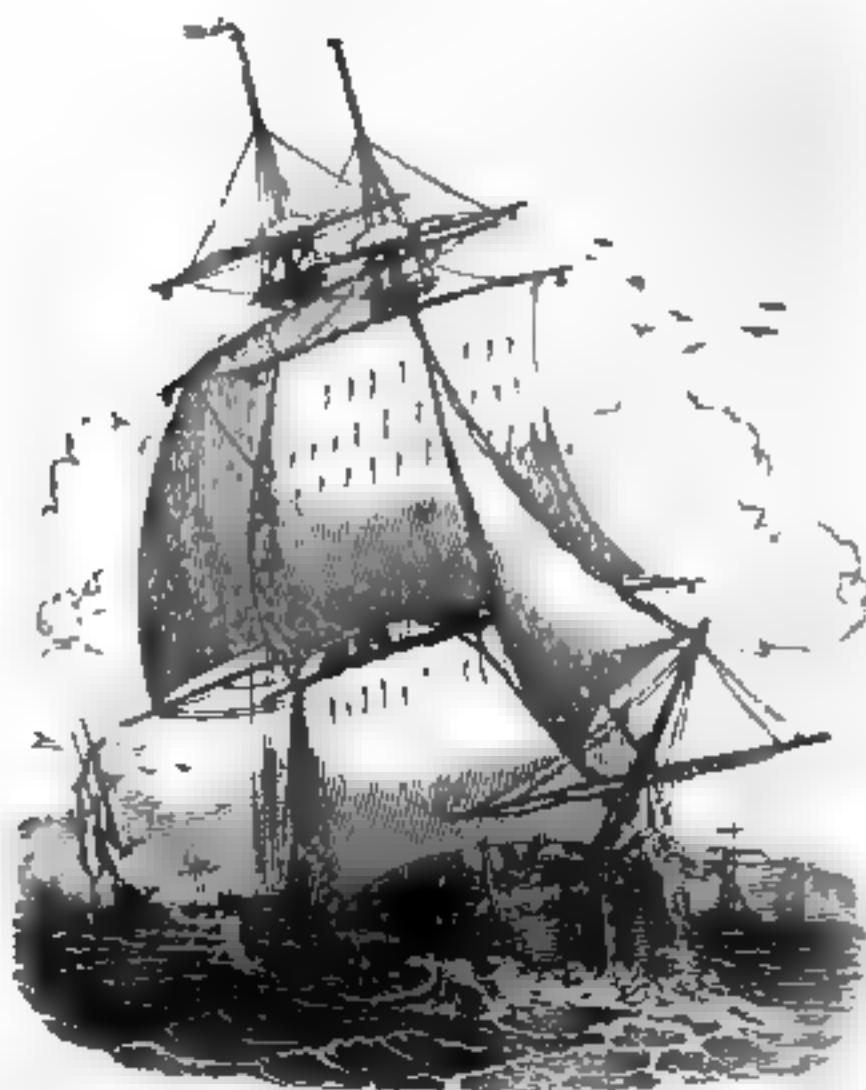
England they have always been associated, and we have seen the distinguished part they took in its establishment in the United States.

By no denomination of christians are the great principles of civil and religious liberty better understood, and by none in times past have they been more strenuously defended, than by Baptists. Who more eloquently pleaded for them than JOHN MILTON? Who more patiently and manfully suffered for them than JOHN BUNYAN? And they were both Baptists. Nor is our denomination unmindful of its duty at the present juncture. Our ministerial brethren and respected laymen throughout the country are, we believe, taking part in all public measures relating to these subjects. It is not to be concealed, that we consider the *union of church and state* to be the foundation of all our wrongs. Out of this root all our grievances have grown; and though these grievances may be partially redressed, we state plainly, that nothing short of an entire severance of things ecclesiastical from things civil can give us satisfaction. We do not affect to hide our real sentiments. We make a surrender, no, not of one jot of that precious liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. His kingdom knows nothing of compulsion, or of a state church. Every concession we gain must and will be used by us only as vantage-ground from which to achieve further victories, till all religious sects are left upon equal terms, and CHRISTIANITY, purged from every earthly adhesion, be left to run her race of glorious and triumphant benevolence through the world, unfettered, unaided, and alone!

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**A MOTHER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.**

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**A MOTHER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.**

On the east end of Long Island are two aged pilgrims who have been the parents of eleven children. Three are dead; but they all hope to meet again, an unbroken family in heaven. One of the sons has his home on the deep sea; he is now master of the whale ship L. A. of G. His voyages have varied in length from one to three years. On his last voyage save one, he sailed around the world, and it

ne year from leaving home returned with his ship full, and without having dropped his anchor during the whole voyage. His visits have usually been short at home. But his aged mother did not let them pass without repeated admonitions respecting the "chief concern." But he would turn all off by the reply, "Oh! mother, we can't have religion at sea." When he left home for the last voyage the mother's heart was very anxious. In remembrance and prayer she followed her beloved son in his long and trackless way; and often, as she said, was so burdened in spirit that it seemed to her she must die. In none of the former voyages had that son been the object of so much earnest prayer. When the ship had been gone a year, a neighbour, who also had a son in the same ship, came in to bring the news that he had been unsuccessful, and had gone to the north-west coast. This was sad news to the parents. They sat up till a late hour, talking of the absent ones; and when they lay down it was to think and pray.

Two hours after midnight, the mother heard a footstep in the entry-way. The door opened, and some one entered. "Who is there?" No reply: but the footsteps approached the parents bed-room? "Who is there?" A well-known voice replied, "Edwin." In a few minutes the aged mother's arms were around the neck of her sailor son. Her first words of greeting were, "Oh! Edwin, have you found the Saviour?" Let pious parents who have long wrestled for the conversion of an impenitent child, imagine how the heart of that yearning mother throbbed, when her son replied, "Mother, I trust I have."

There were tears of sacred joy shed in the prayers of many years had not been forgotten. The Prayer-Hearer had waited until opportunity had become great. In the best time he received a gracious answer. The son found that it was possible to enjoy religion on the sea. His soul met the Saviour when the ship was on her homeward

*From .*

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## MARY THORNTON

WAS born at Leicester on the 15th of Nov., entered the Friar Lane baptist sabbath school at five years; and it is not known that she ever absented herself during all the time she remained a scholar. She was honourably dismissed, with a number of others, on the 6th of January, 1849, and afterwards remained some time in the senior class to encourage the young to write little essays, at which she wrote she received a copy of "The Days," which she read with deep interest. In the part of the year 1850 it was obvious that a change was wrought in her. Soon after this she wished to be united with the church, and being approved she had obtained mercy of the Lord, she was baptised on the second Lord's-day in August, 1850; after which she maintained a consistent deportment.

She was now called from the senior class to be assistant teacher in the infant school, in which

perseveringly engaged for a length of time ; but feeling the weakness of her constitution, she expressed a desire to be removed ; when a suitable class of little ones was arranged for her. But she was not permitted to remain long there. Her health began to decline ; and she was obliged to give up her beloved employment.

Her friends now began to entertain fears that her course on earth would be short, as symptoms of consumption appeared. She was removed into the country, and so far revived as to give her friends hope of her recovery. She returned home with her health much improved, but still was too weak to follow her ordinary employment. But soon the fond hopes of her friends were to be cut off again. As the cold season approached she became more feeble, her cheeks at intervals more pale, her sleepless nights more frequent, her cough more troublesome, and her breathing more difficult. All these told most plainly that here she could not continue long ; and in December of the past year a serious change took place for the worse.

A friend who visited her said, " Mary, you seem to be drawing near to your latter end ; I am afraid you will never recover." She replied, " O ! I have no desire to stay here ; there seems nothing in this poor world worth living for." " But," he said, " is it no grief to you to leave your friends ?" " Oh no !" she replied, " I have committed all into the hands of my Saviour. My hope is in the salvation of God ; but I wish to feel more assurance of his love and favour."

Sometimes her prospects were clouded ; but again

the Sun of Righteousness cheered her soul healing beams.

She became very weak indeed, and subject fainting; but her confidence in Him in whom believed was firm.

It was now evident that death was not far and she prayed that the closing scene might be easy, but was resigned to the will of God. The night but one before she died she repeated the third Psalm, which she had learned when quite young and which now became the source of much comfort to her on her dying bed.

On the night before her death her mother, being weary, she accepted the offer of a kind friend to sit up and watch at her bed, who tried to console her by saying that the conflict would soon be over, and she replied, "I shall soon be landed on fair Canaan."

Shortly after midnight she wished her friend to be called up; and seeing her mother, she said to her, "Mother, I am going; I feel I am going." She was conscious of the cold stream of death gliding just before her; Bunyan's Pilgrim, she saw too, by faith, the celestial city on the further shore. The last struggle was soon over and she exclaimed, "Oh! mother, I have need of thee now." Her father then asked if she felt the Lord to be with her, she replied, "Oh yes, I do!" Her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quick," and then she fell on sleep.

The following lines were written by a friend in remembrance of the departed:—

## MARY THORNTON.

*Mary Thornton, Died, Jan. 10, 1854, aged 22 years.*

I saw her in life's early morn,  
With blooming health upon her brow;  
I saw her in the Sabbath School,  
At Jesus' footstool humbly bow.

I saw her anxious care to learn  
Of Him who says, "I am the way;"  
I saw her give her heart to God,  
And hail'd with joy the happy day.

I saw her bend beneath the stroke  
Of Him who always chides in love;  
I saw her kiss the rod, and look  
For help unto her Father, God.

I saw that death had mark'd his prey—  
Her eyes grew dim, her cheeks grew pale;  
Yet was her confidence and stay  
On Him whose mercies never fail.

I saw her fight the fight of faith:  
Conflicting in the earnest strife;  
But what was this when once compared  
With one short hour of endless life?

I saw her end; I saw her die;  
Her spirit took its upward flight,  
Where one eternal sabbath reigns,  
In endless bliss, in glorious light.

And, oh! methinks I see her now—  
Not as I saw her here below—  
But drest in robes of snowy white,  
A crown of glory on her brow.

There with angelic hosts above,  
She sings of Jesus' love and grace;  
There Mary as a seraph bright,  
Beholds her Saviour's smiling face.

J. B.



A brother of the departed has also sent a copy of v  
which were repeated by his sister during her illness

"NEVER sick! and never weary!  
What a land in which to dwell;  
Nothing dark, or cold, or dreary—  
Why then wish to make me well.

Then no more of pain or sorrow,  
But more joy than earth can give;  
Mother, in your prayers to-morrow,  
Do not ask for me to live.

Poor our lot, and so we find it  
Sad, and sometimes hard to bear;  
God in mercy hath assign'd it  
As our safest portion here.

Now he calls me from this station,  
From this sad and suffering state,  
To a heavenly habitation—  
Mother, ask me not to wait!

If you see my sisters crying,  
If they miss me when I'm gone,  
Tell them that the body dying,  
Is the spirit going home.

Tell them that for all they've given  
To increase our little store,  
They shall find reward in heaven,  
When their days on earth are o'er.

Mother dear! when you are giving  
My cold clay a parting kiss,  
Shed no tear, I shall be living  
In a brighter world than this—

Not through any good behaviour,  
Or good deeds which I have done,  
But through Jesus Christ my Saviour,  
God the Father's only Son."

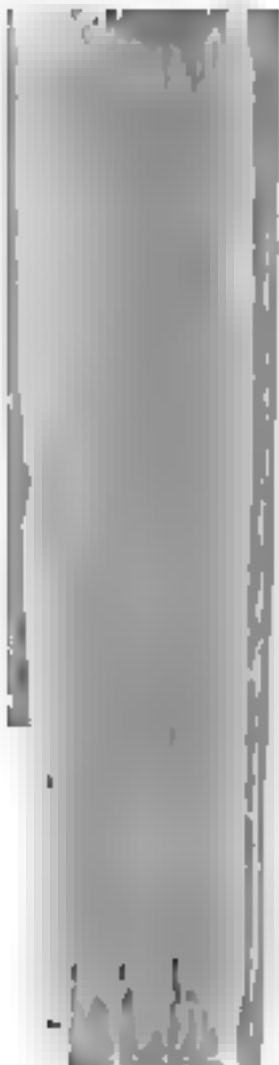
## THE PALM-TREE.

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## THE PALM-TREE.

**PALM-TREE**, is the English rendering of a Hebrew word, *tamahr*, the signification of which is, "to rise," "to be lofty." The tree, like the camel, belongs specially to the peninsula of Arabia and the countries immediately around it, including Palestine, of which it appears on



near the Dead sea, and the lake of Genne present the palm is rarely to be met with in At Jericho a few are found; none at En are common in Arabia, Persia, and Egypt countries the palm, from early ages, has been the most useful of trees. It rises in great height of from thirty to forty, sometimes sixty or even 100, feet in height, reaching even 200 years; with a single graceful and strong stem from ten to eighteen inches having at the top thin branches which as they are higher, and spread themselves far outwards and downwards, so as to form a broad covering like an umbrella, the shade of which is more welcome from the abundance of its fruit, whose fragrance, sweetness, and quality, give it a peculiar value. This fruit is eaten or cooked. From it wine is made; also cake taken by travellers on long journeys. The branches of the palm were used by the

appears as the symbol of Israel, and its fine curving elegant boughs offer an appropriate image of what is high and distinguished. Its juicy branches are a favourite food with locusts (Joel i. 12). There was a wood of palms, 100 stadia long, near Jericho (Judg. i. 16). The luxuriance of the date-palm in the wilderness of Judah, near the Dead sea, is celebrated by Josephus (Antiq. ix. 1, 2). The spreading of palm-branches before our Lord, in recognition of his Messiahship (Matt. xxi. 8), is illustrated by a view of a similar event seen on the Egyptian monuments. Tamar, that is "palm-tree," was a name of beautiful Hebrew damsels (Gen. xxxviii. 6. 2 Sam. xiii. 1; xiv. 27). It is the tree intended in Ps. i. 3. With the early Christians the palm was a symbol of immortality. The Jews, at the Feast of Tabernacles, went daily round the altar bearing in their hands branches of palm, singing Hosannah! while trumpets sounded on all sides. On the seventh day they went seven times round the altar, and then the great Hosannah was sung. On the last day they often repeated the Hosannah, saying, "On thy account, O our Creator, Hosannah! on thy account, O our Creator, Hosannah!" To this custom reference is made in Rev. vii. 9, 10. Victors used to carry palm-branches in their hands. The Romans had a robe termed toga palmata, on which were woven figures of palm-trees

The engraving represents the palm in its wild state in that wilderness of Arabia, over which the Israelites wandered forty years. That accomplished traveller, M. Lèon de Laborde, has furnished some splendid

## THE PORCELAIN TOWER AT NANKIN.

sketches of this tree as he found it in Wady Seleh, not far from the ancient Elim, where, Moses tells us, were "twelve fountains of water, and threescore and ten palm trees," (Num. xxxiii. 9). The wild palm has a thick trunk, as in the picture. This is owing to the branches growing downward every year, covering thicker and thicker the original stem, from which alone, at the top, the branches and fruit proceed, forming a kind of bush, with pendant branches, like ostrich feathers. This covering preserves the trunk, and protects the tree from injury. Forests of these noble trees are found in some parts, but they more frequently stand solitary, a welcome signal to distant and weary travellers to come and drink of the cooling spring which usually bubbles at their feet. The leaves of this tree retain their freshness and beauty all the year, to which the Psalmist alludes, when he says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." Dates are the fruit of the palm, and hence it is sometimes called the date tree.

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## THE PORCELAIN TOWER AT NANKIN.

WE have told you something about the metropolis of China—Pekin; and at page 193 you have a picture of a pagoda. Nankin is another great city in China, whose population is very large—amounting in number to perhaps a million. It is distinguished by its manufactures in silk, crape, and the fabric that bears its name, nankeen. It is also the most literary city in the empire. The streets are narrow, but clean. Its principal orna-

ents are the gateways, which are very lofty and splendid, and a famous porcelain tower, called a pagoda.

This stately pagoda was built in the fifteenth century, during the reigns of two emperors.

Le Comte says of it: "The wall at the bottom is at least twelve feet thick. The staircase is narrow and difficult of ascent, the steps being very high. The ceiling of each room is beautified with paintings; and the walls of the upper rooms have several niches full of carved idols." Colonel Cunynghame, its first European visitor, writes: "We examined the beautiful porcelain with which the exterior of the building is covered as well as the interior. The neat and finished way in which these tiles are joined together gives to the whole, at a very short distance, an appearance of being actually made of one entire piece. The many-coloured tiles used in its manufacture are diversified with a thousand various and grotesque patterns." A woodcut of the tower, with a short description of it, was sold to the visitors for a very small coin. The description is as follows:

"After the removal of the imperial residence from Nankin to Peking, this temple was erected by the bounty of the emperor Yung-lo. The work of erection occupied a period of nineteen years. The building consists of nine stories of variegated porcelain, and its height is about 350 feet, with a pine-apple of gilt copper at the summit. Above each of the roofs is the head of a dragon, from which, supported by iron rods, hang eight small bells; and below, at the right angles, are eighty bells, making in all 152. On the outside of the nine stages

A cloud received him out of their sight,—he passed into the heavens; where, “MIGHTY TO SAVE,” he lives and reigns for ever!

The disciples returned to Jerusalem with great joy; and obedient to their Lord, they tarried there until they were endued with power from on high. Now they were new men. “And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with *them*, and confirming the word with signs following.”

Wonders, mighty wonders, were done by them, through the power of the Holy Ghost. They won their way through all opposition, until they reached the palace of Cæsar himself! But now came temptation and trial,—pride and pollution. A long dark night succeeded, which was at length relieved by the dawning of the “Reformation.”

In our own land, as we have already seen, the light broke slowly, and was often interrupted by dark clouds of persecution. Even after the “Glorious Revolution,” our fathers breathed a foggy atmosphere. Formalism in “the church,” and rationalism among dissenters, had paralyzed or neutralized all pious effort. Till at length, God sent Whitefield and Wesley, like Moses and Aaron, with power to disperse the elements of mischief, and proclaim the liberty with which he makes his people free.

But still the heathen,—the poor heathen. No man cared for their souls! About sixty ago—only about sixty! some living may even remember it,—nothing, or next to nothing, was either thought of or done for the heathen.

Strange things, it is true, were doing in the world,

great things too. Nations were struggling for

Discovery had encircled the world. Science attended her inquiries,—but all they sought was life.

In these troublous times the Baptist Mission was planned and established. Let the young reader now, by carefully perusing the following narration.

zeal that led to the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society commenced in a spirit of prayer; by also it was eminently cherished. We copy the following paragraphs, illustrative of the devotional simplicity of our fathers, from the closing page of the Circular Letter of the Northamptonshire Baptist Association, at Nottingham, June 2 and 3, 1784. It appears to have been written by the Rev. John Ryland, jun., who succeeds Dr. Ryland; but Mr. Sutcliff, of Olney, a pious, amiable and exemplary minister, appears to have suggested the idea, and may therefore be regarded as the "Father of the Mission."

Upon a motion being made to the ministers and members of the associate baptist churches assembled at Nottingham, respecting meetings for prayer, to bewail the state of religion, and earnestly implore a revival of churches, and of the general cause of our country, and for that end to wrestle with God for the aid of his Holy Spirit, which alone can produce the desired effect, it was unanimously resolved, to recommend to all our churches and congregations, the spend one hour in this important exercise, on the first day in every calendar month.



We hereby solemnly exhort all the church connexion, to engage heartily and perseveringly in the prosecution of this plan. And as it may be convenient to endeavour to keep the same hour as a token of union herein, it is supposed the following scheme in many congregations, viz., to meet on the first evening in May, June, and July, from eight to ten; August, from seven to eight; September and October, from six to seven; November, December, January, February, from five to six; March from six to seven; and April from seven to eight. Nevertheless, at what hour, or even the particular evening, should not be fixed in particular places, we wish our brethren to fix on what is most convenient to themselves.

We hope also, that as many of our brethren as are at a distance from our places of worship, may be enabled to attend there, that as many as are conversant with the Lord, situated in a village or neighbourhood, will form small societies at the same time. And if any individual should be so situated as not to be able to attend to this duty in society with others, let him be present at the appointed hour, to unite the breath of prayer in private with those who are thus engaged in public manner. The grand object in prayer is, that the Holy Spirit may be poured down on converts and churches, that sinners may be converted, saints edified, and the name of God glorified. At the same time, remember, we trust you will not neglect your requests to your own societies, or to the church in immediate connexion; let the whole interest

Redeemer be affectionately remembered, and the spread of the gospel to the most distant parts of the habitable globe, be the object of your most fervent requests. We shall rejoice if any other Christian societies of our own, or other denominations, will unite with us; and do now invite them most cordially to join heart and hand in the attempt.

Who can tell what the consequence of such an united effort in prayer may be! Let us plead with God the many gracious promises of his word, which relate to the future success of his gospel. He has said, 'I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock.'—Ezek. xxxvi. 37. Surely we have love enough to Zion to set apart one hour at a time, twelve times in a year, to seek her welfare."

One gratifying fact before we proceed further, must be recorded, since it exhibits the genuine philanthropy of these devoted men:—

In June, 1791, at the meeting of the association at Oakham, the brethren feeling, no doubt, the great obstacles presented by slavery to the progress of Christianity,—“It was unanimously voted, that five guineas should be sent up to the treasurer of the society for procuring the abolition of the Slave Trade, that we might shew our hearty abhorrence of that wicked and detestable merchandize; the reception of which sum has since been acknowledged in the most obliging manner, by Granville Sharp, Esq., Chairman of the Committee; who assures us that the committee are now more animated, if possi-

ble, than ever, against the iniquitous and disgrace practices of slave dealers and slave holders, and firmly determined (as by an indispensable duty to God and man) to persevere in their endeavours, by all means, to effect the abolition of such enormities."

The recommendation to fervent and united prayer was renewed from year to year, and was extensively acted on till 1791; when a series of events commenced which proved that the Head of the church, by granting the desires of his servants, and opening before them a door of entrance into missionary labours. Before they called he had heard, and was now about to manifest his gracious regard to his church.

At this time, William Carey, an humble obscure shoemaker, but destined for mighty achievements, was training by Providence for the work of missions. From his youth upwards, he was a great admirer of the works of nature. He took delight in plants and insects; and this taste led him on to the study of geography, and productions of the several countries of the earth, their population, manners, and religion. He was a man of active habits, and of singular benevolence.

Dr. Ryland stated, in one of the first sermons on the Baptist Missionary Anniversary in London:—"On October 5th, 1783, I baptized, in the river Nen, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's meeting-house at Northampton, a poor journeyman shoemaker, little thinking that before ten years had elapsed he would prove the first instrument of forming a society for sending missionaries from England to preach the gospel to the heathen. Since

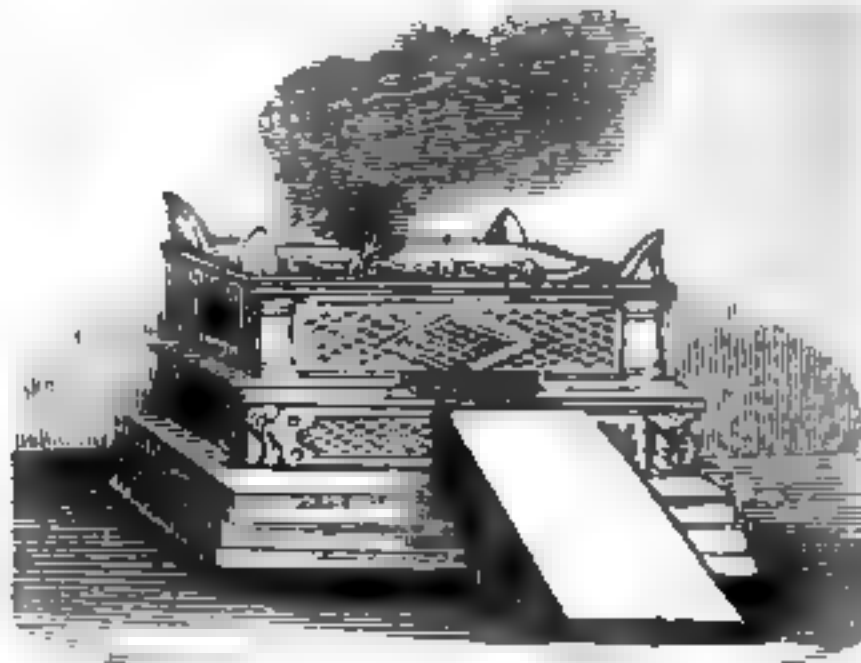
however, as the event has proved, was the purpose of the Most High; who selected for this work, not the son of one of our most learned ministers, nor of one of the most opulent of our dissenting gentlemen, but the son of a parish clerk, at Paulerspury, Northamptonshire." Such was William Carey; who, having first joined the baptist church at Olney, was called to the ministry, and became pastor of the church at Moulton; and in 1791, removed to Leicester.

In the year just named, Mr. Carey published a small volume, entitled, "An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use means for the conversion of the heathens;" this publication, together with sermons by the Rev. Messrs. Fuller and Sutcliff, led the ministers of the association already referred to, seriously to discuss the question, "Whether it were not practicable, and our bounden duty, to attempt somewhat toward spreading the gospel in the heathen world."

The following incident rests on the authority of the late Mr. Morris, the most able of the biographers of Fuller:—At one of those ministers' meetings which were then wont to be held for prayer and discussion, a subject was required. After some hesitation, Carey modestly observed, that he had thought of a subject, if agreeable to the brethren, but he did not wish to press it. It was the conversion of the heathen. "Young man," said the senior Ryland—the venerable Moderator, shaking his head, and looking sternly at him, "do you expect a second pentecost?" This was said to be in 1784.

## ALTAR OF BURNT-OFFERING.

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## ALTAR OF BURNT-OFFERING.

AN altar was an edifice constructed for the purpose of offering thereon sacrifices to God. Altars have been built in various forms, and of various materials; all probably, are as ancient as sacrifices themselves, which appear to be coeval with revealed religion, though we do not read of them till after the time when Noah built an altar to God, and offered burnt-offerings. In the patriarchal times altars were generally built near a grove of trees; and as idolatry prevailed in the world, and men, forsaking the worship of the true God, multiplied their deities in profusion, the practice of building altars became a universal practice among the heathen. Their altars in such places as were calculated to inspire with religious dread the minds of the deluded worshippers; particularly in groves, woods, and mountains.

The altar of burnt-offering which Moses commanded to be built for the use of the tabernacle in the wilderness, was a kind of chest or coffer of wood, covered with plates of brass. It was two yards and a half square, and a yard and a half high. (Exod. xxvii. 1—3) Moses placed it to the east, before the entrance of the tabernacle, in the open-air, that the fire which first descended upon it from heaven (Lev. ix. 24), and which, therefore, was considered to be sacred, and kept perpetually burning upon it, might not soil the inside of the tabernacle. At each of the four corners of this altar there was a spire, resembling a horn, wrought out of the same piece of wood as the altar itself, and covered with brass.

These horns, which were emblems of power, of honour, and of sanctity, served also for other purposes. The victims were fastened to them, as is intimated in Psalm cxviii. 27, "Bind the sacrifice with cords, unto the horns of the altar."

Within the altar was a grate of brass on which the fire was made; and through the grating the ashes fell below in a pan which was placed under it. At the four corners of this grate were four rings, fastened to four chains, which kept it suspended from the four horns of the altar. This altar was portable, and was carried on the shoulders of the priests by staves of wood covered with brass, and made to pass through rings which were fixed to the sides of the altar. When Solomon built the temple in Jerusalem, the altar which he caused to be erected was of much larger dimensions; it was twenty cubits long, twenty wide, and ten in height.

(2 Chron. iv. 1—3.) It was covered with thick plate of brass, and filled with rough stones, having on the side an easy ascent leading up to it.

After the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, and the building of the second temple by Zerubbabel, their altars differed a little from those in use before the captivity. Prideaux remarks, that from time immemorial the altar of burnt-offerings was a large pile built of unhewn stones, thirty-two cubits square at the base and twenty-four at the top; the ascent was by a flight of steps, thirty-two cubits in length, and sixteen in breadth.

Upon these altars rivers of animal blood were thus poured forth for hundreds of years! And “For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins.” Why, then, all this suffering and slaughter? If the young reader will read carefully the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, especially the 9th and 10th chapters, he will soon discover all this was done. These animals, thus sacrificed, were intended as figures, or types, of the Lamb of God, who should come to take away sin by the sacrifice of himself. The cross was the altar on which Jesus was sacrificed. There he died the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. “But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.”

“Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offer'd his blood and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside.  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.”

## THE SEEDS.



DID you ever think what a wonderful thing a seed is? The plant wrapped up in a little grain. The shoot, or more properly, the germ of the plant is so delicate, that to touch it is to break it; but it is covered up and protected so nicely,

you may take up a number of seeds, rub them and them about, shovel them into heaps, toss them wicks, and they are not at all injured. This is one proofs that God, who made this beautiful earth, also for a simple seed. If you take up one when just shot in the ground, you will see the little root downwards into the earth, and young leaves coming upwards seeking the light and air. You may dig thousands, and not find one making a mistake. Can you think what a great tree will grow from a little seed? Some seeds have something like a feather wing added to them, so they fly away when they are ripe, and scatter themselves over the country. Of some of these the small birds are very fond; so their food is provided all about. The groundsel and the thistle are of this kind. The poet Thomson thus writes:—



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## THE SEEDS.

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"See the light tenants of the barren air—  
To them nor stores nor granaries belong;  
Naught but the woodland, and the pleasing song;  
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye  
On the least wing that flits along the sky.  
To Him they sing, when spring renews the plain,  
To Him they cry in winter's pinching reign:  
Nor is their music, or their plaint, in vain.  
He hears the gay and the distressful call,  
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.  
If ceaseless then the fowls of heaven He feeds;  
If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads,  
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?  
Is He unwise, or are ye less than they!"

Would you not like to learn this by heart  
lead you sometimes to cheer up in trouble  
see the pretty little birds so happy, and  
sing so sweetly, and when you see their  
scattered all around them.

Many feed on insects and worms, as well as  
But we were talking about the thistle. It is  
one plant of the common thistle will produce  
first crop, twenty-four thousand seeds! Now  
by this, that if we wish our gardens not to be  
by them, we must be careful to destroy them  
go to seed. There is an old saying, "One year  
ing makes seven years' weeding." It is  
employment for children to weed their garden  
things grow much better when other plants  
crowd against them, and take the goodness of  
soil. So don't be afraid of a little work. Here  
what is said of the sluggard:—

"I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,  
The thorn and the thistle grew broader and higher:  
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,  
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs."

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## THE HARVEST.

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; does not always prove that a sluggard lives where weeds grow; but where there is a nice garden, with-  
weeds, we should be ready to say, "They must be  
, clean, industrious people that belong to this."  
; word more about the seeds. In a single head of  
py thirty thousand have been found. And we read  
it the wheat—

"A grain of corn, an infant's hand  
May sow upon an inch of land;  
Whence twenty stalks may rise and yield  
Enough to crop a little field.  
The harvest of that field may then  
Be multiplied by ten times ten;  
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread  
Wherewith a parish might be fed."

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## THE HARVEST.

Once more kind Heaven's indulgent hand  
Hath roll'd the seasons round;  
And lo! again our fruitful land  
We see with plenty crown'd.

ORIOUS HARVEST! Joyful Harvest! What a glad  
ne does our land present in the season of harvest!  
then "the valleys also are covered over with corn;

they shout for joy, they also sing;"—"and the rejoice on every side."

And truly this beautiful language of the pious though highly figurative, is exceedingly apt for what on earth presents such a delightful the valleys covered over with corn, waving in in graceful beauty, ripe and ready for gathering husbandman cast in the seed, perhaps, on a cloudy day—shrouded skies frowned on by wintry winds howled around; no signs of life for time appeared, and when they came, a nip checked their further progress. But the show of sunshine of returning spring encouraged the growth; and now the full corn in the ear again gladden the heart and reward the toil of the poor laborious husbandman.

Array'd in living green,  
The hills and valleys shine,  
And man and beast are fed  
By Providence divine:  
The harvest bows its golden ears,  
The copious seed of future years.

Harvest is therefore an anxious season. They must not loiter when the corn is ripe. They must be in the field early and late. "He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame." Shameful indeed would be to neglect securing the fruit of a whole year's labor. But we believe that very few could be found worthy of such a reproach. In harvest time, as soon as the corn is thought fit for cutting, all hands are engaged, and all hearts are happy, in the delightful "They shout for joy, they also sing."

## THE LAST GREAT HARVEST.

When all is finished—every field cleared, and all safely home—how does every heart beat with exultation! Men, women, and children, join in the “harvest home!”

There will be *another* harvest, in which we must all be concerned. That harvest will be at the end of the world, when every soul will be as a wheat or a tare. Angels will be the reapers, who will gather the tares into the heavenly garner, but bind up the wheat in bundles to burn them. You, my young friends, will be then as a wheat or as a tare, and that will be a day of joy or of sorrow to you. Now then, while your heart is yet tender, receive the seed of the Kingdom—which is the word of God—into your heart, that it may bring forth in you the fruits of righteousness, and the praise and glory of God. That is, without delay, read the word of God, believe it, receive it, obey it, love that blessed Saviour who once died for you, trust him to save your soul now, and then in the judgment he will welcome you to his high abode, with holy angels and just men made perfect, you will shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of your Father. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

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## THE LAST GREAT HARVEST.

THIS is the field,—the world below,  
In which the sowers came to sow,  
Jesus, the wheat,—satan, the tares;  
For so the Word of Truth declares:  
And soon the reaping-time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

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## VIOLETTE.

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Most awful truth!—and is it so?  
Must all the world the harvest know?  
Is every child a wheat or tare?  
Then for the harvest, O prepare!  
For soon the reaping-time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

To love my sins,—a saint t'appear,—  
To grow with wheat,—and be a tare,—  
May serve me while on earth below,  
Where tares and wheat together grow;  
But soon the reaping-time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

But all who truly righteous be,  
Their Father's kingdom then shall see;  
Shine like the sun for ever there:—  
He that hath ears then let him hear:  
For soon the reaping-time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

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## VIOLETTE.

HAVING been requested to write a few particulars of interesting life and happy death of a dear child, was connected with our sabbath school at Turret G baptist chapel, Ipswich—whose father was a member of our church when he died, and whose mother is still a member with us—I shall attempt to furnish a brief record of some of the most striking traits in the character of this youthful disciple, sincerely hoping that its perusal will have a salutary influence on the young, and prove also a source of encouragement to parents, and to teachers of youth.

## VIOLETTE.

Violette R. died last summer at the early age of eleven years ; but long before that period she gave good evidence of her love to the Saviour, and desire to do his will.

Let me just mention a few pleasing features in her character. She was remarkable for docility. Not only was her countenance meek and lovely, but her general conduct was so amiable, that she was a favourite with all who knew her.

Her love of truth was also very strong : she was open and ingenuous ; she feared a lie, and was equally averse to deceit. She also possessed a forgiving spirit. On one occasion a naughty girl pushed her rudely against the wall ; she did not resent the insult, but turning to her, simply said, " You are in a rage with me, but I am not angry with you ; for Christ tells us to forgive our enemies." She afterwards frequently sought to speak to this little girl alone ; but never found an opportunity. Another thing well worthy of imitation in this dear child's character, was her constant attention during public worship. She united in the solemn prayer, and in the sacred songs of praise ; and her heart, as well as her ears, was open to receive the important truths spoken by the minister.

It is quite refreshing to notice, in one so young, such a deep-seated desire to do good. It was her usual plan to visit on the Monday a neighbour, who, when well, attended the same place of worship, but had been visited with severe indisposition and loss of sight. Violette would seek to comfort this afflicted one by repeating all

she could remember of the sermons preached on the previous day, read the word of God, and converse on what she read; and if the invalid appeared to be cast down in spirit, she would, in a cheerful tone, endeavour to cheer and comfort her. Another fact may be given in proof of the earnest desire manifested by this dear child to benefit others. She had been kindly adopted by a pious Uncle and Aunt, who, with pleasure, received her into their house upon the death of her father, and invariably treated her with the most affectionate regard. "Uncle," she said, one day, "I know a little girl whose father and mother never go to a place of worship, and seem to have no fear of God: may I go and ask them to let their little girl go to the sabbath school?"

She called upon the parents; made known her wishes; gained their consent; and with joy conducted the little wanderer to her much loved sabbath school. If all sabbath scholars were thus to feel and act, what a vast addition would be soon made to the number of those who are now under spiritual instruction. It was very seldom found necessary to correct this dear child: but on one occasion she had done something which was considered deserving of correction. Her aunt expressed the unwillingness she felt to punish her, and said it was a painful duty; when the dear child said, "I know it, Aunt; or God would not have punished Eli as he did for not chastising his sons."

During her last illness (which lasted several weeks) she repeatedly said to those around her, "I know I have a sinful heart; but Christ promises to cleanse it; and

He is always as good as his word: as long as I have breath I will pray to him to make me clean." She did so; and her prayer was heard and answered; and Christ imparted to this lamb of his flock, a holy peace and a firm assurance of an interest in that glorious inheritance purchased by his own blood.

Violette possessed naturally a cheerful disposition; and in her visits to the afflicted friend before alluded to, she would sometimes say, "When we get to heaven we will sing the loudest of them all." She loved to think of death; and often repeated the lines—

"Lord! must I die? oh let me die,  
Trusting in thee alone;  
My living testimony given,  
Then leave my dying one.

If I must die, oh let me die  
In faith, and free from doubt;  
Cloth'd in my Saviour's righteousness,  
And sanctified throughout."

During all her sufferings she displayed a steadfast and unwavering faith in the promises of God. The first time her teacher visited her, she expressed with tears her trust in Christ. In the many subsequent visits paid by her teacher she was never seen to weep, but could talk with the utmost composure of her approaching end. On one occasion, when her aunt was sitting with her, she thus expressed herself: "Aunt, I believe I can say from my heart—yes, from my heart—God's will be done. I should like to have lived if God had willed it; but he knows best: Christ has saved me; and I shall soon be in heaven with him." A short time previous to her



death, she expressed a desire to see her uncle more—he was on a voyage at the time — on being assured that it was impossible to summon him home, she did not allow a murmur to escape her lips ; and none but those who knew the strong attachments she existed, can rightly appreciate her patience and submission under such a heavy trial. Seeing her aunt wept by her bedside, she said, “ Do not cry ; I’ve my Saviour in the promised land, and I’ve got some friends in the promised land : I shall soon be with them.”

The day before her death she was visited by her teacher. The dying child received her kind friend with a sweet smile. Watching, with painful interest, the approach of the last enemy, her teacher made the remark, “ The loss of health is a great loss, but there is infinitely greater one, is there not ? ” How striking was the reply :—

“ The loss of gold is much,  
The loss of health is more ;  
But the loss of Christ is such  
As nothing can restore.”

That is what you mean, is it not ? ” “ Yes, dear friend, that is what you mean, but you have not lost your Saviour, you.” “ Oh no,” said the dying child ; “ he has not lost me ; and I shall soon be with him.”

The following day this dear child yielded up her spirit into the hands of Him who gave it—another was gathered into the heavenly fold, and another was added to the Saviour’s crown.

*Ipswich.*

G. R.

## DEPARTED CHILDREN YET MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

**THE** souls of our departed children, though invisible to the eye of sense—though removed far from us, and cut off from all possibility of farther intercourse with us in this life—are in a conscious state of existence, and, it may be, occupied with nobler pursuits in a higher sphere. They have been taken away from the small suffering remnant here, to join the great, ever-increasing multitude, which no man can number, who are before the throne of God and of the Lamb. But though now enrolled actual members of the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, they have not ceased to be members of our families on earth. You would not say that a son absent in a foreign land had ceased by this circumstance to be a member of your family; and why should sons and daughters, because absent in heaven, cease to be regarded as members of our families? You would not say that a child, because it is fallen asleep, is no longer a member of your family; and why should you regard in any other light the child that is fallen asleep in Jesus? It is but a deeper sleep into which his mortal nature has fallen, and a longer night through which it must continue; but there is a glorious morning coming, on which you and he shall both awake, satisfied with the Redeemer's likeness.

It has often occurred to me, that it is a violation of true feeling, and an indication, if not of weak faith, at least of less profound and accurate views, to call two

children of the same family by the same name, merely because one of them is absent in heaven. "I would not put little Willie out of his place," was the beautiful remark once made to me by a true-hearted mother, who had lost a lovely little boy, when, after the birth of another son, some of her relatives wished him to be called by the same name. It is the same feeling that is exquisitely expressed by Bengel, when, in allusion to the name of a child that had some resemblance to that of a departed one, he says, "We would not choose quite the same name; because we thought it ought to have some distinction from hers, whom we still regard as one of the family, though she is fallen asleep."

I know of no composition in the English language, in which the consoling thought, that departed children ought still to be regarded as members of the family, is presented with such striking effect, as in the beautiful little poem of Wordsworth; in which, in his own quaint and peculiar style, he makes a little cottage girl give expression to this affecting sentiment:—

"I met a little cottage girl—

She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl,  
That clustered round her head.

'Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?'

'How many? Seven in all,' she said,  
And, wondering, looked at me.

'And where are they, I pray you tell?'  
She answered, 'Seven are we;

## DEPARTED CHILDREN YET MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

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And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea ;

Two of us in the churchyard lie—  
My sister and my brother ;  
And in the churchyard cottage I  
Dwell near them with my mother.'

'You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea ;  
Yet you are seven. I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be?'

Then did the little maid reply :  
'Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree.'

'You run about, my little maid ;  
Your limbs, they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'  
The little maid replied,  
'Twelve steps or more from mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,  
My 'kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them.

And often, after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane—  
In bed she moaning lay,

Till God relieved her of her pain,  
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid;  
And when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go—  
. And he lays by her side.'

'How many are you, then,' said I,  
'If they two are in heaven?'  
The little maiden did reply:  
'O, master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead—those two are dead;  
Their spirits are in heaven!'  
'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said: 'Nay, we are seven!'"

It is a blessed thought, that our departed children not dead, but sleeping; not lost, but only absent. If fraught with consolation is this thought to the bereaved heart! How is it calculated to elevate the soul, detach it from the things of time; to make "life sweet, death less bitter, and heaven more desirable to

Let us not, then, talk or act as if departed children were separated from us for ever; let us rather regard their removal to that better world as forming a connecting chain to hold our hearts fast to heaven; inducing to love more and more that blessed Redeemer of dying race, who has abolished death, and brought and immortality to light by the Gospel.

THE DYING BROTHER'S GIFT.

"DEAR BROTHER," said a dying boy,  
"This book to me was given,  
And from it I have learned the way  
To happiness and heaven.

This world I very soon must leave,  
And shall no longer need  
This holy book. I hope that you  
Its precious truths will read.

A blessing it has proved to me;  
The comfort I enjoy  
Is from its promises derived—  
Remember this, my boy."

He to his younger brother then  
The holy bible gave,  
And said that it would tell him how  
Christ came his soul to save.

"Read it with prayer, ne'er with it part,  
Although you may want bread;  
Its blessed truths can cheer your heart  
When on a dying bed."

Thus did this boy, though young in years,  
The Bible recommend;  
May every one who reads this tale,  
To his advice attend.

*Newport, I. W.*

J. D.

THE MODE OF BAPTISM, ILLUSTRATED BY EXT.  
FROM CELEBRATED BRITISH POETS.

MILTON.

Them who shall believe,  
*Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign*  
Of washing them from guilt of sin, to life  
Pure, and in mind prepared (if so befall)  
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.  
*Paradise L*

I saw  
The prophet do him reverence ; On him rising  
*Out of the water, heaven above the clouds*  
Unfold her crystal doors. *Paradise Regain*

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YOUNG.

Ye brainless wits ! ye baptized infidels !  
Ye worse for mending ! *washed to fouler stains !*  
*Night Thoug*

---

COWPER.

Philosophy *baptized*  
*In the pure fountain of eternal love !* T  
There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners, *plunged beneath that flood,*  
Lose all their guilty stains. *Olney Hym*

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SOUTHEY.

Then when the sacred sisters for their own,  
*Baptized thee in the springs of Helicon.*  
Their robes were like the mountain snow, and bright,  
As though they had been *dipped in the fountain springs of*  
*Carmen Nuptiale, on the Marriage of H*  
*Highness the Princess Charl*

READING AND KNOWING.



When little boys and girls first begin to look around them they ask many questions about what they see and hear, and their fathers and mothers are always ready to answer them. This is all right when they are very young; but when they grow bigger, and find many more things they want to know about, it would take all father's or mother's time almost to be telling them then, and so they must

learn to read, and the books will tell them all they want to know. When Sir William Jones was a little boy he was always teasing his mother with questions; he was so very inquisitive. His mother, finding that it would take nearly all her time to tell him all he wanted to know, gave him books to read, saying, "You must read, William; read, and then you will know." William did read all the books his mother could find for him, and soon wanted more, so anxious was he to know all he could. And he went on reading when he was a man, until he became one of the greatest scholars in the world.

And this is the way how to get to know. Young people should not only ask questions, but they should



read for themselves. And now-a-days there are of good books for young people to read—more ever there were by far ; and those young people who not make use of them are very much to blame for deprive themselves of much real pleasure and profit.

But there are books in the world that are not worth reading, whatever may be their tempting titles, or ever nice and smart they may look ; and therefore it is a good thing when any young person can find a friend who will tell him which books are the best for him to read. It is like finding a guide who will tell you the way to go when you are walking where you have been before. Not knowing the road, you might go a long way round about without a guide ; and, not knowing which books are the best, you might waste time in reading worthless ones, if you have not an experienced friend who will tell you which are the most likely to please and profit you.

So always take advice about reading books if you can get it ; and go on reading more and more, for the more you read the more you will want to read ; and your reading never omit to read, at least once a day, some portion of that wonderful book which has given us life. If you read and understand this book, it will not only tell you what no other book can, but will make you wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ, the great Saviour of a world of sinners ; and the knowledge of Him is worth more than all you could get if you were to read all the books in the world.

## A CONVERSATION ON BAPTISM.

ANNE, ELIZA, AND PHOEBE.

ANNE and Eliza were cousins, Phoebe was the friend of both; they had all been taught in the same school, and were now active and diligent teachers of others. There were no secrets or reserves between them; whatever one knew the others were soon acquainted with. All their trials and difficulties, their joys and pleasures, were mutually shared; nor were they ever so happy as when by appointment they could spend an hour or two together, with their work in hand, conversing about the sermons they had heard on the sabbath; the hymns they had committed to memory; and the interesting pieces recorded in the little magazine, which, with the utmost pleasure, they received every month. It happened on one of these occasions, as they were all sitting at work together, when talking on those subjects which always interested them most, (I mean the subjects of religion,) that one of them suggested a remark which gave rise to the following conversation:—

ANNE.—I have been thinking a good deal lately about these words of the Saviour to his disciples, John xiv. 15, “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” Now, though I hope I can say I feel some love to the Saviour, yet I fear I do not love him as I ought, or I should before now have openly professed his name in the holy ordinance of christian baptism.

ELIZA.—Glad am I to hear you make this remark, Anne, for though it may seem a little singular, yet I

have had much the same views and feelings as you have now described; and I well remember how much I wished to have been one of the candidates our minister baptized the other sabbath.

PHŒBE.—Well, it certainly is somewhat remarkable, but what you have both described I also have felt; and when, in a late magazine, I saw the representation of Philip baptizing the Eunuch, and read the interesting account which followed, I felt a wish that I also could have gone down with him into the watery grave of the Redeemer, that I might have shared in the joy which followed on this act of his obedience; for you know it is said, that when he came up out of the water, he went on his way rejoicing.

ANNE.—Yes, Phœbe, and I am mistaken if we should not enjoy much more of the sweetness of religion in our own souls were we to imitate the example of Christ and of the Eunuch in baptism.

ELIZA.—I sometimes think with you that we should; but then again the thought occurs, am I fit?

PHŒBE.—Ah! there's the point; could I be satisfied that I was a proper subject for baptism, I would not delay another day.

ANNE.—By being a proper subject, I suppose you mean with Eliza, were you good enough or fit?

PHŒBE.—Certainly I did not mean to doubt my fitness in point of age; because, at seventeen, I think I am quite old enough to understand the nature of baptism, and you know that is what is required in the New Testament of those who attend to this ordinance.

ANNE.—Nothing can be more clear than that this was required of the Eunuch; and hence the plain and pointed direction is, “If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.”

ELIZA.—And does not the commission given by our Lord to his Apostles fully agree with this? How strange it is that so plain a requisition should ever be overlooked, or that any one should imagine an infant can be a proper subject of baptism? Every one must know that infants cannot believe; and so many times as I have read my Testament through, I do not remember a word about others believing for them; nor, indeed, of an infant being mentioned in connection with the subject of baptism. I have read of men and women believing and being baptized; and I cannot but think that if baptism had ever been designed for infants, the Saviour, in some way or other, would have said something about it; as it is, I feel fully justified in believing that the baptism of infants has no foundation in scripture.

ANNE.—I am glad, Eliza, to find that you have paid so much attention to the directions of your Testament upon this point; but as I presume we are all agreed about the proper subjects, and I might add the mode of christian baptism, let us return again to the question of fitness for this solemn ordinance; you said just now, and Phœbe has made a similar remark, that you sometimes doubted your fitness.

ELIZA.—Yes; and has the same fear never disturbed your mind?

ANNE.—I have already told you it has very often

indeed. I may, however, further observe in reply to your question, that so great has been the anxiety of my mind at times, that I have been kept awake for hours after I have gone to bed; and much have I prayed to God that he would remove my fears, and make my path plain in this respect; and though I cannot say I am as satisfied in my mind as I could wish on this point, yet the more I examine my motives, and compare them with the Word of God, the more I am confirmed in the hope that my desire to attend to this ordinance arises from sincere love to the Saviour, and from a desire to be found walking in obedience to his commands.

PHÆBE.—Your account of your feelings, Anne, greatly encourages me, because it seems as though you could read my heart, and tell what was going on there: for all you have stated I have felt exactly. And now we are upon the subject, I should like to know what you think of proposing yourself as a candidate for baptism at the next church meeting.

ANNE.—Why, if I thought that Eliza and Phoebe would accompany me, and that we should all be accepted by the church, I do not know of anything that would afford me greater pleasure; it is what I have long desired, and often prayed may be the case.

ELIZA.—Since, then, in so singular a manner, our views and feelings so nearly correspond, I would ask, “what doth hinder?”

PHÆBE.—Nothing I hope from ourselves but that little word, “if,” Anne just now used, which I must confess has rather damped my zeal.

ANNE.—Do you refer to the doubt which I seemed to cherish whether we should be accepted by the church?

PHŒBE.—Yes, and you know it would be a painful thing if, after proposing ourselves, we should be rejected.

ELIZA.—That is true; but why take up a trouble of this kind before you come at it? How do you know but that the church would rejoice at our proposal, and receive us with affection?

PHŒBE.—That they would do so I have no doubt, provided they were satisfied with our piety, and believed us sincere in our profession. Still it does not follow that we should be indifferent on a point of so much moment.

ELIZA.—By no means, nor, I should suppose, could you understand me in this sense; for, as an individual, I should feel in this case as much as any one; all I intend is, that we should not suffer our fears to keep us back from a plain and obvious duty.

ANNE.—The justness of your remark, Eliza, we must all admit; for while, on the one hand, we should guard against presumption, we ought also to be equally upon our watch against an excess of fear, or a cowardly shrinking back from the cross. As this is the first conversation, however, which we have had upon the subject, suppose we agree to take a little more time for consideration, and to make it a matter of more serious and fervent prayer. At all events this can do us no harm.

PHŒBE.—On the contrary, I think it might do us a great deal of good; for though I was the first to propose the question, I hope I shall be always so far open to conviction as to be willing to retrace my

steps when it can be shown that I have run a little fast.

ELIZA.—To oppose so judicious a plan would, I confess, indicate no very great share of wisdom in me. I most readily, therefore, do I agree to a further consideration of the matter; and, should we live to meet again, I hope it will be under the blessing of God, and we may then be able to speak more wisely of things which we have handled, and tasted, and of the good word of God.

Anne and Eliza having met at the time and appointed, Phœbe, after a short interval, joined the company of her two friends; and after mutual inquiries respecting each other's welfare, the subject of the conversation was immediately resumed, and with seriousness conducted as follows:—

ANNE.—As we have now met for the purpose of conversing with each other on a subject of the greatest moment, and of ascertaining, if possible, the ground of that desire expressed at our last meeting to attend to one of the positive commands of Christ, I hope I shall be excused, if, in a few words, I venture to state the result of my most serious thoughts.

PHŒBE.—With the greatest pleasure, my dear Anne, shall I listen to your account; nor have I any objection but that Eliza will do the same.

ELIZA.—That I shall, for it always seems to encourage me when I hear others speak of the goodness of God to me.

ANNE.—Since, then, you both wish me to proceed, I shall begin by observing, that, in endeavouring to

the motives which first led me to wish to be baptized and to join the church of Christ, and which I hope I did with very earnest prayer, I was induced to ask myself, as in the presence of God, these plain questions:—What do I know of a change of heart?—Has Jesus Christ been formed in my heart the hope of glory?—How precious in my esteem, the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely?—Do I love his word? Do I esteem his people?—Do I delight in his ordinances?—And, finally, can I live without prayer? Nor was it a source of the smallest consolation to me, that in answer to each of these questions, I trust I am prepared to give a reason of the hope that is in me, with meekness and with fear. For, as it respects a change of heart, I know that I did not always feel as I do now; once my heart was hard and cold; the word made no impression upon my mind; nor did I feel any sorrow for sin, provided it did not bring me into any trouble or disgrace. Once the blessed Jesus had no loveliness in my eyes, but now I should desire him, but now I feel him precious; his word is indeed all my hope; his people I love with my heart, and his ordinances are truly my delight. Prayer is not as it once was, a task and a burden; on the contrary, it is the sweetest exercise in which I engage; by it I am enabled, as it were, to hold converse with God, and to maintain communion with his Son Jesus Christ. In a word, I feel to possess that hope which I would not part with for ten thousand worlds; and hence arises the conviction that it is both my duty and privilege to follow the example of him who said, as



he descended into the streams of Jordan, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

ELIZA.—Much as I anticipated the pleasure of our present meeting, yet I can truly say, I had no idea of realizing so much gratification as I at this moment feel. The plain and simple manner in which my dear cousin has spoken of the love and goodness of God to her soul has not only excited in my breast the deepest interest, but also constrained me to exclaim with the pious David, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." And in doing this, it shall be my endeavour to begin where I hope God began with me. You well remember our dear superintendent, Mr. L——, (now in glory) the kind and loving expression of his countenance—the affectionate manner of his address—the concern he manifested for our happiness, and the urgent petitions he would some times offer to God on our behalf, as well as the suitable advice he occasionally gave us for the regulation of our conduct. O, blessed man! as long as memory shall hold her seat, I trust I shall remember him with the most affectionate gratitude; for, it is to those pious instructions he gave us in the sabbath school, that, under God, I owe the first serious impressions produced on my mind. He had given me, as you know was his custom, a hymn, or a chapter, to commit to memory during the week. On the return of the sabbath I hastened to repeat my task, which I did correctly. He applauded my diligence, and urged me to perse-

verance. "But," said he, "Eliza, before I give you another task, let me ask you one question; which have you endeavoured most to please in storing your memory with the chapter and hymn which you have just repeated, me or God? Conscious that I had thought more of pleasing the former than the latter, I hung down my head and made no reply. Perceiving the difficulty in which this question had placed me, and that a consciousness of guilt had flushed my cheek, the good man proceeded to observe, "Well, Eliza, since I see that you have in this instance rendered unto the creature what was due only to the Creator, let me from this time entreat you to consider that God alone is worthy of your highest love, and that if you seek not to please and glorify him in all you do and say, no matter if you possess the powers of an angel, all will be but as sounding brass, and as the tinkling cymbal." Struck with the propriety and force of this remark, I returned home full of thought and care, began to examine my motives, and felt that if weighed in the balance of the sanctuary I should be found awfully wanting. This led me to a throne of grace; and if ever I prayed in my life it was then, that God would pardon my sins, and forgive the transgressions of which I had been guilty. The Lord, I hope, answered my prayer, as I soon felt happy in my mind; and from that time until now I have felt the most anxious desire to devote myself to his service, and to consecrate all my powers to his glory. And since my dear cousin has so decidedly declared her intention of following the example of the

blessed Redeemer, I am resolved to share with her this most delightful privilege. What, my dear Phœbe, do you say? I am sure you love the Saviour, and that you would not knowingly live in the neglect of any duty which he has enjoined upon his followers.

PHŒBE.—Why, to speak the truth, I certainly must confess that I should not like to see you descend into the watery grave of the Redeemer, while I remain in the character of a mere spectator. Yet I must also confess that I am not quite so confident of my own love to the Saviour as your assertion would seem to intimate, and therefore hope I shall be excused, if, in the relation of my experience, I mingle some doubts and fears. I trust I do love the Saviour, and as a proof of my desire to fulfil his commandment, I hope I shall be able with you to put on a profession of his name before the church and the world: yet, if I am not greatly mistaken, there is much in my heart which calls for the deepest humiliation; I am often much discouraged by the proneness I discover to neglect a throne of grace, and to wander from the path of duty. You know that I am naturally of a free and open disposition, and perhaps too much inclined to levity, which has sometimes proved a snare to me, and thus made bitter work for repentance. Sometimes, indeed, I think I will be more circumspect, and that I will watch over all my thoughts as well as my words and actions.

“But ere one fleeting hour is past,  
The flatt’ring world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.”

Then again I am cast into the depths, and am almost ready to doubt whether I ever possessed one grain of real grace. Indeed, my dear friends, so many, and so varied, are the proofs of the treachery and depravity of my heart, that, were it not for the conviction I feel that God is able to make all grace to abound to preserve me from falling, and finally to present me faultless before the throne of his glory, I believe I durst not presume on a public profession of his name. Having, however, as I hope I have done, weighed the matter well since our last meeting, and endeavoured to trace every motive that could lead to the desire, I feel as if I could take comfort in the conclusion, that the Lord is not willing I should perish, or he would not have shown me such things as these. He would not have led me thus far.

“ Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr’d,  
Find at times the promise sweet  
If I did not love the Lord?”

O No! This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in my eyes. When I look round upon some of my old companions and play fellows in the school, I can see many of them dancing, as it were, upon the brink of ruin, and going on as regardless of their souls, of God, and of religion, as if there were no heaven to lose, no hell to fear: and when I think of the grace that has made me to differ, and which I hope has led me humbly to ask:

“ Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there’s room  
While thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?”

I trust I do feel inexpressibly grateful in the thought, that,

"Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That gently drew me in;  
Else I had still refused to taste,  
And perish'd in my sin."

Of this I am certain, it is not because there is any worthiness in me, more than in my fellow creatures, that the Lord has been pleased to grant me his grace, and to dispose my heart to love and fear him; for if left to myself I feel that I should have gone to the same awful lengths in sin and iniquity as any of those to whom I have alluded. Unto his name, therefore, be all the glory for what, I hope, he has already done; and unto Him alone would I henceforth look for all that grace and strength which I may need in order to the discharge of the various duties devolving upon me, and particularly that to which, with you, my dear friends, I shall now so anxiously look forward—I mean the duty of following our blessed Redeemer in the holy ordinance of christian baptism.

ANNE.—Then the desire of my heart is indeed about to be granted! Anne, Eliza, and Phoebe, have not only given themselves to the Lord in private, but are resolved also on giving themselves unto his people in public! May the Lord give us courage to profess his name, with grace to serve him faithfully on earth, that we may finally enjoy him in heaven for ever!

That Eliza and Phoebe should each add a fervent amen to the above petition my young reader need not be informed; but should anything remarkable occur respecting either hereafter, perhaps it may be communicated.

Nihil.

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QUESTIONS ABOUT JESUS CHRIST.

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QUESTIONS ABOUT JESUS CHRIST.

If Jesus Christ came from on high  
To save my soul from hell,  
Should I not wish, and also strive,  
With him in heaven to dwell?

If Christ, my Lord, endured reproach,  
And suffer'd want and pain,  
Whene'er afflictions me befall  
Ought I then to complain?

If my Redeemer's precious blood  
On Calvary's mount was spilt,  
Should I not love him much who died  
To answer for my guilt?

If that dear Saviour from the dead  
Arose and went to heaven,  
Should not my thoughts, from earth called off,  
To heavenly things be given?

If Jesus interceding stands  
At God's right hand for me,  
Should I not always think of him,  
And far more grateful be?

If Jesus Christ is gone to heaven,  
A mansion to prepare,  
Should it not be my chief concern  
To gain admittance there?

*Newport, I. W.*

J. D.

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DOMESTIC LOVE.

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DOMESTIC LOVE.

WHAT can there be more pleasing  
Than pure domestic love !  
Whose influences unceasing,  
Each thought and action move ;  
Where all the happy members  
Its silken cords entwine,  
And meek, yet cheerful tempers,  
Are form'd by grace divine.

When anything arises  
To cause a sigh or groan,  
Each bosom sympathizes  
And feels it as its own :  
Or when some vexing trifle  
Occurs to raise dispute,  
How soon this love can stifle,  
And make resentment mute !

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## DOMESTIC LOVE.

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But in a joyful season,  
What sweet emotions roll,  
While love, "the feast of reason,"  
Joins with "the flow of soul:"  
And in their tranquil moments,  
Which far more often come,  
There's none of earth's bestowments,  
Like such a happy home.

To God, their gracious Sovereign,  
At morn and eve they pray,  
That he around them hovering,  
Would guide and bless their way:  
Their song of praise rehearses  
The favours he imparts,  
While thanks for these his mercies,  
Ascend from all their hearts.

Sometimes a tender feeling  
Is dropt from nature's hand,  
Whose kindly dews distilling,  
Cement the social band;  
But oft this taper dwindles,  
And scarce deserves the name,  
While that which grace enkindles,  
Burns with a lambent flame.

'Tis not a reckless passion  
Which far from reason runs—  
Much less a mere profession  
Which swells and dies at once;  
But 'tis a deep affection,  
Pervading all the soul,  
And true to its direction  
As needles to their pole.

In what shall we determine  
To seek its faint compare?—



'Tis like the downy ermine  
Which kings and nobles wear :  
'Tis like the dew descending  
On Zion's ancient hill ;  
Or Siloa's rivulet wending  
Its course so gently still. .

'Tis like a cooling lotion  
Upon a burning wound ;  
Or chariot's rapid motion  
O'er undulating ground :  
'Tis like a pleasant sailing  
On some transparent lake, -  
Whose waters gently swelling  
Just keep the mind awake.

'Tis like the vital current  
That trickles through our veins ;  
Or like the welcome torrent  
On India's thirsty plains :  
'Tis like the richest juices  
Which cheer the festal board ;  
Or fruits which Greece produces,  
With various sweetness stor'd.

'Tis like the dulcet streaming  
Of some seraphic lyre ;  
Or like the sun when beaming  
His kind congenial fire :  
'Tis like that gravitation,  
Which holds its wide control,  
And binds the vast creation  
In one harmonious whole.

'Tis like the opening morning,  
So charming and serene ;  
'Tis like the flowers adorning  
A lovely rural scene :

## BAPTIST MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

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'Tis like some costly powder  
Which wide its sweetness flings;  
'Tis like a heavenly odour  
Shed from an angel's wings.

But though all choicest emblems  
Should at our bidding come,  
They fail in their resemblance  
To such a love at home:  
For far as Wisdom's treasures  
Outweigh the miser's pelf,  
This best of earthly pleasures  
Excels all but itself.

*Oakham.*

J. J.

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## BAPTIST MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

### FORMATION OF THE SOCIETY.

MAY 31, 1792, at the next Annual Meeting of the Association at Nottingham, Mr. Carey delivered a very animated discourse from Isaiah liv. 2, "in which he pressed two things in particular, as expository of lengthening our cords and strengthening our stakes; viz. 1. That we should *expect* great things. 2. That we should *attempt* great things." So strongly did the brethren now feel, that they resolved — "that a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering, for forming a society among the baptists for propagating the gospel among the heathen; and on October 2nd following, the

brethren assembled at that town, unanimously the following resolutions :—

“ 1. Desirous of making an effort for the promulgation of the gospel among the heathen, agreeably to what was recommended in brother Carey's late public address on that subject, we, whose names appear in the subscription, do solemnly agree to act in society for that purpose.

2. As in the present divided state of christianity it seems that each denomination, by exerting its own strength, is most likely to accomplish the great mission, it is agreed that this society be called the *Particular Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel to the Heathen*.

3. As such an undertaking must needs be attended with expense, we agree immediately to open a subscription for the above purpose, and to recommend others.

4. Every person who shall subscribe ten pounds once, or ten shillings and sixpence annually, shall be considered a member of the Society.

5. That the Revs. John Ryland, Reynold William Carey, John Sutcliff, and Andrew Fuller be appointed a committee, three of whom shall be empowered to act in carrying into effect the purposes of the Society.

6. That the Rev. Reynold Hogg be appointed treasurer, and Rev. Andrew Fuller secretary.

7. That the subscriptions be paid in at the Northampton ministers' meeting, October 31, 1792, at which time the subject shall be considered more particularly by the committee and other subscribers who may be present.

Signed, John Ryland, Reynold Hogg, John Sutcliff, Andrew Fuller, Abraham Greenwood, Edward Sharman, Joshua Burton, Samuel Pearce, Thomas Blundel, William Heighton, John Eayres, Joseph Timms; whose subscriptions in all amounted to £13 2s. 6d."

"Some of the greatest difficulties we had to encounter," wrote Mr. Fuller, at a subsequent period, "were the following: We were inexperienced in the work; we knew of no opening for a mission in any one part of the world more than another; we had no funds to meet the expense that must attend an undertaking of the kind; our situation in an inland part of the country was inconvenient for foreign correspondence; the persons who would have the management would live at such a distance from each other as to render frequent consultation impracticable; and, finally, in forming such a Society, there would be danger of its falling under irreligious influence. From these and other considerations, those who were expected to engage in the work, entered upon it with much fear and trembling."

This will be further seen by an extract from the Committee Book:—"Nov. 13, 1792. The following articles we wish to be examined and discussed in the most diligent and impartial manner: 'What qualifications are

especially requisite in missionaries?" 'What are known, or supposed to be both suitable and to be employed in this business?' 'What advice be given to the missionaries, or what regulations concerning them?' Also, 'In what parts of the world do there seem to be the most promising opportunities?' 'What information on this head may be obtained from any late books of travels, or from christian merchants or from such persons as would at least favour the cause of converting the heathen?'"

That they were not then without some apprehensions as to the result, may be gathered from another extract "Nov. 28, 1792. That in case of a failure of this plan, it is the desire of the major part of this Society, that the monies which may remain should be applied to the support of some other mission which the Society may approve; but that those subscribers who may disapprove of this proposal, and require it, shall, after the deduction of necessary expences, have their subscriptions returned."

Notwithstanding these cautious fears and serious apprehensions, they determined to persevere; and did not succeed in establishing their own Society, they agreed to aid the Moravians or Presbyterians; "the will of the Lord in heaven," they nobly declared, "we were determined to do something towards propagating his gospel in heathen lands."

While the spirit of zeal, of prudence, and of piety were thus cherished, the Head of the church was preparing to call forth their energies. Mr. John T.

who, in 1785, was baptized and admitted a member of Dr. Stennett's church, and whose father was a deacon of the baptist church at Fairford, had resided in India, and there preached the gospel; and, concerned for the best interests of its inhabitants, was desirous, during a visit to England, to raise funds for the establishment of a mission to that country. Calling for that purpose on the venerable Abraham Booth, he was introduced by him to the Committee of the Baptist Mission; and after a series of striking interpositions of Divine Providence, he and Mr. Carey embarked for India on June 13, 1793, a solemn farewell meeting having been held at Leicester, March 20, when deep and holy feelings were manifested.

Mr. Morris (who was present), in his life of Fuller, thus describes the meeting of Carey and Thomas at Kettering. Carey had already agreed to go to India as the companion of Thomas. "It was late in the evening while they were in full deliberation; his (Mr. T's.) arrival was announced. Impatient to behold his colleague, he entered the room in haste, and Mr. Carey rising from his seat, they fell on each other's necks and wept. 'From Mr. Thomas's account, we saw,' said Mr. Fuller, 'there was a gold mine in India, but it seemed almost as deep as the centre of the earth. Who will venture to explore it?' 'I will go down,' said Mr. Carey to his brethren; 'but remember that you must hold the ropes.' We solemnly engaged to do so; nor while we live shall we desert him."

## THE VULTURE.

"A ravenous vulture in his open'd side  
Her cruel beak and cruel talons tried."



THIS bird, though generally known, or frequently met with, is considerably the best of all the prey, though not excepted are above this of the vulture principally warmer part of the globe. The species is South American name of vulture to have been

birds of this genus from their peculiarly piercing faculty, indeed, which distinguishes almost all birds of prey. The largest of the vulture tribe is the condor of South America; a bird which possesses formidable qualities of the eagle, but in a much lesser degree.

The habits of the vulture tribe differ from those of the eagle, in that the eagle, unless violently provoked,

hunger, will not stoop to carrion, loving to kill and catch for itself; whilst the vulture is indelicately and indiscriminately voracious, though not so frequently attacking living animals, whilst its wants can be supplied from the putrid bodies of the dead. It delights in the most noxious putridity; and is sometimes found uprooting new graves in order to satisfy its longing appetite with their contents. In these habits, too, the wisdom of God and his goodness are strikingly seen by intelligent observers, that he has raised up a bird with so filthy and disgusting habits in those countries where, from the heat of the sun, dead bodies almost directly putrefy, and, but for these birds, might frequently be the source of the most pestilential diseases. God has made the vultures, therefore, the great scavengers of the countries they inhabit, fitting them, by their far distant sight and more distant scent, to find out every dead carcass; and, by a peculiar appetite for such food, preparing them to devour it. Such are the services of these birds in clearing countries of carrion, that they are often regarded with veneration and love, rather than with fear and dread. Some governments impose a fine upon the person who kills one, as is the case in South America, where their services are much needed. Mr. Waterton, a traveller on the American continent, saw vultures as tame as domestic fowls, so that persons who had never seen vultures might mistake them at first for a species of turkeys. When full of food the vulture appears indolent, standing for hours together on the branch of a tree, or on the top of a house, with his wings drooping;



and, after rain, spreading and elevating them to catch the rays of the sun.

Though common to some parts of Europe, the vulture is a stranger to the English shores. Here, where his services are not required, the vulture would be an injury and annoyance, without any corresponding benefit. In Egypt, where the spotted and black vultures are natives they are very common, and of incalculable benefit; far more so than the eagle tribes, which feed and prey upon living animals, whereas the birds of which we are now speaking chiefly prey upon the putrid dead. At Grand Cairo, therefore, notwithstanding their rapacious habits not one of them is suffered to be killed, as they devour all the carrion and filth of this truly filthy city, where everything vile is thrown into the streets, trusting to these good scavengers to clear it away, as it would otherwise corrupt and taint the air.

There is a specimen of the king vulture in the Zoological Gardens, London, sent from Venezuela by Admiral Fleming. Of this remarkable species many interesting particulars are related by Mr. Waterton, the traveller, whom we have before named. While sailing up the Essequibo he saw a pair of them sitting on the naked branch of a tree, with about a dozen of the common vultures. A tiger had killed a goat the day before he had been driven away while sucking the blood, and not finding it safe or prudent to return, the goat remained where he had killed it. It had begun to putrefy and the vultures had arrived that morning to claim the savoury morsel. Mr. Waterton also relates, that the

carcass of a large snake which he had killed in the forest becoming putrid, about twenty of the common vultures came and perched on the neighbouring trees. The king of the vultures came too; and Mr. W. observes that none of the common ones seemed inclined to begin breakfast till his majesty had finished. When he had consumed as much as nature informed him would do him good, he retired to the top of a high tree, and then all the common vultures fell to and made a hearty meal. The same gentleman observed, that the day after the planter had burnt the trash in a cane field, the king vulture might be seen feeding on the snakes, lizards, and frogs which had suffered in the conflagration; so that the same kind of food that satisfies their subjects of the inferior orders will satisfy them also.

It is very bold and voracious; and Bruce relates that a bearded vulture once, attracted by some goat's flesh that his servants were cooking on the summit of a mountain in Abyssinia, ventured within the circle of the party, and attempted to seize a portion of the goat from the boiling water; but, failing in this, it carried off a large piece in each of its talons from a platter that stood near. The vulture returned again for more of the savoury meat, when it was shot by the traveller.

Mr. Burchell justly observes, that, to those who have had an opportunity of examining these birds, it may be seen how perfectly the formation of a vulture is adapted to clear away putrid or putrefying matter, which might otherwise taint the air, and produce infectious diseases.

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FARMERS GIRLS.

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FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up in the early morning,  
Just at the peep of day,  
Straining the milk in the dairy,  
Turning the cows away,  
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,  
Making the beds upstairs,  
Washing the breakfast dishes,  
Dusting the parlour chairs.

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## FARMERS GIRLS.

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Brushing crumbs from the pantry,  
Hunting for eggs in the barn,  
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,  
Spinning the stocking yarn,  
Spreading the whitening linen  
Down on the bushes below,  
Ransacking every meadow  
Where the wild strawberries grow.

Starching the linen for Sunday,  
Churning the snowy cream,  
Rinsing the pails and strainer  
Down in the running stream,  
Feeding the geese and turkies,  
Making the pumpkin pies,  
Jogging the little one's cradle,  
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,  
Music in every tone,  
Beauty of form and feature  
Thousands might covet to own ;  
Cheeks that rival spring roses,  
Teeth the whitest of pearls,  
One of these country maidens  
Is worth a score of your city girls.

*ited States.*

H. M. L.

A LILY GATHERED.

SONGS OF SOLOMON VI. 2.

SUSANNAH SMITH was little more than thirteen age when it pleased God to call her away from a feeble life, I doubt not, to the heavenly paradise where sorrow and sighing are known no more. She attended sabbath school ever since she could walk Burnley Lane, and then at the school connected with the Enon baptist chapel, Burnley. She loved to go to school but being a very weakly child she was occasionally prevented from attending; and yet, I believe, like too many scholars, neglected school for play. She loved her teacher and her minister. I remember how she would come smiling up to me and take my hand. On those occasions she appeared a picture of innocence. A peculiar simplicity of manner. She was not a girl of many words, but she had an honest truthfulness about her which was a pleasing character to a child of her years. She was sickly; and for several years before her last illness manifested symptoms of approaching death which pointed to an early tomb. The frailty of her frame be considered a fit emblem of her tender age. The day after her death I gazed at her earthly remains with admiration, and never before disposed to exclaim—

“O lovely appearance of death!  
No sight upon earth is so fair;  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,  
Can with a dead body compare.”

It was rather surprising that so tender a flower could stand up so long under the withering influence of disease. During the nine months of her severe affliction I looked several times for her departure. I visited her once every week nearly all the time of her confinement, and I frequently thought I was leaving her for the last time. Her natural diffidence, and her extreme weakness, prevented her from saying much, and only in answer to my questions; but I found she was trusting on Christ alone for salvation. She believed he died for her sins; and all her hopes of heaven were placed on him. Her patience was remarkable. It was like that of an aged, experienced christian. I was often truly astonished at this, and believe it was the result of divine grace. During her affliction her mother was often unwell, and had a severe attack a short time before Susannah died. This tried her tender feelings, and it is probable that she feared her mother was going before her. I shall never forget the expressive look she gave her mother as she lay by her side, and then wiped off the tears of sympathy which fell from her eyes. She frequently prayed to Jesus. She would clasp her little hands and pray to the Saviour to make her an angel; but added, "I must wait his time." A short period before her death she seemed conscious her end was near. She called her mother and sisters, and kissed them; and shortly after, as if she were falling asleep, she entered into rest.

Thus was this early lily gathered. Mr. Batey, the minister, preached a funeral discourse for her, from

which the above brief memoir is given. She was in hope of a happy rising.

Rest thou in peace, we now will say,  
Around thy grave may roses bloom,  
Till mortal scenes shall pass away,  
And Jesus calls thee from the tomb.

Sun, moon, and stars, may brightly shine,  
And golden clouds adorn the west; ·  
But that immortal soul of thine,  
In brighter glories far is drest.

Thy frail and fragile form no more  
Excites our sympathy and care;  
Thy happy spirit now is where  
Thy Saviour and his angels are.

And now, O Saviour, unto thee  
We offer up a fervent prayer,  
That we each other there may see,  
And each a crown of glory wear.

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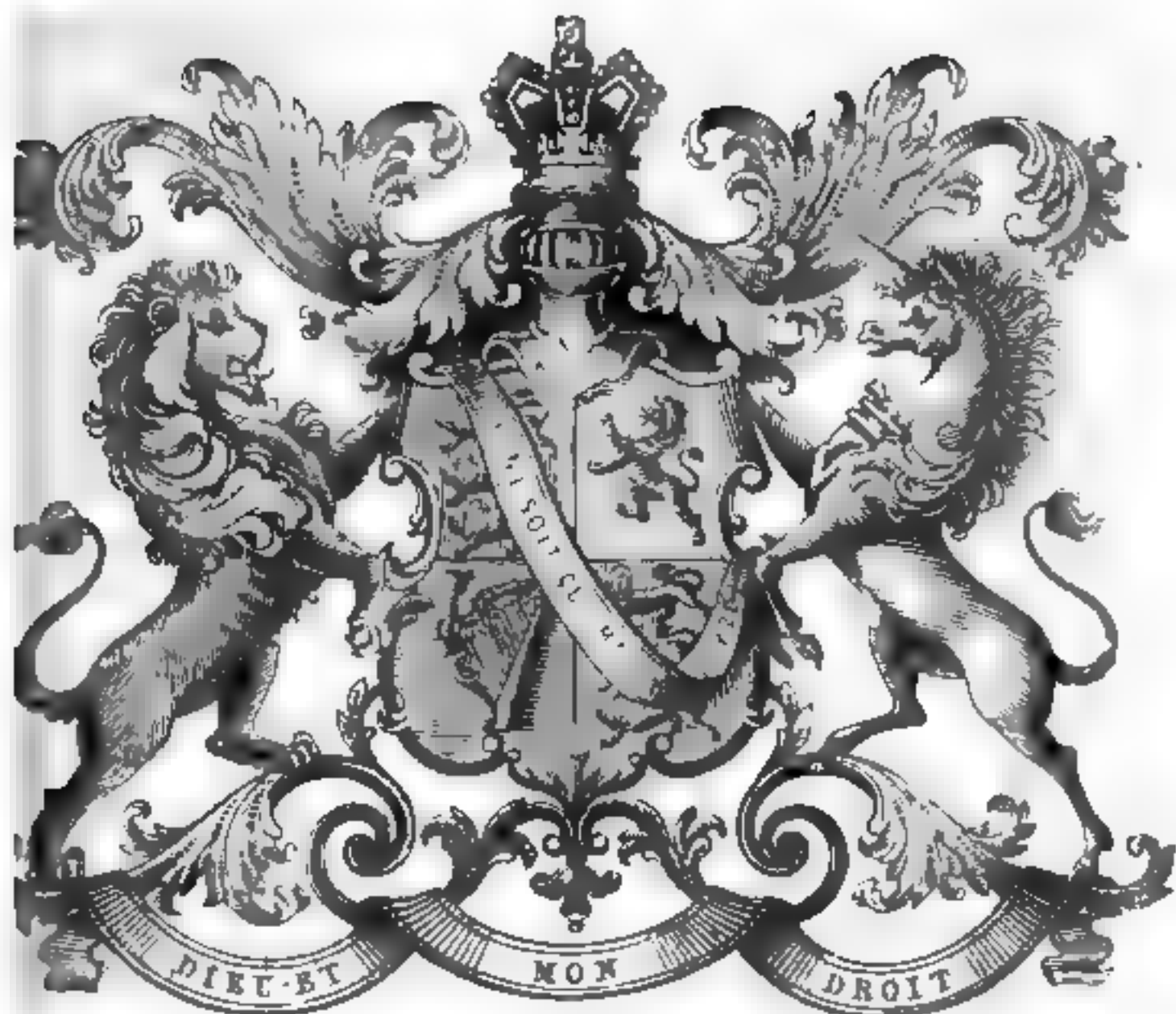
A CHRISTIAN MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD

THERE was a parting sigh;  
With that the spirit fled,  
And wing'd its flight on high,  
And left the body dead:  
No prayers, no tears, its flight could stay,  
'Twas Jesus called the soul away.

Oh, how shall I complain  
Of him that rules above;  
Who sends no needless pain;  
Who always smites in love:  
Who looks in tenderest pity down,  
E'en when he seems to wear a frown!

The eye of Jesus wept,  
It dropt a holy tear,  
When Mary's brother slept,  
A friend to Jesus dear:  
Delightful thought! that bliss  
Still beams with kindness here

I know my child is blest,  
Her bliss by Jesus given:  
She's early gone to rest;  
She's found an early heaven  
The sigh that closed her eye  
Was signal of her happier rest



### A CONVERSATION ABOUT KINGS AND QUEENS.

**JOHN.**—Father, will you tell us something about Kings and Queens? I should like to hear some tales about them.

**FATHER.**—Yes, my dear, I will. Tell your brothers and sisters to come. There: now you must all be very still. But you may ask me any questions.



CHILDREN.—Thank you, father.

FATHER.—Well : you have read in the Bible— is the oldest book in the world, and tells us mo any other book—about the kings of Egypt, and th of Israel, and the kings of the Assyrians and the P

WILLIAM.—Yes, we have : but who made them father ?

FATHER.—They were mostly kings because fathers were before them : sometimes becau people chose them for kings ; but often they go kings by fighting, and by doing that which w wrong and wicked.

THOMAS.—When a man is a king he can do v pleases, cannot he father ?

FATHER.—Not always. But it is so in some co Some kings have been good men and done muc and others have done a great deal of harm.

WILLIAM.—Was not he a good king who reig Egypt when Joseph was there ?

FATHER.—I think he was. He seems to have good natured man. I hope he feared God, an blessed him for Joseph's sake.

JOHN.—But there was another king in Egy was not a good man.

FATHER.—You are right John. He was a ve man to order all the little babies to be put to But the eye of God Almighty was upon him. I see what kings are doing, and if they do wrong punish them. You have read what dreadful plag brought upon the king of Egypt because he wo

let the people of Israel go; and, at last, he and his great army were drowned in the Red Sea.

JOHN.—Can you tell us about any other kings, father?

FATHER.—Yes: there was a great and mighty king who did not fear God, and he got a great army of soldiers together—one hundred and eighty-five thousand men, and he went up to Jerusalem to fight against it. And he said many wicked words about the great God, and his people. Well: the Lord heard his wicked words, and he sent one of his angels from heaven, who in one night slew all the soldiers; and the king fled to his own land, where his own sons killed him. Have you never read those beautiful lines about it—

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea!  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed on the face of the foe as he pass'd;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold, as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances uplifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmit by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!"



Almighty saw him, and took away his reason. He became silly, and they drove him into the field. He ate grass like an ox for a long time, until his hair was like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws. After this God gave him his reason again; and King David did honour and extol the King of heaven, saying that his works are truth and his ways judgment: and that he who walks in pride he is able to abase. And I will tell you of one more, and that was King Herod, a very wicked man, and he put those to death who followed the Lord Jesus. One day this proud king, in his royal apparel, made a speech to the people, who were gathered about him, and said it was the voice of a God. Well: you saw him, and how do you think he punished that bad man? why he sent little worms to eat him, and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost. See how easily the great and mighty God can humble a king, and crush him to death with as much ease as he crushes a fly.

WILLIAM.—Father, were not the Romans

THOMAS.—I have read in my history of Rome, that the first king of Rome and his brother were suckled by a wolf when their mother died. Was that true, father?

FATHER.—It is said they were my dear, but we do not know that it is true. The kings of those countries were, most of them, sad men for fighting and doing mischief. Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar, and such great heroes, as they called them, were not good men: and you must not admire them, for they filled the world with bloodshed and misery. There have also been what were called kings in most countries—among the wild people in Africa and America, their chiefs are sometimes called kings.

JOHN.—O yes. I have read about them in Peter Parley, father.

FATHER.—Yes, you have John, but they were only like chiefs or leaders, and hardly should be called kings. In India, where your uncle lived who went as a Missionary, their chiefs or kings are called rajahs, and though some of them are rich, others are very poor; and your uncle tells us in one of his letters, that he went to see one of these kings one day, who had not so good clothes on as I have, and his house was not near so good as ours.

WILLIAM.—Indeed! father.

FATHER.—Yes: and Mr. Campbell, who went to take Bibles and Missionaries to Africa, says, he went to see the King of Lattakoo one day; "The royal family were at dinner, in the corner of their yard, outside the house. The king's distinction seemed to consist in his sitting

next the pot that contained the boiled beans, on which they were dining, and having the only spoon we saw, with which he helped himself and his friends, by putting a portion into each hand as it was held out to him. One of the princesses was employed in cutting, with an axe, a dried paunch into small pieces, and putting them into a pot to be boiled, either to complete that repast, or to serve for another soon after. One of Mateebe's sisters was cutting up a filth looking piece of flesh, and putting it into the same pot. Certainly an Englishman would be almost dying for want of food before he would accept an invitation to dine with the king of Lattakoo."

WILLIAM.—Well; that is funny enough, for a king to be eating boiled beans with a spoon. That was not

"A dainty dish to set before a king."

But, Father, was not Tzatzoe, who was in this country not long ago, one of the African kings?

FATHER.—Yes: he was one of the chiefs or kings in Caffre-land. But he listened to the missionaries, and they taught him; and now he knows all about the Bible and the Lord Jesus Christ, and has been over to this country to get more missionaries to go and teach his people. But I was going to tell you that in some countries they have no kings—they fix upon a number of the wisest men, who make the laws and govern the people. In England we have a King or Queen, and a number of wise men, who are called the Parliament, and they make the laws, and the King or the Queen approves of them.

THOMAS.—In my history of England there is a deal

about wars and battles. We have no battles in England now, Father.

FATHER.—No, Thomas, and it is a good thing we have not. In those days they used to be very often fighting to see which should be king. It is not so now. We know whose turn it is to be king or queen, and it is all done without fighting; and that you know is a great deal better. Besides in those days there were scarcely any bibles, and very few schools, and the people were very ignorant. They were so busy fighting that they had no time to learn trades, or to make their houses comfortable. But since we have had peace in England, bibles have been printed, and schools opened, and places of worship built, and the gospel preached, and the people have invented steam-engines, and gas, and machinery, and done such wonderful things, that there is no country in the world so clever and so great as this.

BETSEY.—But about the Queen, Father, tell us about the Queen?

FATHER.—Why she is the sovereign: that is, she is the first person in the nation, and wears the crown.

BETSEY.—What is the crown, Father?

FATHER.—It is a very fine thing made of gold, with many rich jewels and precious stones on it, which sparkle and look very grand. There is one diamond in it said to be worth £11,000. The Lords wear coronets, and so do their Lady's, but they are not so rich and grand as the Queen's crown. Here is a picture of it.



BETSEY.—O I would be a queen, and wear a crown.  
FATHER.

—Ah! my little darling, but you never and if you knew what cares and troubles kings and queens have, you would not wish to wear a crown.

But I want to tell you about a very great King, the greatest in all the world.

JOHN.—O! who was he, father?

FATHER.—I wonder if you can guess.

THOMAS.—Buonaparte!

WILLIAM.—Alfred the Great!

JOHN.—King William!

FATHER.—No, my dears. It is not any of the kings of the earth. It is One greater than them all.

JOHN.—O! I know who you mean. It is the Jesus Christ.

FATHER.—Yes: John, you are right. He is King of kings and Lord of lords. He made all things; heaven, and all on earth, and all in the sea, and all the angels in heaven worshipped him, and yet he came into the world and died for our sins; and rose again; and now he is gone to heaven, where he sits as Prince on his Throne, and all the hosts of heaven worship him. He is a King. He never dies, and he can do what he pleases in heaven, and earth, and sea.

WILLIAM.—I heard my grandfather say so when he preached out of Psalms, from, "I will make him the firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth."

FATHER.—You would, no doubt, my dear; and a time is coming when kings and queens of all nations

will think it their highest honour to love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ. There will be no more fighting then; but all men, kings and queens and everybody else, will live in love and peace.

But I have one thing more to tell you. You may all be kings and wear a crown!

CHILDREN.—O! may we, father?

FATHER.—Yes: but not in this world. Here, in England, only one person wears a crown, and that is the Queen, but in heaven they all wear crowns, and Jesus Christ will make kings of them all.

CHILDREN.—We should like to go to heaven then.

FATHER.—My dears, I hope you would; but remember that before you can go there you must be born again. That is, you must be made good by the Lord. He only can give you a new heart and make you fit to go to heaven. So you must be sorry for your sins, and love the Lord Jesus Christ who died to save you, and then the Lord will bless you! And O what a thing it will be if we all get to heaven at last; father, mother, and all the boys and girls in heaven. So now let us sing

“O how happy we shall be!  
For our Saviour we shall see,  
Exalted on his throne!

O! that will be joyful!

There we all shall sing with joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ the Lord!

O! that will be joyful!

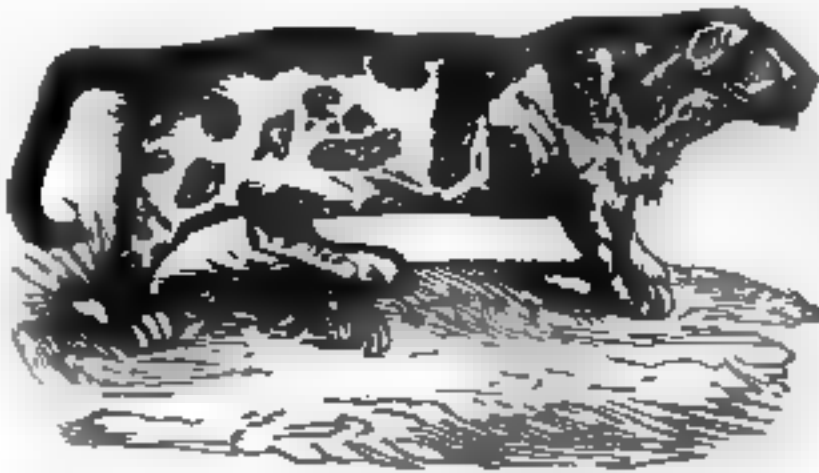
Joyful, joyful, joyful!

O! that will be joyful!

When we meet to part no more.



## THE TORTOISE-SHELL TIGER.



THIS curious animal is a native of Sumatra; a specimen, about fourteen months old, measured nearly three feet in length, and one foot four inches in height. Sir

Stamford Raffles, in speaking of a younger specimen, has added the following particulars respecting its manners.

"While in a state of confinement, it was remarkable for good temper and playfulness: no domestic kitten could be more so. On board the ship, there was a small dog who used to play round the cage and with the animal, and it was amusing to observe the playfulness and tenderness with which the tiger came in contact with his little play-fellow.

He never seemed to look on men or children as prey, but as companions: and the natives assert that when wild, they live principally on poultry, birds, and small deer. they are not found in numbers, and may be considered rather a rare animal even in the southern part of Sumatra. They are generally found in the vicinity of villages, and are not dreaded by the natives, except so far as they may destroy their poultry."

## SUPERSTITION AND REFORMATION.

[Our young readers may be amused and instructed by the following somewhat humorous sketch, which was written by Mr. John Hursthouse, a baptist minister of the last century. They can ask their parents or their teachers for an explanation of anything in it that they do not fully understand.]

SUPERSTITION has ever busied himself in striving to prevail upon mankind to take his counterfeit ware for the religion instituted by the Almighty. And, indeed, the extreme glare and showyness of it has rendered him by far too successful in his attempts to deceive. This noted cheat, although very ancient, is surprisingly active. He is supposed, by historians, to have been born in Egypt; as it is evident he came out of that country along with the children of Israel (and they were very fond of him), journeyed with them in the wilderness, and made them a golden calf to worship. Ex. xxxii. He attended them afterwards in the service of the tabernacle; and we find in Paul's time that he kept a *large academy* at Athens, where the great apostle called upon him, disputed with him, and very much hurt his reputation in that famed city. Acts xvii. 16—24. Accounts are given of this deluder in other parts of the New Testament, especially in the Revelation.

In the third century SUPERSTITION began to have vast influence in the christian church; but he was forced to appear in disguise amongst them. He pretended to be the grandson of *Pure Religion*; and that he had a varnish given him by one called *Sophistry*, which would greatly embellish and improve their religious worship. With

some difficulty he prevailed upon the good people of those times to lay by the bible, and only read his annotations of it, which he told them his grandmother highly approved : and then he introduced (though with a great deal of caution) *infant baptism*, which he told them would take away original sin, and be a great deal more agreeable to the world than the old fashioned way. Then he also brought into their worship promiscuous singing, attended with organs, and various other musical instruments, dresses, and decorations. Emperors, kings, and men of high estate became enamoured with the pomp of his forms, joined his party, and cast into his lap secular power. To complete his triumph over the few remaining votaries of *Pure Religion*, he ushered into the church at this juncture, his holiness *the Pope*, whom he impiously styled Christ's vicar, &c. Almost all Europe fawned on his infallible majesty, and swore allegiance to him. These were SUPERSTITION's golden days. He dealt out with liberal hand miracles, saintships, images, transubstantiation, purgatory, indulgences, pilgrimages, crusades, bulls, anathemas, inquisitions, tortures, and murder !

For several ages SUPERSTITION met with little or no control ; but in the 16th century appeared *Luther*, *Melancthon*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, and others of the blood of *Old Wickliffe* (the loyal subjects of *Pure Religion* and her family), who loudly exclaimed against the usurpation of the tyrant.

The place of REFORMATION's birth is generally supposed to be Nantes, in France, about the year 1500 ; but this

is an uncertainty. Her parents were highly descended ; but from the badness of the times in which they lived they were almost reduced to beggary ; and were unable to defend their infant daughter from insults. She was driven about from place to place in rags. She was several times in prison, and was very near being murdered. She made her escape to England in 1534, when Henry VIII. made much of her ; but some affirm that he did it to serve his own base purposes. However, in Elizabeth's reign she became a great favourite at court, and was soon married by royal licence to *Dr. Bigotry*, the son of Hierarchy. But she never loved this husband ; she married more for interest than love. Indeed, he was a very deformed, ill-natured man, of a very unsocial disposition ; and his brother *Persecution* made him worse than he otherwise would have been.

By *Dr. Bigotry*, REFORMATION had several children. The eldest three, *Episcopacy*, *Presbytery*, and *Independency*, are in their persons very much alike ; but those who are intimately acquainted with them, affirm that they are very different in their tempers, and the management of their families. Let that be as it may, there is a striking likeness in them all of their father and his family. *Baptist*, the fourth son, is allowed by the impartial to be handsomer than his mother, and very much like his famous predecessor, *Pure Religion*, as will appear by examining a very valuable *Old Picture*, painted by Jesus Christ and his disciples almost 1800 years ago, called the New Testament, kept in the christian's library.

Besides these four, REFORMATION had another son

called *Quaker*, who was a very shy lad, and is uncommonly demure and precise now he is grown up, which makes him very little known in the world. He is scarcely anything like either his parents or brethren.

These boys agreed tolerably well together in their infancy; but they sorely jarred, and often fought, as they grew up. Their father *Bigotry*, some say, died whilst they were young; so that *Baptist* and *Quaker* in particular did not get corrupted from the example of their father's niggardly behaviour, or imbibe his furious sentiments. And REFORMATION took care, after she had the sole management of the lads, to train them up in principles of true religion. But *Bigotry* unkindly left all his estates, real and personal (which were very considerable), to his eldest son *Episcopacy*, who enjoys them to this day; and his other children he left in a manner to shift for themselves. They must all have been greatly distressed, had it not been for the care and industry of *Revolution*, a cousin of REFORMATION's, who put the lads out apprentice, and otherwise provided for them.

REFORMATION lived a few years in great harmony with her children, and was highly esteemed by them; for she was a very kind mother. She bestirred herself very much in rectifying several errors and abuses which she saw in their conduct; but she found the greatest fault with her eldest son, whom she often severely reprimanded for being so fond of dress and whim; for being so opinionative and quarrelsome with mankind; so imperious and domineering towards his brethren. Such freedom of remonstrance ill-suited the haughty spirit of

*Episcopacy*; he therefore determined to turn his mother out of doors. The good old lady left him with mild reproof. She soon after married an old acquaintance, a distant relation of SUPERSTITION's, called *Enthusiasm*. By him she had one son, known by the name of *Methodism*, who in a manner grew up to manhood all at once. He has several of his mother's virtues, and a great many of his father's grimaces; but the candid agree in believing him to be a good man.

*Baptist* being the only son that much resembled his mother's relations in person, temper, and deportment, shall, on that account, be further delineated. Finding no peace or encouragement amongst his brothers, though he was the darling of his mother in her heart, he became deeply in love with a very amiable virgin, of poor, but pious parentage, called *Truth-simple*. Her he married, and she brought him two sons at a birth,—the one called *General*, the other *Particular*. They are both reckoned by the discerning to very much resemble, in their features, the famous picture of *Pure Religion* before mentioned.

May the time soon come when all the different branches of the family of REFORMATION shall join their influence to exterminate the wretch *Superstition*, alias *Antichrist*, out of the world; and may all of them, with christian affection, join to restore *Truth* to her native simplicity, when the whole race of mankind shall willingly acknowledge CHRIST to be their *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King*, and eagerly seek to be governed by his laws (and only by his laws) in all spiritual affairs. Till that

## YOUTHFUL MARTYRS.

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happy time shall arrive, may we all strive "for the things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify each other." AMEN!

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## YOUTHFUL MARTYRS.

AMONG the persecutions of the Albigenses, in 1620, the following instances are recorded of the sufferings and constancy of some disciples of the Saviour. At a town called Tell, Domenece Berto, a youth of sixteen, refusing to turn papist, was set upon an ass with his face to the tail, which he was obliged to hold in his hand. In this condition he was led to the market-place, amidst the acclamations of the populace; after which they cut off his nose, ears, and cheeks, and burnt holes in several parts of his body, till he at last died.

An Albigensie young lady, of a noble family, was seized and carried through the streets with a paper mitre upon her head. After mocking, beating, and smearing her face with dirt, they bade her call upon the saints, to which she replied, "My trust and salvation is in Christ only, for even the Virgin Mary, without the merits of her Son, could not be saved." On this the multitude fell upon and destroyed her!

Dear youthful reader! on what are your hopes placed? Would they support you in the prospect of martyrdom? Reflect for a moment if Christ is the foundation of your hopes; if so, then you may welcome trials, persecution, and death, rejoicing that you are counted worthy to suffer for his sake.

## OUR RABBITS.



## OUR RABBITS.

HENRY and Jane had put their spare money together and bought a pair of pretty rabbits. Their father had fixed up a nice shed for them in the garden; and both Henry and his sister were very careful to feed them, and were pleased to see them look happy. It would have been very wrong if they had not done so; for as the rabbits could not get out to find food for themselves, they must have been starved to death if they had not been always fed every day.

But I do not quite like taking such creatures, and shutting them up in a small close cage; because I believe they were made to run about at full liberty; and then they always seem the happiest. The lark may sing sweetly in a cage; but I love to see her on a sunny



morning rise from her lowly bed and soar away to the blue sky, singing more loud and sweet as she ascends. Ah! now I remember how, many a time, when a boy, I gazed after her, until wearied, I laid down on the green grass and watched her as she rose higher and higher till she got beyond my wearied sight; but still I could hear her sing. Strange thoughts then came into my mind as I wondered where she was gone, and whether she would ever come down again. What boy could bear to think of such a bird being shut up in a little cage not half so big as himself?

I love, too, when the primroses, and violets, and cowslips are coming in, to hear the blackbird and the thrush pour out their rich melodious sounds, filling all the valley with their music; and telling us in their sweet songs that "spring is coming! spring is coming!" O, I would not have such birds as these shut up in a cage! God gave them to fly abroad and carol their sweet notes to please us all—rich and poor, prince and peasant alike. They are nature's minstrels, and should be left free; for they always sing the best in their native groves.

"The song of freedom is their sweetest song."

And rabbits too, I love to see them on their wild warren, run and leap and play with each other, and seem as happy as they know how to be; and I would not disturb them, for I love to see all creatures happy.

Well, but is it wrong, some may say—is it a sin to confine these pretty creatures for our amusement? I do

not say it is a sin, but I would not have a slave about me. I do not mean a man-slave, or a boy-slave, as they have in America—'shame on them for it! but I mean I would not make a slave of any creature at all. For if I rob any creature of its liberty, I make a slave of it. Ah! but some may say there is a difference between a boy and a bird. Yes, there is, and a great difference too. But has not God made all his creatures free? And has he not prepared their places of abode in which he intended them to dwell, and has he not fitted them for dwelling in such places? On pleasant trees that shade the brink of the brook below, "the fowls of the heaven have their habitations, which sing among the branches." "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies."

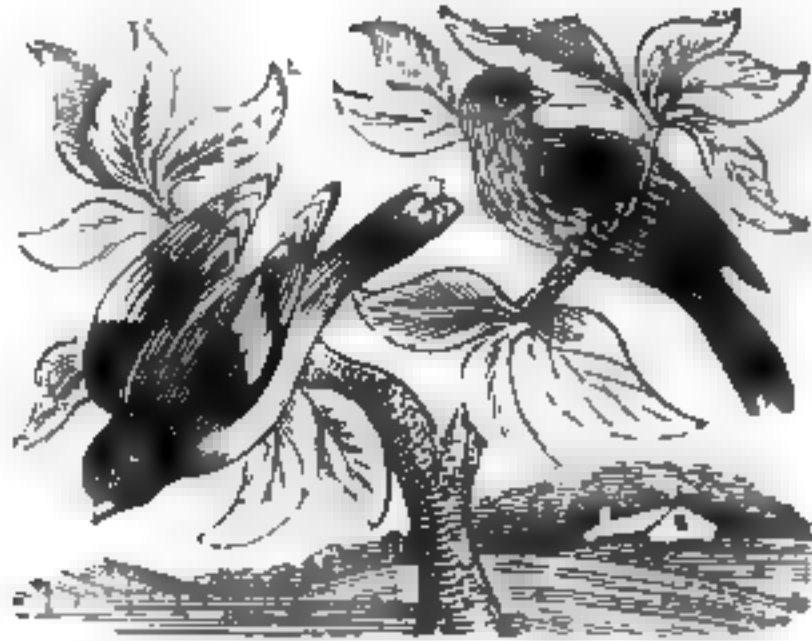
At all events, if any of our young readers have a bird or a rabbit, or any other dumb creature, I hope they will feed it, and take care of it. Remember it cannot talk. It cannot tell you when it is hungry; and if you shut it up fast in a cage, so that it cannot get out to seek its own food, do take care that it is well supplied. It would be shocking to starve a poor dumb creature to death in its prison house! Be as kind as possible to your little dumb slave if you will have one.

I have said all this because I feel it to be my duty to say a word for poor dumb creatures who cannot speak for themselves. I shall be glad if what I have said should be the means of lessening the sufferings, or procuring the emancipation, total and immediate, of any little captive longing for liberty, but not able to ask for it.

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## BIRDS IN SUMMER.

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## BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Flitting about each leafy tree;  
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,  
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,  
With its airy chambers, light and boon,  
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;  
That open unto the bright blue sky,  
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by:

They have left their nests in the forest bough,  
Those homes of delight they need not now;  
And the young and the old they wander out,  
And traverse their green world round about:  
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,  
How one to the other they lovingly call,  
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,  
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

Come up, come up, for the world is fair  
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"

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## BIRDS IN SUMMER.

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And the birds below give back the cry,  
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"  
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,  
Living in love in a leafy tree;  
And away through the air what joy to go,  
And look on the green bright earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Skimming about on the breezy sea,  
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,  
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home.  
What joy it must be to sail, upborne  
By a strong free wind, through the rosy morn,  
To meet the young sun face to face,  
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space.

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,  
And to sing in the thunder-halls aloud;  
To spread out the wings for a wild free flight  
With the copper cloud-winds—oh, what delight!  
Oh! what would I give, like a bird, to go  
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,  
And to see how the water drops are kissed  
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Wherever it listeth there to flee;  
To go when a joyful fancy calls  
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls—  
Then wheeling about with their inmates at play,  
Above and below, and among the spray;  
Hither and thither, with screams as wild  
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;  
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath  
The wastes of blossoming purple heath,

## THE HEDGE-SPARROW'S NEST.

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That gladden some fairy region old !  
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,  
On the leafy stems of the forest-tree,  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

MARY HOWITT.

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## THE HEDGE-SPARROWS NEST.

I REMEMBER, when a boy, going in company with my school-fellows to seek for birds' nests; returning home again I espied a hedge-sparrow's nest. The mother bird was sitting on the eggs, and did not leave her seat until I had nearly reached my hand through the bush to the nest. We found five eggs in the nest; and never shall I forget how the poor old bird flew around us, uttering what I thought were lamentations and entreaties; but all in vain; our hearts were hard, we tore away the nest, and robbed her of her eggs. But my conscience severely reproved me; and many a time afterwards did I wish that I had never touched that nest. Many a time did I think of the poor bird without eggs and young ones; and then I thought what would my mother feel should a great gipsy come and steal me and take me away?

Perhaps some of my young readers have done as I did, and have felt as I did. I hope they will do so no more. God made the birds, and he careth for them. Besides our world would not be so pleasant without beautiful birds, nor should we be so happy without their delightful songs. God made them to please us; so let the birds live.

## BAPTIST MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

### DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST MISSIONARIES.

before struggling with and surmounting many difficulties, did Thomas and Carey find their way to . . . At home, Mr. Fuller visited London and other places, and for many years afterwards—indeed, as long as he lived—he wrote, and travelled, and preached on behalf of the mission.

There is much that is interesting in the first collecting and exhibiting the autographs of Booth, Thornton, Perforce, Scott, Basil Wood, Newton, Matthew Bacon the sculptor, Sir Richard Hill, and the letters of Mr. Cecil. There are also several pithy remarks in Mr. Fuller's instructions to Samuel Pearce, collected with this book in London the next year (1807). Here are a few:—

This is a Mr. —, an Independent; call on him at four, P. M.; you may possibly find him smoking a pipe and do as I did—beg a pipe with him. He has been so long since, I am told, smiled at my familiarity."

This is Mr. Cecil; but I should not call on him, as he is a Dissenter, though he is a good man, he wishes for no acquaintance with the dissenters."

A good old generous woman. I was rather lowered when I knocked at her door. 'Hold up your head,' said the old lady, 'and look at me!' I smiled, thanked her for her admonition, assuring her that I was not ashamed to do so."

What the founders of the baptist mission were philan-

thropists we have already seen in their donation to the Anti-Slave Trade Society; that they were largely imbued with genuine christian charity, and that others reciprocated their benevolence, is evident from the following extracts:—

“Nov. 12, 1793.—That a donation of five guineas each be presented to the Presbyterian and Moravian Societies for propagating the gospel among the heathen, merely as an expression of our friendship towards them, and fellowship with them in the great design of evangelizing the heathen.”

“Sep. 22, 1796.—That in consideration of the Moravian mission being under some pecuniary straits, £20 be presented to them by this Society, as a token of brotherly love.”

“March 18, 1795.—A letter being read from the Rev. George Osborn, of Worcester, covering a bill for £11 18s. 3d., being the amount of a public collection made by his congregation for the support of this Society, —Resolved, that the hearty thanks of the Society are due to the Rev. Mr. Osborn, and the Independent congregation under his care, for this unexpected expression of their generous regard.”

In reviewing their proceedings after the departure of the first missionaries, the committee enumerate among the benefits already resulting to the churches at home from the undertaking, that “A new bond of union was furnished between distant ministers and churches. Some who had backsliden from God were restored; and others, who had long been poring over their unfruitful-

ness, and questioning the reality of their personal religion, having their attention directed to Christ and his kingdom, lost their fears, and found that peace which, in other pursuits, they had sought in vain. Christians of different denominations discovered a common bond of affection; and instead of always dwelling on things wherein they differed, found their account in uniting in those wherein they were agreed. In short, our hearts were enlarged; and if no other good had arisen from the undertaking than the effect produced upon our own minds, and the minds of christians in our own country, it was more than equal to the expense."

It is a remarkable fact, that foreign missions have originated the greatest efforts ever made for the spiritual interests of our own land. Shortly after the first missionaries had departed for India, the Society sent brethren to itinerate in Cornwall, Wiltshire, and elsewhere, which led to the establishment of the Baptist Home Missionary Society in 1797; and as the result of similar engagements in Ireland, also originated by the committee of the Foreign Mission, the Baptist Irish Society, which was formed in 1814.

On their arrival in India, in November, 1793, Messrs. Thomas and Carey, amidst many discouragements and privations, entered on their labours, connecting, for some time, secular pursuits with their missionary engagements. It was long before they had certain evidence of success; but these holy men, who had gone forth for the name of Christ, were steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.



At length, in the year 1800, Mr. Carey baptized the first Hindu. To Mr. Sutcliff, December 29, he writes:—

“Yesterday was a day of great joy. I had the happiness to desecrate the Ganges by baptizing the first Hindu; viz., Krishnu, and my son Felix: some circumstances turned up to delay the baptism of Gokul and the two women. Gokul's wife came on Saturday to make a trial what could be done towards getting him back; and the women, who stood persecution very stoutly, were brought to a state of hesitation by the tears and entreaties of their relatives. Krishnu's coming forward alone, however, gave us very great pleasure; and his joy at both ordinances was very great. The river runs just before our gate in front of the house, and I think is as wide as the Thames at Gravesend. We intended to have baptized at nine in the morning, but on account of the tide were obliged to defer it till nearly one o'clock, and it was administered just after the English preaching. The Governor and a good number of Europeans were present. Brother Ward preached a sermon in English, from John v. 39, ‘Search the scriptures.’ We then went to the water-side, where I addressed the people in Bengali; after having sung a Bengali translation of

‘Jesus, and shall it ever be,’

and engaging in prayer. After the address, I administered the ordinance, first to my son, then to Krishnu. At half-past four I administered the Lord's supper; and a time of real refreshing it was.”

Krishnu, whose holy life and zealous labours among

countrymen for many years will be remembered by our readers, might well say at the close of that hallowed day, that he was "full of joy;" and when asked sooner, in the street, by an European, what he got by his profession of christianity, admirably did he reply that, "He got nothing but joy and comfort," adding, "it was a work of love."

A few days previously to these delightful solemnities, Vishnu and Gokul ate publicly with the missionaries, which act they abandoned their caste. The servants, and all who witnessed it, were astonished, as all had feared, and even the missionaries had almost feared, that one would lose caste for the gospel. They saw on that day what they had been waiting and hoping for many years, and concerning which they had met with so many disappointments. This insurmountable difficulty, as it had been considered, seemed now to give way without any effort on the part of the missionaries. "God," as Mr. Ward observed, "has done it with perfect ease. Thus the door of faith is opened to the Gentiles: who will shut it? The chain of the caste is broken: who will mend it?"

The following passage, from the fragment of a memoir of Dr. Carey, written by the excellent Mr. Fuller, will be read with interest, as illustrative alike of the simplicity and christian devotedness of Carey, and the gracious regard of God for his servant:—

"Soon after Mr. Carey's arrival in India he was reduced to great extremities; the goods which they had taken with them for their immediate support were dis-

posed of, and the money, in far less time than they apprehended, was gone.

In a strange land, with a wife's sister, a wife, and four children, without money, without friends, and without employment, he must needs feel himself in a delicate situation. Taking a boat, he went with his family, and Ram Boshoo for his guide, up the country. It was now, as Mr. Ward observed, on visiting the place, that, like the father of the faithful, he went out, not knowing whither he went. As they were rowing along the river, about forty miles east of Calcutta, at a place called Deharta, they espied a house which seemed to be English built. Mr. Carey asked his guide if he knew the owner; he answered he was an English gentleman. 'Then,' said Mr. Carey, 'I will call on him.' They all left the boat and walked towards the house. Some of the servants, looking out, saw them, and went in and told the master that an English gentleman, two ladies, and several children were walking in sight of the house, as if they meant to come in. The owner, who proved to be the late Charles Short, Esq.,\* immediately came forth to meet them, and very politely invited them in. Mr. Carey frankly told him his object and his present straits. Mr. Short had no conceit of the former, for he was an unbeliever, but told him he was at perfect liberty to make his house a home for himself and family till he should see what to do; he might stop, he said, for half a year, or longer if he pleased. Kindness like this, and in such circumstances, must have greatly affected him."

\* Who afterwards married Mrs. Carey's sister.

EARLY DEVOTION TO GOD.

THE flower in spring that bloometh  
Is fair and sweet to view,  
When rosy light illumeth  
Its bed of balmy dew.  
So fair the young heart glowing  
With words of fervent prayer,  
To him whose love o'erflowing,  
The guilt of sinners bare.

The streamlet gently heaving,  
That singeth as it goes  
To summer winds, receiving  
Its tale in calm repose;  
Can faintly paint the pleasure  
Which in his bosom grows,  
Whose only hope and treasure  
Lie hid in Sharon's Rose.

The little bird outpouring  
Its soft and melting lay,  
Mid leaflets green embowering,  
Its palace on the spray;  
Is like the youth whose duty,  
A voice within him says,  
Is still to walk in beauty,  
And his Redeemer praise.

Then let us ever lowly,  
Fall down his throne before,  
And him whose name is holy,  
In words of faith adore:  
Adore him, every nation,  
Lift up your voices high,  
For he who brought salvation,  
Is Lord of earth and sky.

I hastened to that place alone;  
Where I my little seed had sown ;

And there I saw the softened ground-  
Raised to a little heaving mound,  
And in the middle there was seen,  
Two pretty buds of brightest green.

And day by day, and hour by hour,  
I watched until there came a flower ;  
And thought how good that God must be,  
Who gave such pretty flowers to me.

And now, my dear, your little prayer  
Is like the seed I drop't in there ;  
That it is there the Lord must know,  
And promises that it shall grow.

So while you wait, and watch, and pray,  
The seed is springing every day ;  
And God will bless it like the flower,  
Both with the sunshine and the shower.

Continue, then, to pray to God  
To cleanse your soul in Jesus blood :  
That blood which makes the foulest clean,  
And purges from all stain of sin.

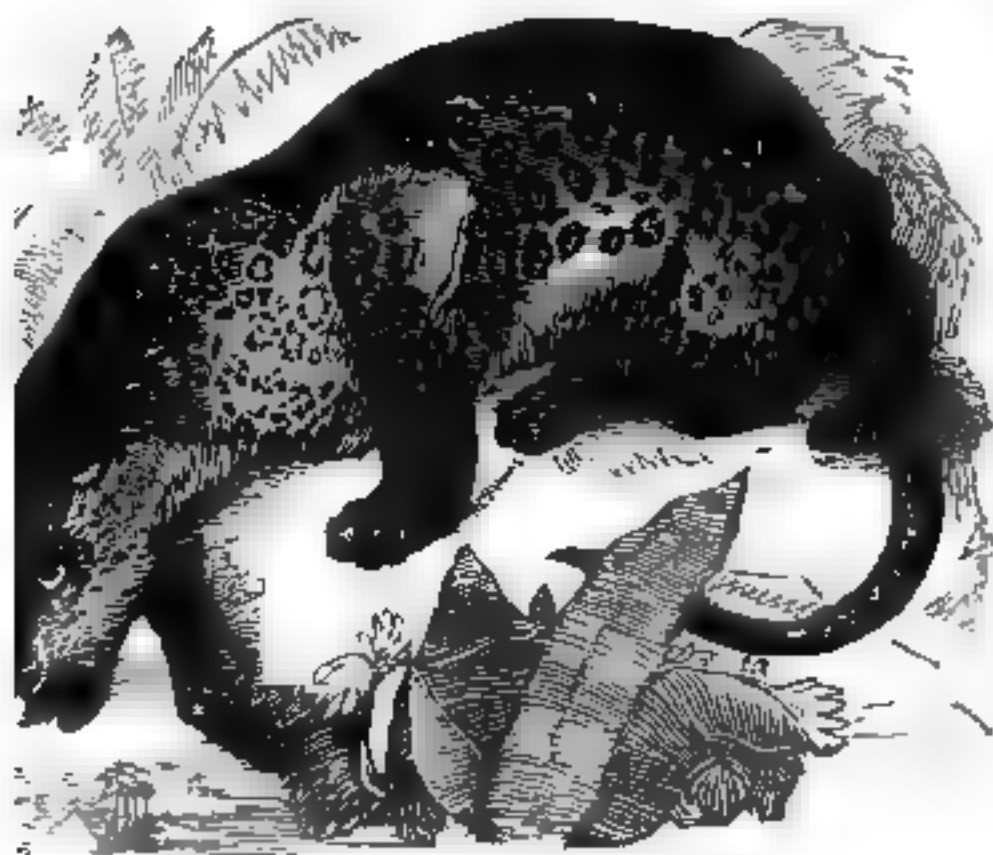
Your heart he then will form anew,  
And give his Holy Spirit too,  
To make you feel you are his child,  
Holy, obedient, meek and mild.

Then evermore your song will be,  
How good my Father is to me."

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## THE SPOTTED LEOPARD.

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## THE SPOTTED LEOPARD.

opard is, like his bigger brother the tiger, a but ferocious brute, delighting in the blood of ns. The difference in the appearance of the and tiger is, that the skin of the leopard is and that of the tiger is striped.

opard is about four feet in length, exclusive of which commonly measures two feet and a half. distinguished from all other species by his grace-nd elegance; by the vividness of his colouring, n the upper parts, white on the breast, belly, de of the limbs; and the beauty of his mark-



## THE BURNING HOUSE.

ent, was left in the nursery. Awakening soon seeing the room very light, John called to the wake him up; but no one answering, he put his of the curtains, and saw streaks of fire on the room. His father, startled by the cries of the mpted to go up the stairs, but they were all nd would not bear the weight of his body. t, therefore, impossible to give any help, he own in the hall, and commended the soul of to God. John, however, got up and ran to but could get no further, all the floor beyond a blaze. He then climbed up on a chest d near the window. A person in the yard proposed that he should run and fetch a other answered, "there will not be time; but I fix myself against the wall, lift a light man n on my shoulders." The plan was adopted, ok him out at the window. At that moment oof fell in: providentially, it fell withinside s, or they would all have been crushed. When t him into the house where his father was, an exclaimed, "Come, neighbours, let us ! let us give thanks to God! He has given eight children—let the house go—I am

ory of Mr. Wesley's escape on this occasion in one of the early prints of him; in which, ad, is the representation of a house in flames, Otto, "Is not this a brand plucked out of p"



## EARLY PIETY.

THERE is something peculiarly interesting in seeing young persons devote themselves to Christ; it leads us back to that delightful period when we gave ourselves to him. The advantages of early piety are numerous; it delivers from satan's power—fortifies the mind under the trying changes of life—dispels the illusions of an ungodly world—imposes a restraint upon the desires of an evil heart—affords a glorious prospect in the hour of death—and secures a seat at God's right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore.

"O 'tis a lovely thing for youth,  
To walk betimes in wisdom's way."

It is evident from scripture that God employed young persons in eminent services. Joseph, when only seventeen years of age, was employed to preserve the Egyptian nation and his own family. Young Miriam was appointed to watch the fate of the infant Moses: with what sagacity did she conduct herself to the preservation of that heaven-born minister of the Jewish nation. The young stripling David, and Solomon the child, were designated the one to achieve a singular triumph for Israel, and the other to build and consecrate a temple to God, and establish the order of his house. A little maid was employed to pave the way for the cure and conversion of Naaman the Syrian general. In addition to these illustrious characters a bright constellation might be enumerated of persons eminent for usefulness, as preachers of the gospel, missionaries, and sabbath school teachers who devoted themselves to the Lord in youth.

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PATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

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PATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

"FATHER, you said that you would tell me all  
About the blessed Jesus; who was once  
A little child, and then grew up and liv'd  
A holy life, until the wicked Jews  
In malice kill'd him :—will you tell me now ?"

Thus spoke Florinda : on whose rosy cheek  
A lovely smile was playing ; whilst her hair  
In graceful ringlets o'er her shoulders hung ;  
Her heart-ensnaring eye illumin'd by  
Her earnest wishes ; and her little arms  
Clasp'd in affection round her parent's knee ;  
Who, in endearing accents thus replied :—  
" I will, my love ; and may that Jesus, who  
Is still the sinner's only Saviour, deign  
To pour his richest blessings on thy head.

## PATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

"'Tis now full eighteen hundred years ago,  
That the great God, who made the sun, and stars,  
And every thing you see, sent His own Son  
Into our sinful world. A stable was  
His birth-place; and instead of easy cot  
Or cradle, He was in a manger laid.  
But though by man this stranger was unknown,  
The angels look'd with wonder and delight  
On what they saw; and chanted forth a new  
And glorious song. Some too on earth, by God  
Inspir'd, hail'd Him as their incarnate Lord.  
His parents call'd him Jesus, for they had  
From a bright angel learn'd that he should thus  
Be named. (Jesus means, my love, a Saviour;  
And none but Christ can save a guilty soul.)  
Then as he grew in years, he also grew  
In wisdom and in favour both with God  
And men. The learned witness'd how his mind  
Improv'd, and much admir'd him: wicked men  
Saw something in this child they could not see  
In others: but it was the saints with whom  
His parents often met that most admir'd  
And lov'd this wondrous boy: yet all the while  
That others thus esteem'd and honour'd him,  
No spark of pride burnt in his heart; nor did  
He once refuse or hesitate to yield  
His parents due regard. O, Flory! learn  
To think of Jesus; and, like him, to pay  
Obedience, love, and honour, unto those  
Who gave you birth; then may you hope that God  
Will bless and keep you all your days on earth.  
'Twas thus  
With Jesus. He at twelve years old was seen  
Amongst the Jewish doctors, hearing their  
Remarks, and asking questions in return.  
And through the dangerous days of youth he pass'd  
In perfect safety; nor did one of its

Temptations leave the smallest stain upon  
His soul. And when his thirtieth year was come  
He was baptiz'd in Jordan's river: then  
The heaven was open'd, and a voice was heard,  
Proclaiming him the well-beloved Son  
Of the Eternal God. Next he was tried  
By satan, that he might be well-prepar'd  
To preach the gospel. This, his special work,  
He soon began; and spake as man before  
Had never spoken; so that those whose hearts  
Were fill'd with hatred to him, were constrain'd  
To wonder at the sweet and powerful words  
They heard him utter. These, his sermons, were  
Confirm'd and sanction'd by his holy life.  
And, while he preach'd salvation to the poor,  
He heal'd the sick, gave sight unto the blind,  
Strength to the palsied, hearing to the deaf,  
Limbs to the maim'd, and life unto the dead.

Such deeds of power and kindness, all perform'd  
Without the least reward, might well extend  
His fame on every side, and stimulate  
The wondering people to resound his praise,  
And hail him as the Son of David. This  
They did. But the chief priests and rulers heard  
Their songs with envy, and at once resolved  
To murder him. They therefore hired the base  
And wicked Judas to betray his Lord  
And Master; and when this was done, they dragged  
The holy Saviour to and fro along  
The streets of the far-famed Jerusalem,  
Until at length they brought him to the hall  
Where Pilate sat to judge; and when he would  
Have gladly liberated him, the mob  
Cried out, 'Let him be crucified; Let him  
Be crucified;' nor ceas'd the cry until  
Their din and clamour gained their object. Then,  
Without delay, they led him forth unto

Mount Calvary, where was crucified and slain  
This heavenly Teacher! There the crimson stream  
Flow'd from his heart, and there he died!"

"Had I  
Been he I would have struck them dead," rejoined  
Florinda. "Could he not have done it?"

"No doubt he could; and any one but Jesus  
Most surely would have done so. But his  
Forbearance was as boundless as his power.  
His murderers, therefore, were not only spared,  
But even in the pangs of death he thought  
Upon those wicked men with pity; loved  
Them and forgave them, and entreated God,  
His Father, to forgive them too! Nay, more,  
For them, as well as others, he then died,  
That they might have redemption through his blood  
And live for ever in the heavenly world!"

"O, father, how I love this gracious Saviour!  
How happy I should be to see the grave  
Where he is lying! How I wish that he  
Were living now, that I might see and praise him!"

"He is alive, my dear. His grave has long  
Been empty—for he only during three  
Short days was buried: then he left the tomb,  
And quickly after went to heaven. There now  
He lives, and reigns, and pleads for sinners. Pray  
To Him, Florinda, and be sure that He  
Will hear you; and at last receive you to  
Himself, to dwell with Him for ever."

*Kettering.*

J

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"YOU WONT FORGET TO COME, FATHER."

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'YOU WONT FORGET TO COME, FATHER.'

BY AUNT PATTY.

'You wont forget to come, father,' said dear little Bessie, on a bright Tuesday morning in the month of August. Perhaps some little boys and girls may like to know *who* Bessie was, and *where* it was that she hoped her father and friends would not forget to come. Aunt Patty will try to tell them something about her. Little Bessie was born at Calne, in Wiltshire, on the 16th of March, 1851. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. John Chappell, who is the superintendent of the Sunday-school at the baptist chapel there; and she was grand-daughter of the Rev. T. Middleditch, who is the minister.

She was what is generally called a fine child; but, more than that, she loved her Saviour, and therefore was a good child. Bessie was a very nice companion to any of her friends for a walk. The day before she was taken ill she took three separate walks; in the morning with Aunt Patty, in the afternoon with grandfather, and in the evening with her grandmother. No one did either of her friends imagine it was for the time. She laid many plans for the future, and specially looked forward to a ramble to gather blackberries; but Bessie is more happily employed in singing hymns." On Wednesday, the 23rd, she was poorly and what seemed to be a cold, having lost her voice. She sent for Aunt Patty to nurse her. On the Thurs-

She bore all with the most exemplary patience; no complaining word came from her lips; and "My poor neck." Blisters, leeches, calomel, all unavailing. Hopes and fears for her safety were balanced till the morning of Tuesday, the 1st, when we found the change had come. Her father, sitting to her of heaven, and of her seeing him there, was interrupted by her saying, *forget to come, father.*" She often talked of heaven while in health; and during her illness requested her aunt to sing to her,—

"Who are they whose little feet"—

"Around the throne of God in heaven."

Her last attempt at singing in the loudest voice she could raise was,—

"Be the living God my friend,

Then my bliss shall never end."

She said to her father, "Tell aunt Emma and friends not to cry, it won't hurt." About an hour before her death, she said, "I want baby; I want baby."

in Aunt Patty's. She left this world of sin and suffering about five minutes before nine on the evening of Tuesday, the 29th of August, aged three years, five months and a fortnight. On the morning of that day she said, "I can't go to heaven to-night, can I, father; you can't spare me?"

She was very fond of attending the Infant Class at the Sunday School, and joining in their simple songs of praise. One day she said to her aunt, "I dont think Johnny B—— loves Jesus Christ; do you, aunt?" I said, "I am afraid not; but what makes you think so, Bessie?" "Because he is such a naughty boy always, and he is not sorry for it; so Jesus Christ can't love him, can he aunt?" Bessie was accustomed to pray for all she loved; and about two months before her death, while staying a day or two at her uncle's, at Frome, she, of her own accord, included her uncle, aunt, and servants, in her petition; and though, at the time, it excited a smile, the prayer "Please, great God, take care of dear little Rose, (her uncle's dog,) showed such a trust in the power and willingness of God that her friends would not have shaken.

Much as she was beloved, and greatly as they miss her cheerful voice and step, not one of her sorrowing relatives would wish her back, but be looking forward to the time when the "golden gates which have let the little traveller in," may be re-opened for them.

My sincere prayer is, that not one who loved her on earth may "*forget to come.*"



I had a flower whose fragrance breathed  
Through the brief vernal time,  
Its tender hues, and petals bright,  
Spoke of a softer clime.  
My home was cold, my skies were dark;  
It asked a kindlier sphere;  
The Giver took it back again—  
I might not keep it here.

I had a bird—its song was sweet,  
Its beauty fair to see;  
'Twas a dear thing, with loving eyes,  
That ever sought for me.  
Its quick glance caught a happier home;  
It spread its wing for flight,  
And one bright evening soared away  
To that fair world of light.

Mother! that flower so fresh and sweet;  
That bird so bright and rare;  
Thine own beloved one—for brief time  
God gave her to thy care.  
But precious thoughts are left thee yet  
Of that young spirit fled;  
No living love shall ever steal  
Thy memories of the dead.

The time when first her baby lip  
To thine was fondly pressed;  
And when a sleeping dove she lay  
Close nestling to thy breast;  
The lisping accents that from all  
But her—thine ear could claim,  
The joy to hear that infant voice  
Breathe forth her Saviour's name.

And then the couch where gaspingly  
Gushed forth her ebbing breath,

## A TOUCHING SCENE.

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Where every dear one named by her,  
Stood round that place of death ;  
The lingering look of love ere yet  
She parted for her home ;  
The faintly whispered charge to each,  
" Dont you forget to come !"

Sweet babe ! a holy ministry  
To thy short life was given ;  
Permitted thus for those thou lovedst,  
To mark the path to heaven.  
Oh ! ever by a secret chain,  
Drawn upwards still by thee,  
They will press on, with faith and hope,  
Thy God and their's to see.

S. M. P.

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## A TOUCHING SCENE.

A BEAUTIFUL infant had been taught to say, and it could say little else, " God will take care of baby." It was seized with sickness at a time when both parents were just recovering from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die. Almost agonized, the mother begged to be carried into the room of her darling to give it one last embrace, Both parents succeeded in reaching the room just as it was thought the baby had breathed its last. The mother wept aloud ; when once more the little creature opened its eyes, lovingly looked up in her face ; smiled ; moved its lips ; and in a faint voice said, " God will take care of baby." Sweet, consoling words ! They had hardly ceased when the infant spirit was in heaven.

## THE LONDON MONTMENT.



THIS fine column designed and erected under the direction of that celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren : who also designed and erected Paul's Cathedral well as many public buildings and churches in London. It stands at the top of Fish-hill, in a small square, sadly too narrow to shew the Monument in its fair proportion. Since the erection of the new London

Bridge, and the opening of its approaches, a new street has been made in front of it, as shewn in above picture, from which it can now be seen to great advantage.

This fine column is 212 feet high, that being the height also from the spot where the great fire broke out which nearly destroyed all London in the reign of Charles II. and which great fire the monument

erected to commemorate. The staircase is of black marble, and contains 345 steps.

A person is constantly in attendance at the monument to admit visitors, who, for a fee, may ascend to the top gallery ; and instances have occurred in which this facility has been used to a fatal purpose. The first was on June 26, 1750, when a man, apparently a weaver, fell from the top, but whether accidentally or designedly is not known. Since then several others, supposed to be of unsound mind, having thrown themselves down, have been killed ; and now the gallery at the top is covered with an iron framework to prevent such dreadful acts,

Since the great fire, London has buried its population many times over. Thus the works of our hands last longer than ourselves ! A house will serve for many generations, and witness the births and deaths of hundreds of its inhabitants. But Time will, at length, wear *them* out ; and, at the Great Day, they will all perish ! as one of our greatest poets writes—

“The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all that it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Or, in the far more sublime language of Holy Writ—

“Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath : for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner ; but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.”

## BAPTIST MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

### GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE Baptist Missions which we have already noticed in former pages, were those of the Particular Baptists. We now give some account of the origin of the General Baptist Missions.

This Society arose in 1816. Some pious members of the General Baptist body had long felt a desire to see a Society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen, established by the churches of that connexion. At an Annual Association held at Castle Donington, Leicestershire, in 1802, an inquiry was made, "Can any sort of foreign missionary business be undertaken by the General Baptists?" It was thought that the strength of the connexion was unequal to such an effort; and attention was directed to some neglected parts of Lincolnshire! In 1809, a letter on the subject was read at the Association at Quorndon, which appeared to excite some attention. Mr. Freeston spoke of it in terms of high commendation; and Mr. B. Pollard observed, that "he could almost have sold his coat from his back for the missionary cause," or to that effect. In 1813, a question, to the following purport, was presented, as from the church at Friar Lane, Leicester, to the Conference at Derby:—"Ought not the General Baptists to exert themselves as much as they can, in establishing, though on ever so small a scale, a mission of their own?" In 1813, two letters appeared in the *Repository*, on the importance of a

Mission to the heathen. About 1812, Mr. Pike applied to Mr. Fuller to know if the Particular Baptist Society would employ, as a missionary, a person who might be a member of a church belonging to the General Baptists. His answer amounted to a negative. About two years after this, Mr. Pike again applied to Mr. Fuller, suggesting the formation of an Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society, which should include both the bodies of Baptists—General and Particular. It was thought this might be supported by the churches of the former description; and yet, it was observed to Mr. F., as such society would be a mere auxiliary, it would not interfere with the management of the Baptist Mission: this would have continued on the same footing as before. His answer to this proposition was most decidedly unfavourable. It now remained for the friends of the heathen among the General Baptists to support the missionary cause as carried on by others, or to make a fresh attempt at the formation of a Society of their own. In the early part of 1816, another letter, calling for the establishment of such a Society, appeared in the *Repository*. This letter, which, it is conceived, came from the same hand as those already mentioned, and were no doubt all written by Mr. Pike, seems to have had some effect. The subject was taken up by the Lincolnshire Conference; and the letter alluded to was read at a church-meeting at Stoney-street, Nottingham; and a case from that church was presented to the Conference at Wimeswould, June 4th, 1816, requesting the Conference to take the subject into consideration. After a

discussion, which gave an unusual degree of interest to the meeting, it was resolved to recommend the matter to the most serious consideration of the body at the next Annual Association, and a copy of this resolution was sent to every church.

The subject was accordingly taken up at the Association at Boston; and though the design met with some opposition, yet the Association recommended the friends of the measure to form a Society immediately. This advice was forthwith acted upon, and preparatory steps were taken to provide funds and suitable agents.

In May, 1821, Messrs. Bampton and Peggs embarked for India, in company with Messrs. Ward and Mack. They arrived in November, and were cordially welcomed by the brethren at Serampore. Assam had been thought of, or Burmah, but they were advised to go to Orissa, and the Marquis of Hastings having concurred, "to this region of the shadow of death," says brother Peggs, "we directed our way, and arrived there in February, 1822."

The province of Orissa is on the bay of Bengal, between Calcutta and Madras. It is about 200 miles in length, and 100 in breadth, and is famous for the celebrated temple of Juggernaut, or *Lord of the world*, which stands near the town of Poore, on the sea shore. Cuttack is the capital of the Province. In 1821, no missionary was stationed in the whole country; but the missionaries at Serampore had occasionally sent native brethren to distribute scriptures and tracts, especially at the great festivals of Juggernaut.

This foul idol, with two other ugly blocks of wood called his brother and sister, is worshipped by thousands



who come from all parts of India to the great festival, when the idol is placed on a high chariot, or car, of which this is a picture. The crowds drag the car along, shouting and screaming like demons; and sometimes a wild fanatic will lay himself down in the way of the car for the great wooden wheels to pass over him. This he would do to please the god, who is said to smile when blood is shed.

At the time when the missionaries arrived, idolatry was rampant. Pilgrims' bones strewed the ground for miles; suttee fires blazed; and Government not only sanctioned, but derived revenue from idolatry! After witnessing the "horrid solemnities" of Juggernaut, a few years before, the pious Dr. Buchanan sat on an eminence, on the Chilka lake, and viewing the lofty towers of this idol temple far remote, cherished the hope that "some Christian institution, fostered in Britain, would gradually undermine this baleful idolatry, and put out the memory of it for ever." The General Baptists,



small among the thousands of Israel, formed that "institution," which is now accomplishing the great work. To show this, and our space will not allow us to do more, we present the following brief summary of proceedings and results.

Erun, the first Hindu convert, was baptized in 1827, by Mr. Bampton. He was then fifty years of age; his father lived to be 103. Erun was a faithful and honourable Christian. He died in peace in 1852. Gunga Dhor was the first Oriya convert: he was baptized by Mr. Lacey, in 1828. He had been a brahmin of high caste and much influence. He is now an active preacher.—In 1826, their first place of Christian worship in Orissa was opened at Cuttack: since greatly enlarged. It was erected where once stood an impure heathen temple.—About this time, Brother Sutton rescued a widow from the funeral pile.

After visiting England in 1833, Mr. Sutton called, on his return, at America, and stirred up the General, or as they are called, the Free-will Baptists, to aid in the good work. A society was formed; and they sent over to Orissa, Messrs. Noyes, Phillips, and Bachelor, and their wives, and a female teacher.

The Orissa mission has been successful. Many natives have been converted, baptized, and united in christian fellowship. A number of native preachers have been raised up who have been very useful in preaching to the people. There are now several churches and stations. Schools and orphan asylums are opened at all the stations; and a printing office established, from

which scriptures, books, and tracts have been issued. Among these are Pilgrim's Progress, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, and Baxter's Call. Tracts they have distributed by hundreds of thousands, especially at the great festival, whence they have doubtless been carried by the pilgrims far away over continental India.

No missionaries have laboured with greater zeal and success in the work of ameliorating the civil and physical condition of the Hindus than the General Baptists. The suttee, pilgrim tax, infanticide, slavery, ghaut murders, &c., have all been fearlessly exposed, and some of them abolished, by their persevering efforts. Brother Peggs alone published thousands of volumes and pamphlets on these and other subjects. Their patience, too, has been great. They say, "At our first entrance upon our work we seemed to be engaged in an almost hopeless enterprize; for nearly six years were we accustomed to hear, from our own countrymen, 'You will never make a convert among the followers of Juggernaut:' but we trusted in God; we knew that immutability itself was pledged for our success; hence, though faint, yet pursuing, we struggled on till we saw the proud Brahmin presenting himself at our feet as our first convert, and listening, with not less of sincerity than eagerness, to the words of eternal life. Thus commenced a series of conversions, which, we trust, will be carried on in unbroken succession to the end of time."

In 1826, the General Baptists, at the suggestion of Mr. Burchell, attempted a mission to the West Indies by sending out three brethren to Jamaica, who laboured

some time with success, and were cheered by opening prospects of usefulness; but owing to the death of Mr. Allsop, the illness of Mr. Hudson, and the resignation of Mr. Bromley, together with the serious expenses of the mission, the Committee were reluctantly compelled to relinquish the stations, which were afterwards adopted, and carried on successfully, by the Particular Baptist missionaries.

The example set by the Particular Baptists had, no doubt, considerable influence in exciting the General Baptists to enter the field; and when Mr. Fuller declined the proposal to form a General Baptist Auxiliary Society, Mr. Pike gave the General Baptists no rest till they established a Society of their own. To him, under God, it owes its origin, its perpetuity, its success. Ever since its formation, in 1816, he has been its secretary. We might say much respecting his extraordinary labours, for we have shared in them; but his praise is in all the churches. May the little one become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation: the Lord hasten it in his time!

For thirty-eight years the Rev. J. G. Pike of Derby, who originated this Society, was its laborious and faithful secretary. He died Sep. 4, 1854. Whilst sitting at his table in his study in the afternoon, writing a letter on missionary business, death came, and instantaneously released his spirit to go and be with the Lord he loved for ever!

## THE FONT AND THE TUB.



## THE FONT AND THE TUB.

THIS engraving represents a scene which was witnessed in the parish church of St. Martin, Leicester, a few years ago.

A person who had not been "christened" or baptized attended that church. He was desirous of being *dipped* as the Prayer Book directs; and the vicar, after consulting the bishop, consented. Such a thing had not been done there before; and *how* could it be done? A cooper was employed to form a long tub, as in the picture, and in it the candidate was immersed—the vicar standing

outside of it on the floor. "Long before the service began," says a local newspaper, "the avenues leading to the font were crowded, and the church altogether had a fuller attendance than usual. After the second lesson, and while the congregation were singing—

'Rock of ages cleft for me,'

the vicar walked to the font, attended by the candidate and his sureties, where was placed a large tub, made for the purpose, about seven feet in length, and three feet in height, of an oblong shape, and containing about one hundred gallons of water. The minister having read the service for the public baptism of such as are of riper years, proceeded to immerse the candidate; who, having taken off his coat, ascended three steps, which were placed at the end of the tub, got into the water, and walked to the end, when the clergyman, assisted by his clerk, immersed this individual, who had 'renounced the devil and all his works.' Several prayers followed, appointed for the occasion, and the 'imposing ceremony' terminated. The Rev. E. T. Vaughan afterwards preached an excellent sermon on the subject, from Col. ii. 11, 12."

This led to the publication of the following supposed

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE FONT AND THE TUB,

by a baptist minister residing in the town.

On a fine autumnal evening I left my study to enjoy, for a few moments, the cool and refreshing breeze. The shades of the evening were just beginning to fall around me as Martin's clock chimed half-past seven. Beholding

the doors of the church open, I entered into the venerable building, and determined for a few minutes to dwell among the dead — meditating in silence upon the triumphs of the king of terrors. My attention was arrested to a certain part of the church, from which proceeded a noise as of two persons in close and earnest conversation. I moved softly on towards the place from whence the noise proceeded; and without being discovered, to my great surprise, heard the Font and the Tub warmly disputing on the subject of baptism. Thinking that the conversation would prove interesting, I seated myself in a pew close by, and listened attentively to the following dialogue:—

FONT.—I am surprised that the vicar has introduced such a new-fangled thing as you into this holy building, and that the sexton should have the temerity to place you so near me.

TUB.—I pray thee not to be angry, and I will endeavour to explain to you the cause of my introduction, and—

FONT.—I want not to hear of it: but I suppose you thought yourself of great importance yesterday, when the vicar employed you as a vessel, in which he dipped an individual in the presence of such a vast number of people, and called that the scriptural mode of administering the holy ordinance of baptism.

TUB.—Indeed I did feel that a very great honour was conferred upon me, and greatly rejoice that the learned vicar employed me in a work so important, and that by my assistance he was enabled to administer the ordi-

nance of believers' baptism almost according to the scripture pattern.

FONT.—Baptism in a tub indeed! What nonsense!

TUB.—You may jeer, neighbour font, but I can assure you that I come nearer the right way than your superstitious practice of sprinkling.

FONT.—Superstitious! Is it come to this, that such an unsightly thing as you are dare to insult me to my face, and call the ancient practice of the church superstitious?

TUB.—Not at all intimidated by the fierceness of your anger, I again assert that your superstitious practices of sprinkling and pouring are the inventions of men, and that dipping or immersion is the only proper and scriptural mode of administering the ordinance of baptism.

FONT.—And are you so vain and conceited as to suppose, that supported as I am by the traditions of our fathers, and by the voice of the church, that you can so easily displace me? I have stood here undisturbed for almost 200 years.

TUB.—You have too long practised imposition upon the people: "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." You are a relic of popery, and—

FONT.—Thou liest; I am no relic of popery, but am an adopted child of the Protestant Church.

TUB.—Moderate your anger and calmly listen to me, while I tell you that the mind of our vicar has of late been greatly enlightened upon the subject of baptism; he reads in the original, that *baptizo* is to dip all over; and he reads also in the bible, that baptism

was administered by the disciples of our Lord by dipping or plunging, and that in no one instance did they administer it by sprinkling or pouring.

FONT.—Hold there! The true sons of the church, and many learned men among the dissenters, believe that the apostles sprinkled many hundreds of persons.

TUB.—It matters not what they may believe. “To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.” Isa. viii. 20. But I can tell you that the candid agree, both churchmen and dissenters, that *baptizo* signifies to dip. And all lexicons of any note give the same meaning to the word.

FONT.—The church acknowledges no such meaning of the word in her articles.

TUB.—Nay, thou art wrong; from our common Prayer Book will I convince thee that thou art in an error. Do not the directions run thus — “Then the priest shall warily *dip* the person?” &c.

FONT.—Then I who have stood here for ages, and have administered the holy ordinance of baptism to thousands by sprinkling, am to be set aside, while such an unconsecrated thing as you are is to be employed! Why, I tell you to your face, you look more like a coffin than a baptistry.

TUB.—If so much like a coffin, then every time that I am employed, I shall serve to illustrate the language of the apostle, “Buried with him in baptism.” Rom. vi. 4. And as to the idea of setting you aside, why you should not grumble, for you yourself are an innovator. All bap-



tistries were formerly erected in or near the places of worship, and continued in use till the sixth century: but when dipping was changed for pouring, the baptistry gave place to the font; and since pouring has been succeeded by sprinkling, the font has in its turn made way for the basin.

FONT.—And I suppose you mean to say that I and the basin must now give place to the tub.

TUB.—Exactly so; and I have no objection to add, and the tub give place to the baptistry, and the baptistry to that good old scriptural place—the *river*.

FONT.—The common Prayer Book says nothing about administering the holy ordinance of baptism in a river?

TUB.—Granted; but the New Testament does; and Bede, the ecclesiastical historian, gives an account of Paulinus baptizing king Edwin at York, in the year 627, and afterwards of his baptizing the king's son and many of the nobles and other persons at different times, in the rivers Glenn, Swale, and Trent.

FONT.—As much as I respect the vicar, it would have been better had he continued in the good old way of the Church, and not have introduced within this venerable building the practice of Schismatics and Separatists.

TUB.—Not the practice of Separatists and Schismatics, but of Christ and his apostles: I hope, however, he will not stop here, but go on to shew that the sprinkling of babes is unscriptural, and has no foundation for its support but the traditions of men.

FONT.—What! you heretic, you schismatic, would you have him deny the holy water of baptism to the new-

born infant, whereby it is regenerated, and made a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven?

TUB.—Yes, I would; for I verily believe that he speaks against his own better judgment, and the teachings of the Holy Spirit, when he affirms in your presence, neighbour Font, that by this ordinance a child is regenerated.

FONT.—Are the little ones then to perish in their sins, to be kept without the pale of the Church, and at death to go without christian burial?

TUB.—Baptism will not save them, nor wash away their sins; by the precious blood of Christ, and by that alone, are they cleansed from sin.

FONT.—But did not the Saviour say, “Suffer the little children to come unto me?”

TUB.—Yes, he did; not that he might baptize them, but that he might bless them.

FONT.—But were there not households baptized by the apostles; and will you be so bold as to assert that there were no children in any of those households?

TUB.—If there were, it is evident, from the word of God, they were not baptized. I will direct your attention to those places of scripture which speak of the baptism of households. See Act xvi. 13, and Acts xvi. 25—34. 1 Cor. i. 16; now could the babes of those households, if there were any, repent, believe, and rejoice?

FONT.—But does not baptism put the child into the covenant? I suppose you are aware that some divines affirm that it does?

FONT.—But is not baptism substituted for circumcision; and is it not to be applied to similar subjects?

TUB.—The New Testament nowhere acknowledges or teaches such a substitution. The christians at Antioch, the elders at Jerusalem, the churches in Galatia, and Paul and Barnabas, knew nothing of baptism being substituted for circumcision. See Acts xv. 1—35. Gal. iii. and v. chapters. The covenant of circumcision determined who were to be circumcised, so the ordinance of baptism determines who are to be baptized; they are both of them positive institutions, and nothing can be known of either but what is revealed in its particular institution.

FONT.—Then the vicar fully followed the example of the apostles in administering baptism yesterday in a tub?

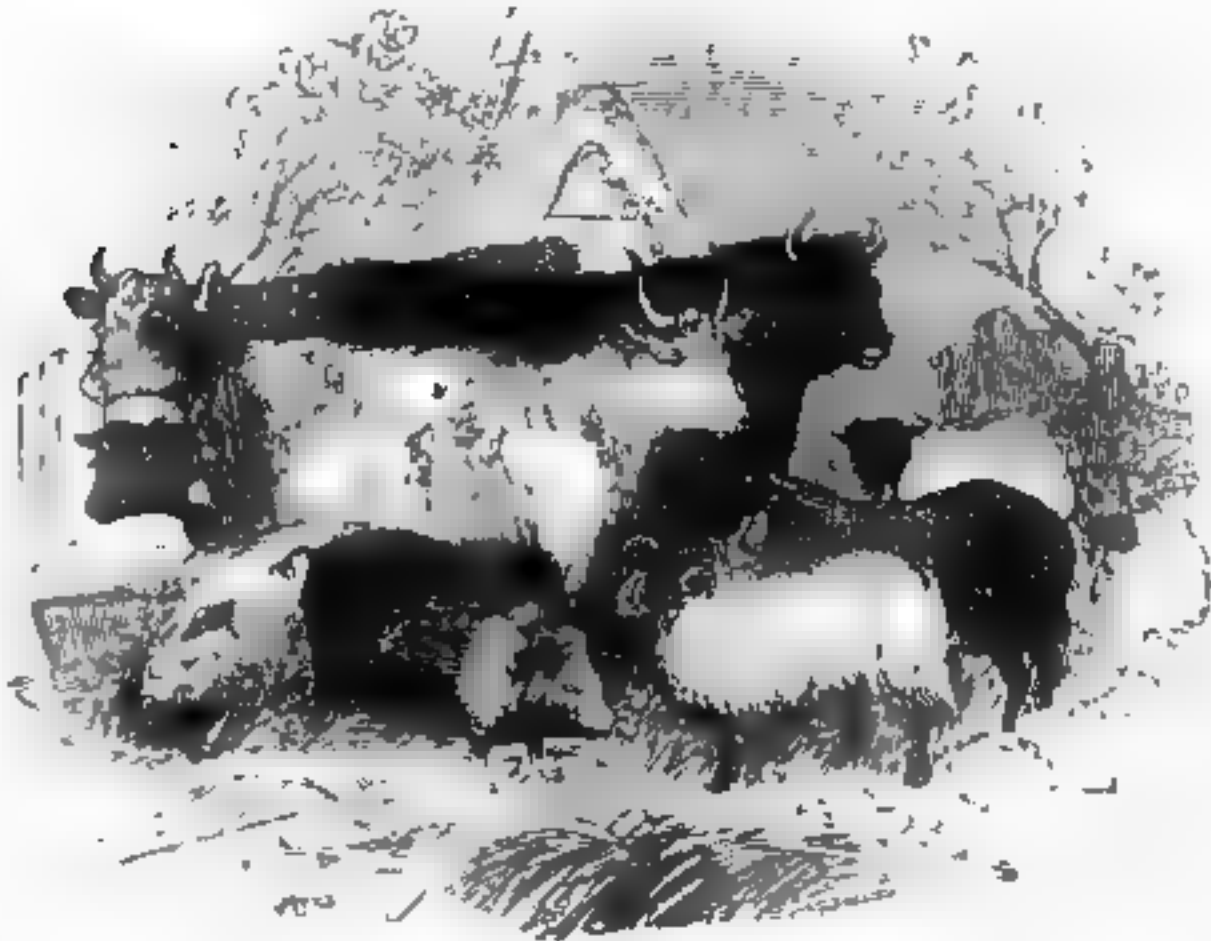
TUB.—Not fully; it would have been more scriptural had he ordered me to have been made a little larger and sunk me into the ground; then following the example of Philip and the Eunuch, he and the candidate might have both gone down *both into* the water together. See Acts viii. 38.

At this moment the sexton made his appearance, and the noise of his footsteps, and the rattling of his keys, operated like electricity upon my two loquacious companions, who immediately became as silent as the dead with whom they were surrounded. I walked from the church, and again mingled with the living; wishing in my mind that the Font might soon be compelled to give place to his neighbour the Tub, when converted into a proper baptistry, wherein the ordinance of believers' baptism might be scripturally administered.

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## THE FOLD-YARD IN WINTER.

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## THE FOLD-YARD IN WINTER.

Towns have their advantages over the country in winter, but the country has its advantages in summer. In towns, in winter, the gas makes it so light that people can go about as if it were daylight, and the streets and pavements are cleaner and dryer; and there is more company, and more books, and other sources of amusement and instruction. In summer, on the other hand, the country is all fresh and fragrant. The birds sing, and the flowers perfume the air, and all around is lovely

and delightful. We are always glad when winter is gone, and we can leave the smoky town, and get out into the fields again to breathe the fresh air of returning spring.

Our country always looks pleasing. The fields seldom or never lose their refreshing appearance. The sun does not burn them up in summer, nor the frost nip them up in winter. Sheep and oxen can generally find something to eat in the green fields of England all the year round. Few countries are like England in this respect. In some parts of the world they only have rain twice in the year; and so in the scriptures you read of "the early and the latter rain" in the land of Judea. But here there is scarcely a week passes without rain; and this makes our country always look green and fresh and lovely.

The appearance of our country to a foreigner, especially if he come from the east, is very interesting. It looks to him like one continued garden. In many countries the land is all open, or separated only by stone or mud walls; but our beautiful quick thorn hedge-rows, with ash and elm and oak trees growing all along them, give to our landscapes a most refreshing and rural appearance.

England has been very much improved in these respects of late years. Formerly, every village had its open fields; one part of which was used for the growth of corn, and the other part was left for grass. A part of the land for grass was left for hay, and the other part the cattle fed upon. At the latter end of the year the

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## THE FOLD-YARD IN WINTER.

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were brought home into the farm or fold-yard, they fed on straw and hay until the month of when they were all driven out again into the open

irty years ago the writer lived in a village where things were done every year. He could not help ng how delighted the poor cattle seemed to be set at liberty on May-day morning from their prison farm-yard; so being in a pleasant mood he took en and wrote, for his own amusement only, the ing lines.

### LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVES.

*on May-day, 1824, upon the Cattle being loosed from the Fold-yards into the Car.*

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rosseau,  
If *beasts confabulate* or no."

'Twas on a pleasant May-day morning,  
Before the clock for four gave warning,  
I dream'd that o'er the fold-gate leaning,  
I heard the horned tribe complaining.

"Ah why are we from day to day!  
Prevented from these folds to stray;  
Why are we doom'd to search for food,  
Like hogs and swine of meaner blood,  
'Mongst the coarse refuse of the barn,  
The husks of beans and stalks of corn;  
Till almost chok'd with chaff and dust,  
We're driven forth to quench our thirst  
At Pitsmoor's pool of stagnant mud.  
Oh when shall we have better food!

When shall we rove abroad again,  
O'er all the daisy-sprinkled plain ;  
Crop the sweet flowers and tender grass ;  
Drink the clear streams that murmuring pass  
In winding course our fields among.  
When shall we once more hear the song  
Of blackbird, thrush, or nightingale,  
Echoing o'er all the low-car vale.

Worse than all our neighbours we,  
Killingholm or Brocklesby ;  
They in pastures green and fair,  
Long since breath'd the sweet spring air ;  
We with poor and stinted fare,  
Empty cribs and mangers bare,  
Thrust into these pent-up places,  
Shew lean bellies—half-starv'd faces ;  
None around us are so used,  
None like Ulceby beasts abused."

'Twas thus the younger cattle murmur'd ;  
When an aged cow, for wisdom honour'd,  
Thus replied : " My children dear,  
Do not murmur—do not fear ;  
There's a God who reigns above,  
He does all his creatures love ;  
Heaven above and earth beneath,  
Were made by his all-powerful breath ;  
Woods and vales and rippling rills,  
' Cattle on a thousand hills ;'  
Wild beasts in the desert wide,  
Fish that swim the watery tide ;  
Birds on ambient air that float,  
Creeping reptile—light-wing'd mote ;  
Every creature, great or small,  
On him for daily mercies call.

## THE FOLD-YARD IN WINTER.

E'en man, our master, he created,  
Man, who in Eden's garden seated,  
Was tender, kind,—but when he fell,  
Like the inhabitants of hell,  
He soon became unkind and cruel,  
To good averse, and prone to evil.

Since, then, the whole creation groans,  
Travails in pain and weeps and moans ;  
So let us patiently endure  
The ills our murmuring cannot cure.

Twice ten years I've seen the light  
Of yonder sun, and by its height  
And genial warmth of late, I guess  
We shall soon have a release.

But I've something more to tell ye,—  
News of great importance to you ;  
Not to me, for I shall soon  
From this weary world be gone :  
But I'm very glad to find,  
Things will soon be to your mind ;  
For do you know it is proposed,  
To have our Ulceby fields enclosed ;  
Turnips melch, and clover sweet,  
As well as grass, you then will eat."

No sooner had she this announced,  
Than all among them Charley bounced.  
"Hip! hey!" he cried, "away, away!"  
For 'twas the morning of May-day:  
So down into the car they gallop'd,  
Without being either whipt or wallop'd.  
Now see them spread o'er all the plain,  
Captives at liberty again!



## WILLIAM CAREY & NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

WE have this year given our young readers a history of Baptist Missions. May we now remind them that William Carey and Napoleon Buonaparte, commenced their public career at about the same time.

God called William Carey to the work. He was a very poor, but a very learned and pious man. He was a shoemaker; and from the lap-stone and the awl he called him; and he came. He put into the hands of him, and his humble associates, some £13; and bade them assail the paganism of India, with its myriad gods, and its myriad fanes, entrenched in massive and time-worn fastnesses, that centuries of power had built up, until they seemed impregnable. It was as if a grain of sand from the desert had been commanded to lift itself up on the wings of the wind, dash itself against the pyramids of Egypt, and shatter their mountain masses into dust. But hopeless as was the task, and inadequate as were the means, at his bidding, these poor, but devoted men, moved onward to the unequal enterprise. As soon as literature could descry objects so insignificant, she overwhelmed them and their enterprise with peals of mocking laughter and heartless derision. But they held on their way in the serenest meekness. What their God had commanded, they knew was right; what he had promised, they felt was sure. There was seen the mighty magnanimity of faith. It was amid scenes of confusion, and dismay, in a day, dark with rebuke and blasphemy, that Carey and his coadjutors planned

their missions for the welfare of the distant east. It was not for the want of objects requiring their care at home that they went abroad. The labours of Wesley, and of Howard, who had but just then ended their race, had shown how fearful was the mass of misery left unrelieved, and of ignorance yet untaught, that were to be found in Britain. But there were many to whom these domestic necessities might well be committed ; a heavier necessity was laid on them to heed the distant cry of the dying millions of heathenism. In December, 1793, the devoted preacher had but recently set foot on the shores of India. As yet, ignorant of the language, we find him, in that month, with a congregation composed only of his own family and that of his associate in the mission ; but he is anticipating much pleasure when he shall be able to preach in their own tongue to the benighted Hindus. Little does he suspect that six weary years are to elapse, ere he shall be allowed to welcome one sincere convert. In that same month, when the cheerful missionary is thus girding himself to the work, a lieutenant of artillery is distinguishing himself by effecting for the French armies, the capture of a besieged seaport on the southern coast of France.

The name of that young engineer is Napoleon, whose star is seen skirting the horizon, and beginning to emit its first glimmerings at the close of the year which brought Carey to India, and when the pious missionary was labouring over the rudiments of the Bengali language. How distinguished was the career that soldier had to run ! The instrument in the hands of providence for shaking

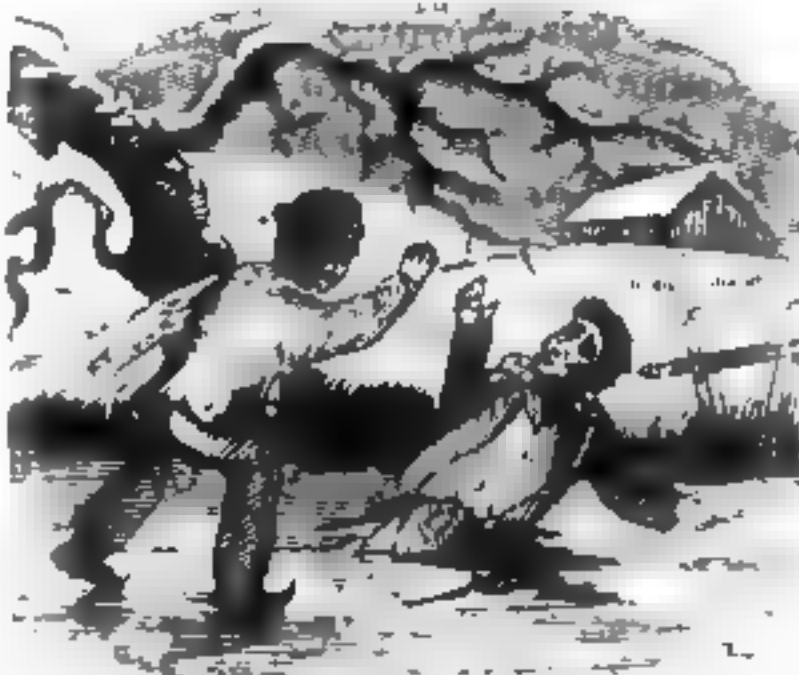
the powers of Europe, he went on winning battles, dictating treaties, putting down kings, and overthrowing dynasties, until many were ready to deem him more than man. Some seven years after his success at Toulon, that victorious General has become the First Consul of France. It is the 24th of December, and he is driving through the streets of Paris, when a fearful explosion is heard behind his carriage. It was intended for his destruction, but he escapes, preserved for other destinies, by that providence of which he took little thought. The event is caught up by every gazette, and is the theme of comment in every civilized land. On that incident the destinies of the world seemed to hinge. Yet, four days after, in a far distant land nearer the rising sun, an event occurred, of which no gazette, as we believe, took note, but which was scarce less significant in its results. It was Carey, "desecrating," to use his own phrase, the waters of the sacred Ganges, by the baptism of his first Hindu convert. The chain of caste has been broken. We fancy that the rabble of gods who crowd the Hindu Pantheon looked on, aghast at the sight, feeling that the blow was one well aimed, striking at the very heart of their power. When we look at durable results, which seems the more eventful incident, the escape of the great Captain, or that first success of the lowly missionary? The course of the soldier, after a series of the most splendid triumphs, in which, to use his own favourite phrase, he seemed to chain victory to his standards, closed in defeat and captivity. The career of the conqueror of Lodi, of Austerlitz, and of

Jena, terminated in disaster and exile. The flames of Moscow and the rock of St. Helena, were a melancholy comment on the instability of all earthly glory, and the utter impotence of all mortal prowess. The year 1815, was that which smote down his power on the field of Waterloo. In vain was his gigantic genius—in vain the remorseless conscriptions that drained France of her sons—in vain the energy of despair wielding all the resources of his consummate tactics. A few years after, the great Captain died, on a lonely island in the ocean, his soul seething impatiently with wishes never to be realized, his mind teeming with vast projects that perished in their conception ; with his parting breath, muttering indistinctly and deliriously of armies which he no longer headed. But the missionary said in his latter years, that he had no wish that was left ungratified. Who was then the happier man ? The brilliant victories of the one scarce kept pace, in their number, with the languages and dialects into which the other translated the lively oracles of God. Give to the mighty warrior the honours of an exalted intellect, with which that of the humble missionary can never be compared—give to him the unmatched influence he exercised over the diplomacy and civilization of all Europe—give to him the 2,200,000 conscripts that perished in his service, and the myriads that were sacrificed in the armies of his adversaries. Set over against these the gates of eastern dialects opened to the scholars of Europe by that missionary ; Christian churches planted, and the Christian scriptures translated ; and an impulse given to the mind of heathen India, of which

it is equally idle to dispute the present extent, or to calculate the future limits. Does it not seem as if each year is now effacing the monuments of the one, and expanding the influence of the other? And who shall show the field in which that missionary's fame and his power were cloven down?—his fame and his power we call them. They were not his. The glory of his attempts and achievements was Christ's; and the power that wrought in him mightily, and wrought with him effectually, was Christ's. We are engaged under the banners of the same Captain of our salvation. Do the odds seem against us? The force of numbers is not with us. The literature of the world is not thoroughly with us. The laws of the world are not with us. The fashions of the world are not with us. But if God be with us, it is enough. The prince of darkness, in mustering all his hosts to the encounter, bears on his scarred brow the print of the Master's avenging heel. Hell has been already foiled in that hour now past, which was the true crisis of the world's history; and prophecy shows us the whole earth soon to be subdued to the obedience of the faith.

The victories here won are never lost. No disastrous battle forfeits them, no adroit diplomacy regains them. The soul gained to the Redeemer, shines through all eternity in the crown of the pastor's rejoicing, and in the diadem of the Mediator when he shall make up his jewels.

## SKATING ON THE SABBATH.



DICK CURTIS and Bill Wilson went to the same sabbath school. They were two rough fellows, and being in the same class they were always playing some trick or other, and the teacher was often obliged to complain of their rudeness. Of the two, Dick

was the ruder. He was generally the ringleader in all mischief. There are, unfortunately, a few such rough lads in all sabbath schools, especially in populous places. The fault is usually with the parents, who do not correct them as they ought to do, and keep them in proper subjection. In some cases, the parents being poor, send their children, at an early age, to work where wicked young men teach them everything that is evil. Brickyards, amongst other places, are sad schools of wickedness for the children of the poor. Dick and Bill worked together in the same brickyard.

On a sharp frosty winter morning in January, Dick and Bill were on their way to the sabbath school, when Dick said to his companion, "Bill, it's a sharp frost this

## SKATING ON THE SABBATH.

morning. Our pond at the brickyard was frozen over yesterday, but it wouldn't bear then. I threw a half-brick on it, and it cracked the ice, but didn't go through. I will be bound it will bear this morning. Let us go and have a skate." "I should like to go and have a skate very much," said Bill; "but I don't quite like going this morning. Remember what our teacher said last Sunday about all them chaps, seventeen or eighteen of 'em, I think he said, all being drowned in a river, through the ice breaking, one Sunday. You didn't hear him; you were playing one of your silly tricks all the time he was talking about it. But I heard him, and I shouldn't like to go to-day. We can go to-morrow, can't we, at dinner-time?" Dick, who was never fast for excuses, looking as cross as he well could, said, "Why are you going to be frightened? The teacher only told you that tale on purpose to get you to go to school. We work hard all the week, don't we? When are we to have any fun? I say let us go now: it may be a thaw to-morrow, and then we shan't have a skate at all—come along." This last argument was enough for Bill; and so, having fetched their skates, away they went. Dick was first to venture. "It'll bear Bill," he cried out; "come on the ice and put on your skates." They were soon equipped, and began to cut this way and that on the ice, which was as smooth and clear as glass, and cracked at every stroke they took. "I'll tell you what, Dick, we must mind, or we shall be in if we don't take care," cried Bill. "Not we," cried his bold companion. "Follow the leader, and you'll see I'll go

all round the pond!" And off went the daring lad, and Bill after him, till the leader came to a part of the pond which had been broken the day before to let the cows drink, and was only thinly frozen over, when in he went, and Bill would have been in after him had he not stuck the heel of his skate in the ice and stopped himself. It was well for Dick that the place was not deep just there. Had it been in another part of the pond, where a deep place had been made in getting out the clay, he must have been drowned; for there was nobody about to help him; and Bill was too frightened to think of anything else than how he could get off the ice upon dry ground again.

Dick was dreadfully frightened when he found himself sinking, but was very glad when his feet touched the bottom of the pond. Turning round, he had to break the ice as he waded out to the bank; and Bill, who had got out on the other side, ran round and gave him a helping hand out. They both looked very queer at one another. "Well," said Dick, "I'll tell you what, Bill, we had better have been at the sabbath school, I think. This comes of doing wrong. I've got out of this scrape, and if you are of my mind it'll be a long while before we goes a skating, or a bird-nesting, or a bathing, of a Sunday again!"

Dick and Bill went home, and in the afternoon they went to school. But they said nothing about what had happened. And that sabbath afternoon they were more quiet and attentive than they had ever been.



## THOUGHTS FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

**MILLIONS** of the young die every year. It has been computed that more than half mankind die before they have reached their twentieth year, and that where twenty die at sixty years of age, sixty die at twenty: and what is there in you to shield you from so common a lot? Are you stronger, or healthier, or more sure of life than others? Perhaps

"The young disease, that must subdue at length,  
Grows with your growth, and strengthens with your strength."

Or how easily may a fever seize upon you, and in a few days reduce you from the highest health to feebleness and death! How quickly may any sudden change from heat to cold, or some other cause, inflame the lungs, or some other vital part, and, in a few days, lodge you—where? In the eternal world. How soon may a cold turn to a consumption, and before you think yourself seriously ill you may be incurably so! How soon may numerous other diseases, at God's bidding, accomplish their awful errand! Perhaps even now while you hesitate you die. Perhaps the shuttle has passed the loom that wove your winding sheet. Perhaps in yonder shop lies rolled up and ready to be cut off, that piece of cloth destined to be your shroud."

"Lord, grant that this awakening truth  
May every heart engage;  
A worm is in the bud of youth,  
And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure  
For yet an hour to come;  
No medicine, though it often cure,  
Can always balk the tomb."

You, perhaps, now look forward to future years, which probably will never be yours; but if they should, how soon the years now to come will be years departed! Others, ere long, will tread upon your grave as you do on theirs who went before you. You live in a dying world, in a land of graves. On some spot of earth or other, fresh graves are ever opening. No minute passes in which some do not die. While you breathe, some breathe their last. While you think of eternity, others as young as you are passing thither, enraptured or dismayed. Ah, hapless state of an unhappy world! Some dying in youth, and others fooling their precious youth away. Some going to give up their sad account, and others swelling the black list of theirs. Some neglecting early piety; and others, too late, mourning their folly in doing so. Some trifling with the Saviour, and others trembling before him as their Judge. How soon, if you belong to the former of these classes, will time number you with the latter! You are on the verge of eternity, and some younger than you are daily dying, and entering on its amazing scenes. O, then, remember that youth is vanity, and life itself no better! And should you continue careless of the Lord Jesus Christ, how bitter ere long will be the remembrance of your wasted youth! This one short and vain life is the only season in which you may obtain peace with God, and receive the gift of life eternal; and would you still throw this one away? Alas, unhappy youth! who are so truly wretched as they who do this, excepting those who have done it? Would the starving beggar that has

but one penny toss that away? or the sailor that has but one way of escaping shipwreck, neglect that one? or the traveller who sees but one path from a tremendous precipice, slight that one? And will you waste, in sinful delays, the flower and the prime of that one vain life in which eternal life may be sought in Christ, and surely found? O, rather indulge those reflections on its vanity, which will lead you to unite in the Psalmist's prayer, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The admonition of the Lord is, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." What is there so firm in youth, or health, or strength, that on their continuance you should venture the salvation of your immortal soul? Such is the uncertainty of life, that they who promise fair for most years in this world, may be the first to enter the next. Possibly even by to-morrow, you may have left this world for ever.

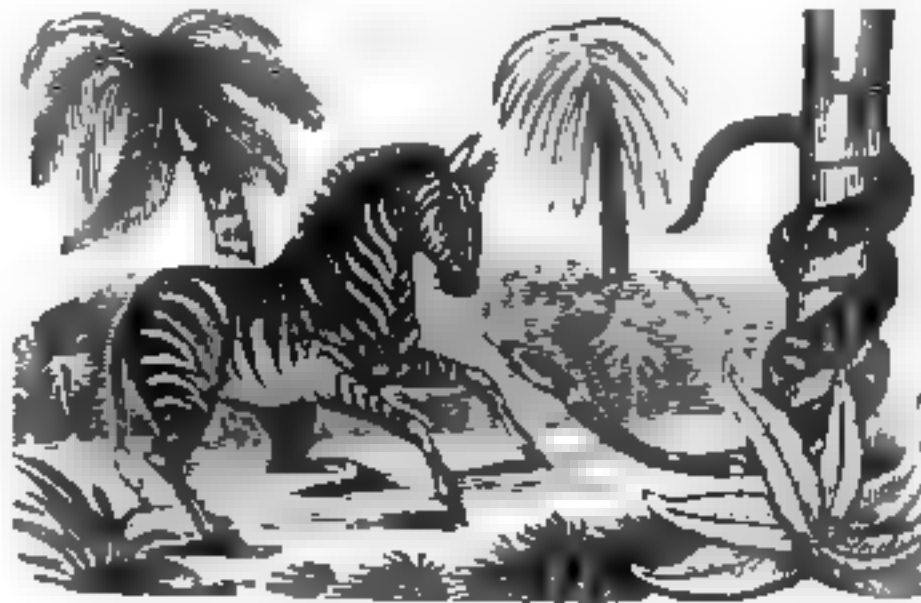
Indulge such reflections as these on the passing scenes around you.

The sun is setting and has once less to set on me. I may soon behold it rise again, but I may enter eternity before it sets. This year is closing, and will never more close on me; it is finished, and has brought me so much nearer the hour when time itself shall end with me.

"Be wise, my soul, be timely wise,  
Flee to th' atoning sacrifice;  
The gospel promises embrace,  
And trust thy all to Jesus' grace."

## THE ENCHANTING SERPENT.

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## THE ENCHANTING SERPENT.

HERE is that beautiful animal called a Zebra, attracted by a charming but deadly serpent. The following description of the strange power of serpents to fascinate and fix their victims will best explain what is meant.

Mr. Wilard, an American, says: "When I was a boy about thirteen years of age my father sent me into a field to mow some briars. I had not been long employed when I found a large rattlesnake, and looked round for something to kill him; but not readily discovering a weapon, my curiosity led me to view him. He lay coiled up with his tail erect, and making the usual singing noise with his rattles. I had viewed him but a short time when the most vivid and lively colours that imagination can paint, and far beyond the powers of the pencil to imitate, among which yellow was the most predominant, and the whole drawn into a bewitching

array of gay and pleasing forms. were presented to my eyes. At the same time my ears were enchanted with the most rapturous strains of music—wild, lively, complicated, and harmonious—in the highest degree melodious, captivating and enchanting, far beyond anything I ever heard before or since.—and indeed far exceeding anything my imagination, in any other situation, could have conceived. I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards the fatal reptile. and, as I had been often used to see my and killing rattlesnakes, and my senses were so absorbed by the gay vision and rapturous music, I was not for some time apprehensive of much danger, but reflecting what I had heard the Indians relate of what I had never before believed of the fascinating power of these serpents, I turned with horror from the dangerous scene: but it was not without the most violent efforts that I was able to extricate myself. All the exertions that I could make with my whole strength were hardly sufficient to carry me from the scene of horrid, yet pleasing, enchantment: and, while I forcibly dragged off my body, my head seemed irresistibly drawn to the enchanter by an invisible power: and I fully believe that, in a few moments longer, it would have been wholly out of my power to make any exertion sufficient to get away. At the latter part of the scene I was extremely frightened, and ran as fast as possible towards home, my fright increasing with my speed.”

Other instances might be given, but what does the little reader learn from this. Satan assumed the form of a charming serpent when he tempted Eve. And now

sin is like such a serpent. It looks delightful and desirable, but there is poison destructive and deadly in its sting.

"How vain are all things here below !  
How false and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure has its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh  
Where we possess delight."

Avoid sin, then, as you would avoid a serpent. The sting of death is sin : but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts  
To practise on the mind ;  
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.

With names of virtue she deceives  
The aged and the young ;  
And while the heedless wretch believes,  
She makes his fetters strong.

She pleads for all the joys she brings,  
And gives a fair pretence ;  
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,  
And chains it down to sense.

So on a tree divinely fair /  
Grew the forbidden food ;  
Our mother took the poison there,  
And tainted all her blood.

## WILBERFORCE RICHMOND

WAS the son of the Rev. Leigh Richmond, the author of the *Dairyman's Daughter*, and many other excellent works. The closing scene of his life is thus described:—

“The period at length approached when this interesting youth, the subject of so many prayers and fond anticipations, was to be removed from this earthly scene. The wasted form, the hectic look, the sunken eye, and the difficulty of breathing, all denoted the hour of dissolution was at hand. He looked like a tender flower nipped in the bud; but it was a flower soon to bloom in the paradise of God. His christian graces had been gradually unfolding, and his mind carried through a state of anxious inquiry and close examination, till it was able to rest in full confidence on the grace and mercy of God in Christ Jesus. He discovered the most earnest desire for solid peace and comfort, both as to the ground of his hope and its necessary evidence.

To a friend, who frequently visited him, he said: ‘I wish to be under no mistake or delusion in a matter of so much importance as the salvation of my soul! Tell me where you think I am defective in my views or wanting in the experience of their power. Deal faithfully with me; do not deceive me. Pray for me, above all, that I may not deceive myself.’

A fortnight before his death, he expressed himself as follows: ‘I trust I have the christian's hope; but I want more of it. I want more of that hungering and thirsting

after righteousness which the Saviour has promised to satisfy—which we ought to have at all times ; but which, if we have not in death, what is our hope ? and how can we be prepared to die ?

The last visit was still more affecting : it was only two days before his end. He was sitting in an arm chair, supported with cushions, and seemed to be in a very exhausted state. His father sat opposite to him, in whose countenance was depicted the struggle of nature and of grace,—of nature, for he was about to lose his child—of grace, for that child was already on the very threshold of glory. In another part of the room were three or four of his brothers and sisters, some of them in tears. ‘Speak to this dear boy,’ said his father, addressing himself to me, ‘and question him about his hopes.’ I sat down at his order, and, taking him by the hand, said, ‘Can you, my dear boy, pass through the valley of the shadow of death and say, with David, I fear no evil ?’ ‘Yes, I trust I can.’ ‘On what is the ground of your trust ?’ ‘It is because his rod and his staff they comfort me : my hope rests on Christ alone.’ ‘Have you no doubts to be removed ?’ ‘I had many misgivings, but God has mercifully taken them all away.’ ‘Is your heart wholly and supremely set upon God ? Do you truly love him ?’ ‘I hope I do, but I wish I loved him more.’ ‘Do you feel weary of sickness ?’ ‘I feel more weary of sin, and long for the time when it will be laid aside for ever.’ ‘Does the prospect of glory animate and support you ; and are the holiness and blessedness of heaven the subjects of your meditation ?’ ‘Yes, I



have been thinking of it this very morning, and seem to have entered within its blessed abodes.' I then read to him that beautiful chapter in the Revelation (22nd) descriptive of a state of glory. His attention was peculiarly arrested. After I had finished, 'This happiness,' I said, 'will soon be yours, and the portion of all who are the Lord's.' Then gathering his brothers and sisters around us, I requested him to bear his dying testimony to the value of the gospel in this trying hour. He spoke tenderly and affectionately to all: the marks of approaching dissolution gave an inexpressible interest to the whole scene. Then particularly addressing himself to his brother Henry, he observed, 'My dear father once hoped to see me a minister. It has pleased God to disappoint that hope. Do you fulfil it in my place, and be a comfort to my father when I am gone.'

Two hours and a half before his death he went to bed and laid his head upon the pillow. I said to him, 'So he giveth his beloved rest.' He replied, 'Yes, and sweet indeed is the rest which Christ gives.' He never awoke from this sleep: but when we dreaded, from past examples, a painful waking, he imperceptibly went off, in perfect peace, without a sigh, or groan, or struggle, or even opening of the eye! I did not suppose it possible for any death to be such as this. Peace, rest, gentleness, faith, hope, and love, all seemed to be characteristics of his mind and of his dissolution. Oh what love, what mercy, what grace! It was Jan. 15, 1825, when his happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of the blessed."

## THE DYING BISHOP.

WHEN Bishop Butler lay on his dying bed, he called for his chaplain, and said, "Though I have endeavoured to avoid sin and please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die."

"You have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Saviour."

"True, but how shall I know that he is a Saviour for me?"

"It is written, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"True," said the bishop, "and I am surprised that, though I have read that scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its full virtue till this moment; and now I die happy."

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## THE WORTH OF CHRIST ON A DEATH-BED.

A YOUNG christian, on his dying bed, thus addressed several friends who were present, "O that I could let you know what I now feel! I wish I could express to you one thousandth part of the happiness that I now find in Christ! You would, then, all think it well worth while to be religious! Oh! my dear friends, when in health we seldom think what is the worth of the love of Christ upon a death-bed! I would not now be without Christ, and without a pardon, no, not for a million of worlds!"

## PIETY IN YOUTH.

WE could tell our young readers of many great men, living and dead, who began to fear God and love the Saviour in their youth. Indeed the most excellent men the world ever knew sought and found religion in their early days. Among the departed we might mention the late Robert Hall, baptist minister, who was one of the most eloquent preachers of this or any other country.

Robert paid great attention to religion when young. At seven years of age he was fond of preaching, in imitation of his father, and collected his playfellows and some of the servants and addressed them on the subject of religion. An old servant, who had watched over him with maternal solicitude, used to say, in her homely style, "I will answer for it, that my dear Bobby knew the Lord before he was seven years old." He was in the habit of secret prayer before he could speak plainly.

Young reader, have you chosen the way of life? If not, be persuaded to make your choice immediately. You must not say, "I am too young yet; I will begin to mind religion when I grow older." It is perilous thus to dally with uncertain life. You may not see to-morrow morning. Hear what Jesus himself said, "Suffer little children to come unto me:" and you are not too little. Be wise, then, young friend: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

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